

TOTAL ABUSE



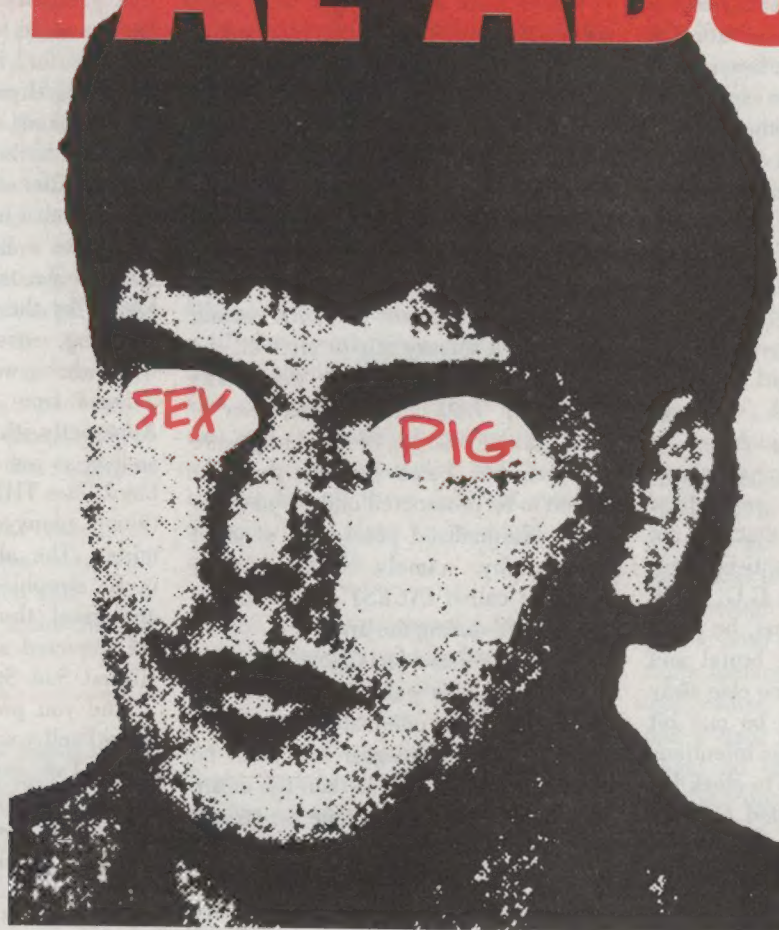
COLLECTED WRITINGS, 1984-1995:

PURE ★ TOOL. ★ PARASITE

PETER SOTOS

PETER SOTOS

TOTAL ABUSE



COLLECTED WRITINGS, 1984-1995:

PURE I (1984).....	p. 12
PURE II (1984)	p. 25
PURE III, VOL. I (WRITTEN 1985, PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED)	p. 47
PURE III, VOL. II (WRITTEN 1985, PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED) ...	p. 71
TOOL (1991).....	p. 87
PARASITE, VOLS. I-XX (1993-1995).....	p. 129

COPYRIGHT 1984-1995 BY PETER SOTOS
PUBLISHED BY GOAD TO HELL ENTERPRISES
PO BOX 31009, PORTLAND, OR 97231

120 DAYS OF SOTOS

by Jim Goad

Peter Sotos is the greatest writer alive. And though you may cringe at that statement, I'm sure Peter is even more uncomfortable with it. Because, unlike most scribes, Peter Sotos isn't clawing to be loved or respected or archived or smothered in all the sloppy hugs and smooches he allegedly missed in some imaginary neglected childhood.

I first encountered his full-on crustacean malevolence through a short interview printed in *Apocalypse Culture*. His thoughts pulsed with an unharnessed malignance that could be called evil if such a thing existed. Sotos was counterpointed against a junkyard of genetic and theoretical damage cases, and the difference was revelatory. The seeming paradox was that, by not wallowing in the mercurial, anti-intellectual hyperemotionalism of G.G. Allin and like-minded turd-slurpers, he came off a thousand times more brutal and destructive. He blew everyone else away because he didn't seem to be one bit confused or clouded about his intentions or interests. And he refused to cloak his statements in some misguided plea for universal child-suffrage or government-funded glory holes.

My next brush with the throbbing tumor that is his writing was when a friend sent me a poorly xeroxed bootleg of *PURE II*. And, as with the aforementioned Q&A, my eyes fairly bulged out of their sockets. It was hard to believe that words could carry such intensity. As with any good writer, you FELT what he wrote, even if you wanted to shower afterwards. His recounting of how one of Peter Sutcliffe's victims needed to have skull fragments tweezered out of her brain was nearly unbearable. And the manner in which his examination of Dennis Nilsen and Larry Eyler's homosexual murders unspooled into blood-and-cum-splashing psychodrama made

me realize that I would never be nearly the true-crime writer that he was. Emphasis on the true. The crime. The act.

This hunch was strongly reinforced when someone else mailed me another shittily reproduced (christ knows how many times Sotos has been reincarnated through the miracle of Kinko's) copy of *PURE I*. His description of the nearly murdered black prostitute Beverly Washington resembling a "fat, dark, red worm bathing in its own excrement" stung my eyes with its seething ferocity.

The first two issues of *PURE* caused enough of a queasy stir to alert all the obvious authorities. Peter Sotos was arrested at 7:30 a.m. on December 4, 1985. Initial charges of obscenity were dropped, but Sotos became the first person to be prosecuted under a new law which criminalized possession of child pornography, namely, a copy of a magazine called *INCEST #4* which had been seized during the arrest.

The above-listed facts alone would be reason enough to publish him. But not only is his writing unequalled in its power to elicit palpable disgust and pain, he wrestles with more ideas than the entire Left Bank could ever hope to tackle, particularly in *PARASITE*.

Fuck the naysayers with a table leg. His would-be sparring partners are ideological scaredy-cats afraid to grapple with the blunt facts that the world is a very unsafe place and that life is rarely fair; forever grasping at pretty-colored straws, they're ultimately unwilling to acknowledge that all their gossamer wishes for societal betterment are nothing more than brain gas. Good intentions taste sweet, but they quickly become dangerous when they're mistaken for reality.

No one comes close to Sotos in his ability to rape a blank page. I've heard reports of readers vomiting...or reduced to wet-faced blubbering...or bolting awake screaming from nightmares, all in

reaction to the verbal fist-fuck which his writing comprises. In most cases, they're unable to read more than a paragraph or two. It's just too atom-smashingly brutal. His greatest "sin" is verisimilitude. He describes things all too well. If it weren't for his unpleasant subject matter, he'd probably be acknowledged as a brilliant writer. As it stands, he's accused of being little more than a rank peddler of unwholesomeness.

To say that he's merely trying to shock would be a hollow accusation, and a curious one, too, as it's most frequently lobbed by the same jelly-brained, shit-gobbling, wrist-slicing "performance" types who've weathered exactly the same charges from a clueless mainstream. Apparently, it's OK to be "transgressive" so long as you don't tread over the thick black lines THEY'VE mapped out inside their teeny-weeny, snapping-turtle minds. The alternative Warsaw ghetto is so atrophied by a paucity of true analytical thought that piss-quaffers are depicted as heroic, while Sotos is vilified. Sad. Stupid. But predictable.

And you probably won't believe me when I tell you he's one of the sincerest chaps I've ever had the pleasure of dealing with, but I'll tell you anyway. He's polite, reflective, and often self-effacing, speaking in measured tones that always sound as if he's smiling. No venom. No apparent hatred. He seems to be exactly what he claims to be—someone who enjoys life. I doubt that he vigorously hates anything. He's resigned to the fact that there are asteroid-sized chunks of misapprehension concerning his work and its motivations, but he's more than able to weigh the acute cognitive deficiencies of his accusers. He blithely dismisses his critics before offering any emotive response. As well he should. Because his understanding of their premises—founded, as they are, on unquantifiable soap bubbles such as love, goodness, and equality—is far greater than their comprehension of what makes him tick.

So here we all are in 1996, and our soil hasn't been threatened with a really good fucking massively destructive war in quite some time. And so the engineers of social control must concoct other imminent "threats" to divert your attention from their hand in your back pocket. And one of these looming bogey-men is child abuse. Although it would be foolish to deny that child abuse exists—and I'm sure that's the last thing Peter Sotos would want—it would be more wrongheaded to assert that it's as pervasive a threat to our social fabric as the sex-crime McCarthyites would have you believe. And not to drench the festivities in sanctimony, but it's worthwhile to point out a rather telling contradiction in their righteous squalling—no rabid District Attorney that I know of shed a tear for the countless thousands of Iraqi babies strewn across precious oil fields in the Gulf War. Nor are they quick to acknowledge one other monstrously obvious truth—drooling pedophilic stalkers are perhaps one-thousandth of the child-abuse threat that ordinary parents are.

Peter Sotos represents the outer limit. Beyond him is only darkness. So take all your cheap shots while you still can—time will be much kinder to him than to the rest of us.

What are some of the more stupid things that have ever been said in your defense? People who came out in support of you but completely missed the boat?

It's only recently that, I think, people got the idea, I mean, in the last few years. Most of the people who came out in defense of me said just incredibly stupid things, and if they actually tried to help in any way, they were quickly pushed aside by the fact that my trial and the issues involved with my case were child-pornography charges....NAMBLA contacted my lawyers right when I was arrested, and my lawyers, of course, you know—

—Well, with friends like that—

—Yeah, right. Well, there was no way that they were gonna take [NAMBLA's] support. But the thing is, is that my case had a different tint to it. They're talking

about age of consent, they're talking about sort of consensual things, and I definitely wasn't. So as far as the First Amendment goes, all these sort of nice, lovey, you know, sort of ecumenical cuddliness that everyone talks about, you know, that Karen Finley type of thing, where it's transgressive or something or cathartic, I definitely wasn't talking about it. I was talking about damage and whatnot. And the stuff that I had, the child pornography I had, wasn't this sort of Menudo-type thing. It wasn't just Jock Sturgis photos or whatever. It was really ugly stuff. It was definitely rape.

I mean, barring pretentious liberal ideological misconceptions, you would agree that you're saying something, or you're commenting—it's just not purely masturbatory material.

Oh, absolutely, absolutely....I think my stuff does work on a lot of different levels. I think it does comment on media. The way the media packages things and the way information's gotten, the way people accept information, what they're looking for, all these different sorts of things....So, I mean, there are all these different aspects.

I mean, it appears that the left-leaning press gets more outraged when, you know, a so-called artist is denied government funding than when they're actually threatened with jail time.

Right. And that's it. The thing that really amazes me about these NEA arguments is that, you know, the truth is that Karen Finley thinks the exact same way as Jesse Helms does. They get all crazy about degrees. Karen Finley wants to stick a yam up her ass, and Jesse Helms is gonna be offended. Right. But basically, they're all talking about the same sort of family—I hate to say it—family values.

Well, yeah, they're pushing for some form of morality or notion of equality or justice.

Right.

There's so many misconceptions about what actually happened [with the arrest, trial, etc.], so let's, I guess, go through it step-by-step. How did Scotland Yard

catch wind of PURE?

It's a bit confusing. To this day, I'm not sure.

I've heard that there was a killer, or someone who was suspected of a murder, where they found a copy of PURE in his apartment.

Right, but the truth of that is much more mundane. The thing that makes it weird, or that makes the facts somewhat obscured, is that, apparently, [British] Customs had a copy of it before this. But when you trail everything down to when the charges were filed and stuff like that, there was this group called Metgummerone, and they were singing—do you know the idea of what a Tibetan thighbone is?

No. Tibetan thighbone? Is that some euphemism?

No, it is actually a thighbone. A human thighbone. And in Tibet—I don't know who the fuck would use these things—monks, I would guess, would sing through these bones, and the idea was that it had to be a murdered person. This is really an area I really don't, I can't stand. But the idea was that when you'd sing through these, you were hearing the person howl in hell or something, something ludicrous. But, you know, people who wanted to sing through thighbones had a hard time getting the little darlings. So that adventurous group in Scotland decided to rob a grave and get some bones. Do their little art projects and their little singing bones. And so they were of course caught, and one of these people had *PURE* at his house.... And Scotland Yard sent this on to Chicago. Which is where this guy Jack O'Malley was installed as this Customs lunatic who really had it out for people like me. And I sort of like fulfilled his fantasies that people as evil as pedophiles could be existed. You know what I mean? He was just busting all these sort of kiddie-porn networks and things. He had been interviewed in all the magazines—you know, *TIME* and everything. And when he got ahold of me, I was his dream because I was actually talking about murder, not about fucking.

This led to police surveillance which lasted for nine months?

Nine months, yeah. Yeah.

They watched you go buy bagels and records?

Twinkies. I think I'm in there buying Twinkies.

They went through your trash?

Yeah, for nine months. Good for them.

Well, did they admit that they had nothing on you to link to any actual sex crimes? Or they wouldn't give that up?

Yeah, they really—I don't know—again, I hate to call them just astoundingly stupid, because if they're stupid, I'm even worse, because they caused me an infinite amount of trouble, but they'd go through my garbage, they tapped my phone—I even have the phone records where they tapped it. You know, actually printouts of all the calls that came in and out of my house. They did all this stuff, they followed me to my job and watched the house, and you know, basically, they had to be bored out of their minds. And they would take things that I had written—you know, letters to people, or just drawings, or whatever the fuck that I had. You know, doodles while I was on the phone or something. And they would piece these things together with tape. And spend just incredible amounts of time doing the most incredibly banal sort of mindlessly stupid things. And after nine months of this, they didn't say, "Oh, well, he's just doing this." They said, "Oh, no, the guy's got bodies in his house somewhere."

They wound up spending over a million bucks to nail you for producing a magazine.

Yeah. The trial went on for three years. The longest trial that everyone who had dealt with it had been on....And after that, they had to pay for three years of probation, and they had to pay for my psychiatric help, which stopped because I absolutely refused to pay.

Backtracking a bit—Scotland Yard showed PURE to psychiatrists?

Yeah, three different psychiatrists.

And they all concluded that you were, without a doubt, a sex criminal?

Yeah, I think their words were that I'm definitely involved in the kidnap, torture, and rape of children. Or kidnap, torture, and murder of children.

Describe getting up at 7:30 in the morning and hearing a knock on the door.

I was actually, I forgot where I was going. I was going somewhere in the morning. Probably the library. [laughs] Don't say that. I was actually ready....I basically had a knock at my door. I had a very small apartment. A knock on my front door, and you had to be buzzed in from downstairs, so a knock on the front door was extremely weird. I said, "Who is it?" The obvious thing. As soon as they knocked at the door, the phone rang, and people were banging at the back door. It was just like this huge sort of assault. I opened the front door first, pretty much said, "Excuse me" after he shoved this paper in my face, and went to answer the back door and answer the phone. And, of course, the phone was for one of the officers. So this was all within a minute or so, the place was just flooded with cops. And I was not in a good mood. I was really confused and hardly open to take everything in. And they kept shoving these papers under my face, saying, "Sign this, sign this, sign this," and what I actually signed was a consent-to-search form....And I thought I was signing my rights, which was how they told me, they said, "You have to understand this," and so I initialed each thing, but I didn't really read it carefully....Could've saved myself a lot of trouble.

And so they took you down to the station?

Took me down to the station, interviewed me for a full day, put me in jail at night. So I missed night court, even. And tried to keep me out of any situation where I could figure out what was going on. Just constantly switched my cell and really fucked with me a lot there....There's this process after you've been interviewed—it's sort of an old *Starsky & Hutch* thing—I did ask for a phone call, I did ask, "What's going on? I haven't been charged with anything. I need to see a lawyer," and all this, and they said, "Oh,

we just want to get some information now, this has nothing to do with that." Of course, they were going through my stuff at the time, trying to come up with charges....Even the next day, the next morning when I was brought before a judge, as soon as I went back to the holding cell, which was this huge cell where I was being threatened every second.

What sort of threats?

Well, just a bunch of fucking idiot niggers, basically, who had seen the news the night before.

What was the substance of the threats?

I was being spit on a lot [laughs], and there was actually one rather nice white supremacist there who had—big surprise—got caught dealing speed and he had his head bashed in, and he actually sort of watched over me. But I was acting like I was really fucked-up on drugs, because it was just a really bad situation.

How long did you wind up spending behind bars?

Two days.

Then you were released. Did you come home to people threatening you at your apartment?

Well, it was pretty weird. My roommate had people banging on the door the whole two days. Camera crews and things like that. When I got there, it was just the neighbors and stuff like that. But the thing is, part of my bail—I had a stipulation added to mine that I had to live with my mom, who I hadn't lived with for years....And [threats] were sent to my mom, and stuff like that.

I want to get into the substance of many of those threats—

—Again, my mom and I don't get along, so I don't really get to see a lot of that sort of stuff, but I know that people had cut my eyes out of the photos in the newspaper and wrote SEX PIG all over it, and "He's gonna burn in hell" and—

—Do you have any of those?

[laughs] I actually asked for those.

'Cause that would be good for the title page, actually—SEX PIG.

I did ask for them. But my mom would sort of argue with the people on the phone—she'd say, "Well, you know, he's troubled," or something. And she'd talk to these lunatics. It was really the most ridiculous situation.

OK. Fill in the blanks between the end of your trial and TOOL. What were you doing during that time besides paying off your legal bills?

Well, I'm still paying off my legal bills. It is this outrageous amount.

What did it eventually cost you—sixty thousand?

More than that, really, because no matter what the actual lawyers' cost was, I'm paying interest on these ridiculous loans. I have no credit, and it was impossible to sort of get loans, and I've had to take them out under all these different weird ways.

So roughly sixty grand was the principal?

Right, it really is obscene, and I'm paying it off so slowly that I'm paying double, or whatever it is now.

What was your psychiatric counseling like? Did you go at all?

Well, I had to go. And it was just a joke. I was in a room with perverts.

Oh, it was group therapy?

Well, once. And I was quite happy to be there, in a weird way. [laughs] The "doctor" who saw me—and I use that with heavy quotes there—the "doctor"—this guy was just obscene, this guy was the biggest pervert I've ever met in my life. I'm sure I can't say that. But he really did want to know what I masturbated to, and wanted to know all these little different things, and wanted to assure me that I had committed a crime and that I was a sex criminal, and that anything I said to the contrary was just rationalization, was just me being in denial, or whatever. And he wanted to break through that "wall." And he was going to do that by relating to me on this sort of one-to-one basis, you know, this really caring sort of soul. And, you know, meanwhile I'm looking around at his office—and I'm not kidding when I say this—his four walls were completely

festooned with these drawings these little kids did—you know, of like, MOMMY HURT MY PEE-PEE. You know, and the thing is, I'm amazed by this sort of thing, and that is, if you're looking for something—if you're looking for another sort of side to *PURE*, or *TOOL*, or whatever, it's that there are people sort of involved in these subjects that take these mountainous sort of moral stances, and they really are just so much more stuck in this mire. They're much more dangerous, and their interest is much more prurient than mine.

Well, I think you're unmatched in how you pinpoint the unarticulated sadism and perversion behind the anti-sex-crime crusaders.

[laughs] Thank you.

Yeah, it's a real safe tack to take, and you can indulge your perversions while appearing to fight them.

Right. Yeah, and you know how you fill your days, even if you have just a rotten job. I mean, you know how that affects you. And so the idea that these people are above all this stuff is just outrageous to me. Especially when they sort of have to adopt this sort of mind-set. I mean, you and I know that the idea of love, and heart, and care, and all this stuff is just bullshit. But these people have actually made careers based on these incredibly empty words just pretending that their interest in what they're dealing with is somehow sort of sanctioned by these fantasies....And this guy who I don't know—he wanted to talk about what I masturbate to, and I said, I don't really have a problem with that—you can sort of tell. [laughs] But I have a problem with the way he's going to take that information.

Right. And masturbate to it.

Yeah, exactly. And the thing is that his access was just incredible, so I was much more interested in what he masturbated to.

Was this the guy who was quoting Madonna and Pat Benatar?

No, that was another sick cop. But this guy, I'll just give you an example. I said, "Here I am, I've been judged by—

apparently I'm judged by my peers, but these people have no idea what I deal with, no idea of what I'm interested in." You know, whatever art ideas, whatever books I've read, you know, whatever movies I've seen. So I said, "Just tell me what you listen to, what sort of music you like," and I forget what it was, really. But it was something along the lines of John Denver. I mean, I'm not kidding. It was something folksy....Forget it. There's no way we're gonna have a conversation there. I wouldn't want to be near you. Except for these photos.

I mean, that seems to be a big problem with the whole notion of obscenity. It's people who think that Schwarzenegger's a great actor and Norman Rockwell's a great painter, and the Reader's Digest is a great magazine, and they're set up as the arbiters of art and culture.

Exactly. You know, if they just have bad taste, that's fine. But these people are in positions where they're actually going to make a judgment about you, and you've spent your whole life avoiding these people.

It's like, "We don't swim in your toilet, don't piss in our pool." There just seems to be no commonality there, and why should they be set up as people who screen these sort of subjects?

Right. And added to that, I'm still positive—I run the risk of sounding jaded and all that, but really, this guy dealt with this stuff daily, there's no way....

Well, there's also the line, too, [from TOOL]: "Honestly, it can't be worth it." I mean, it's so horrible to deal with, day in and day out, yet they keep coming back.

Well, life is too short. That's all there is to it. And I'm sure you know—I used to work at a meat-packing plant. And I would take my morning break, my 8:30 coffee break, because we started so early, at this sort of bar that would open for breakfast and whatnot, and all the cops were there. And I mean, the stuff that would come out of cops' mouths, you know, is a hundred times worse than any sort of ghetto rat. All these people who were supposed to be—they may well enter the academy with all these great dreams, like a judge or like a doctor, I

really don't know, they could be that stupid. The thing is, by the time they've dealt with it, they've changed. And they've become as bad or worse than the rats they're trying to cage.

I guess we'll go back to what made you start writing again. Was it working at a meat-packing plant? A search for some kind of meaning above packing meat or, actually, another meaning to packing meat? You'd intimated in another interview that you saw worth in what you did. I see it now, actually, more than I did back then, believe it or not. I think that the truth is that I was just reading a lot of books, I was paying attention to these sort of things. You realize that things have been tenets through your life. There's been sort of streams of thought, or whatever, that are just constants. And one of mine, for better or worse, is that I really was always attracted to things that were violent. And around nineteen or twenty, I got really sick of dealing with everyone else's, what I thought were misconceptions. The way they'd write about this stuff, the way they'd package this stuff, the way they'd sort of just talk about little bits of information that make you wonder about the rest. I just got really fucking sick of it and decided that, well, I would do it my own way, I would come up with the information, and research the different sorts of—look for the details, look for the different sorts of avenues that were open to me and try to come up with what I thought was the truth. And it was intensely personal.

Well, I think you get into trouble because your work is entirely camp-proof. The very fact that you're being straightforward about it instead of, you know, either turning it into a postmodern jokefest or some misguided moralistic screed seems to upset a lot of people. Your honesty, I think, is what flips them out more than anything.

Yeah, well, I was told, left and right, back with *PURE*, when we were going through the trial that, "You know, you could have put a disclaimer, or you could have packaged this the way, you know, so-and-so does." And I just thought that the reason to do it was TO be honest.

One thing that still sort of confuses me: You've always made a distinction between criminals who know what they want and those who don't. What do you look for to tell the difference?

[laughs] They're thinking the same way as me? No. It's like, to use a really bad example—there's a lot of people who sort of go to hookers, right, and you'll forgive this sort of sex analogy—they really don't know what they want, they just want a hole to fuck. Or they THINK they want to fuck a hole, you know? And so they'll be looking at pictures of, I don't know, Pamela Sue Anderson, or whatever her name is this week. But they'll end up with a fucking eighteen-dollar or fifteen-dollar crack whore. And the thing is, that somehow makes sense to them, that they sort of just end up there. And then they end up busted, and they end up in incredible amounts of trouble just for a fucking blow job. Hugh Grant springs to mind. The thing is that I was more interested in the people who actually knew what the appeal of a fifteen-dollar crack whore was. That they knew what they wanted, they weren't sort of just running to anything. I mean, any TV show, any sort of movie, all the books that are popular these days, they accept these ideas that men just want to fuck, or women just want to fuck, or whatever. And all the troubles that spring from these sort of things are somehow acceptable. You know what I mean? And there just seemed to be a few sort of people who would—I don't want to sound like murder's natural, and all this sort of thing, but people would actually do these crimes, and they weren't sort of a reaction to a situation, they were actually a decision. And that they were actually well aware of what was going on within that. That you didn't fuck your daughter because she was the next close pussy.... That's basically what I'm saying, the same thing about, like, with hookers or whatnot, with glory holes or whatever. I mean, the appeal isn't just the organ, isn't just the idea of cumming somewhere, isn't just this sort of reproductive urge, that there are all these different things going on, and those, for better or worse, should be manipulated or at least understood.

Well, let's see, there's a quote from TOOL: "They don't realize it's the personality, not the flesh."

Well, it's true, isn't it?

You really seem to focus on the victim's situation.

Yeah, and what's odd about that is that it's almost a feminist argument. That it doesn't reduce them to tits and ass. [laughs]

You want to see a person there. You're doing the opposite of objectifying them. You're personalizing them perhaps too much for their liking.

Say I'm approached by a fifteen-dollar hooker. The fact that she's a crack pig from Cabrini-Green [housing projects in Chicago]—you know, that's what I want to celebrate, not the fact that she's got a cunt.

Another thing that's unique about your writing—you stand alone in the degree to which you focus on and gloat over the pain of victims' families. I've never really seen anyone else approach it quite that way.

What really happened was that, when I found that when I was reading these books, or when I was watching these things on TV, these news reports, is that the newscasters would constantly go to the family for their reaction, you know, "How do you feel that your daughter's been kidnapped?" And, you know, the family would break down. And I don't think I'm the only person who said that was a very exciting moment. And for however you want to define 'exciting'...And I did the same, I just responded to that. And not with the same sort of moralistic gloss to it.

You've expressed admiration for Andrea Dworkin's writing, and I'd probably agree that she's the only writer on earth who comes close to the level of sadism which you achieve. Where do you think she goes wrong?

You know, I really like Andrea Dworkin.

Mm-hmm. She's a great writer.

Yeah, she is. And I mean that in every sense. I don't even sort of mind that she would definitely try and close me down

immediately. I don't feel threatened, and I almost wish I was, not in a masochistic way, but that I wish that her words actually carried some—forgive the pun—more weight. It's the same thing with Catharine MacKinnon. When they write—[MacKinnon's] *Only Words* is just the most amazing book. And it really is a distillation of what Andrea Dworkin's been talking about for years, but it really sort of carries—once again, forgive the pun—Dworkin's weight. Every word that she uses is just sort of loaded with this sort of rage and pain and violence. I mean, she really does write that way....Or [Dworkin's] amazing thing, which I wrote about in *PARASITE*, about the Holocaust Museum. I mean, she goes in there looking for EXACTLY the same thing I do. And she responds to the same thing—I mean, if I'm looking for a little bit more, so is she. If I feel cheated, she does as well.

Yeah, she seemed outraged that they weren't more graphic.

Yeah, and the thing is that she's saying that this stuff needs to be documented, and I guess this is what you're asking, this is where she fails, as far as I'm concerned, is that she really does believe in these sort of ecumenical ideas of love and concern and stuff like that. Where if people had this information, they would be so outraged, that they would see this stuff for what it was and be forever changed. Where I just think that you'd want more and more....

What would you say are the fundamental philosophical flaws with "sex-positiveness?" And there seems to be a lot of that being smeared around these days.

I see it all as a joke. I honestly can't—I mean, it really is—I don't even see the sense in it. I mean, there's all these words—'transgressive,' or 'cathartic,' or, as you said, 'empowerment,' and these words don't exist anywhere else, do they? They really don't have any real sense about them. There's nothing that actually exists. It really is this sort of ridiculous act that people want to blow into something, so they use these excuses again and again and again.

It always seemed to me, I don't know,

somewhat akin to ennobling taking a shit, you know? I mean, that would seem ridiculous, but popping your load somehow becomes a political statement.

Well, that's it, too, and then people will talk about nature and about getting down to your soul, and what exactly is nature? What exactly is soul? If you want nature the way they mean it, the way that they're talking sort of celebrating or whatnot, go to Cabrini-Green, go up to like the eighteenth floor, and look down. That's what they're talking about. They're talking about that sort of nature. And then they have these sort of lofty ideas that are supposed to exist above this. They really are contradicting themselves constantly and using these words that don't even exist.

Well, they seem to want to keep it natural as long as it's monitored and kept safe.

Right, and the thing that's sort of odd about all this stuff is that the things that they're saying actually say the opposite, as far as all this love and concern. You know, Pat Califia dressing up in leather and parading her truly disgusting self out to these lesbian bars to take her and her mate through this catharsis by beating her ass. But only within limits. It would seem to me that sort of argument about catharsis and stuff would mean pushing those limits a little bit.

You did have, I think it was in PARASITE, too, the line about how face masks and truncheons tend to look rather silly when the participants are willing.

Well, they do, don't they?...You know, I don't want to comment on these people in a way. I just know that within my purview, they just seem like idiots. They really seem like suburban fools. It's like talking about these sort of things is the same as leaning over your fence talking about the latest lawn-mower products or something.

You did have that turn of phrase I thought was brilliant: "suburban ideological ineptitude." They tend to think that they really are shaking the walls of Jericho, but it seems like their whole worldview comes from a real protected place.

Right. Exactly.

I'd like you to talk a bit about the eventual outcome of the McMartin case, because superficially it appears that you were way off-base, but I think that it actually sort of vindicates you, because that case was emblematic of mid-eighties witch-hunting sex-crime insanity. It apparently showed what perverted imaginations parents have more than anything else.

Right. You know, if I could rewrite that chapter, I would really focus on the doctors and the ones who put the kids through this stuff....And so, yeah, I was definitely wrong about talking about Ray's cock and all that. But as you said, I was fed the information, and I went for it. And I think it was understood with *PURE*—and this is not an excuse—but I do think it was understood that I would extrapolate freely....I think even there I said it was getting a little outrageous there. And all the Satanic stuff really put me off, because it was just ridiculous, I mean, if you know these people into Satanic cults and this sort of stuff, they're not even really doing that. They're just really drinking beer somewhere....These kids are now—who am I to say that, I don't want to sound like I believe these kids—but I definitely believe, or I hope to believe, that they are damaged by the court process. So again, I like what went on there, but I don't believe that sort of thing happened. Sadly. [laughs]

You'd scoff at the notion that even the vilest KP [kiddie porn] would create a pervert—there has to be some predisposition there.

Yeah, absolutely.

You've often also said that you wish it was as bad and vile and debasing as the feminists propose that it is.

[laughs] Yeah. That's why I read Andrea Dworkin, actually. She gets as close as she can.

She probably gets closer than most of what she's writing about.

Yeah, I mean, if you read those books, they really are like these long rapes. I mean, everything's just clouded with this stuff. Where you don't get it from other things. You're constantly disappointed. Right?

Well, I had the line, "Show me pornography which promotes violence against women, and I'll buy it. All I see are spread beavers." I had a girlfriend in college who read MS. and was beating me over the head with it, saying that these images degraded women, and to me, they were just clinical sex shots. I really didn't see where the degradation came in, and if I did, I would have sought it out.

Right, and that's it, once again, it's these arguments over degrees, which get really tiresome after awhile. But it's like being a bartender....There's all these strippers and whatnot who come into different bars and things and have more money than any man there. And they really are quite happy. And the thing is that people can say, "Alright, well, they have no other options," and there's all these different sorts of feminist rules there, but the truth is that the guys are in much, much—they're much more debased than the women. They're turning into these sort of dogs, you know, and I'm looking for the stuff where it's a little bit more clear who's the dog. But then again, I don't want to sound like I'm being escapist, either. I am aware of the sort of possibilities. It goes back to what you're saying about there's all these different sorts of control aspects about, say, like the difference between Ian Brady and Edmund Kemper or someone like that. Where someone does know what they're doing. It's part of their life, it's not like they get in this rage, this uncontrollable rage where they're suddenly controlled by their dick or by this impulse to reproduce that somehow went askew.

Yeah. It always seems to come back to Brady. Why do you think his crimes have a particular resonance for you?

Everything about his crimes, I think, is perfect. I really hate seeing these quotes, but if you look at what he's done to who he's done it to, he went across all boards and sort of extracted what he was looking for out of each person, from a sort of Morrissey-type queer to little girls to little boys, everywhere. And just led his life that way. And made some incredible mistakes, I'm not talking about detective-wise, I'm just talking about as far as his tastes go. He seemed to have this idea—he knew that he had these

interests and went about his whole life trying to find out what they were. And he really is a sort of introspective person, where you immediately think of these sort of cheesy existentialists or something, but he did sort of look at the implications of his interests and he knew that they definitely weren't correct, that they weren't sort of acceptable. And that he tried to extract those tastes from almost everything he did....He really did sort of owe it to himself. I mean, he really found these tastes—he owed it to himself to investigate these things.

We've touched on it before, but what would you say are some of the primary problems with true-crime literature, either in the mainstream press or what sadly passes for underground?

Well, what's underground these days is just pathetic. I mean, it really is like our mothers are writing this sort of stuff. I've never seen so many sort of cuddly people in my life. Everything that's done has this sort of moral to it. It really is disturbing, actually. I don't care if they're talking about felching pudding out of someone's ass—it still has this sort of sweetness to it, forgive the pun....And it's like these wretched sort of murder magazines that came out awhile ago....You know, I don't even care if they want to sound sadistic or whatever, they don't have to be like *PURE* or whatever, but they don't even act as if they're aware of the implications of their interests.

Well, not naming names, and not trying to sound like a moralist myself, I always thought that applying a campy gloss onto the subject matter was far more potentially dangerous than actually just dealing with it. Because it does tend to desensitize people. It is almost like Schwarzenegger violence or something. It's murder without pain.

With *Murder Can Be Fun*, or *Henry 157*, or *Evil*®—which is really terrible—all these magazines really don't seem to be aware that they can actually be having an effect on people. And I'm not talking about desensitizing them. I don't really give a rat's ass about that. But just the personal responsibility to the attraction of the material. These people don't seem to be aware of it.

Or to cop to it. If they are aware of it, they certainly don't cop to it....The moral implication seems to be that it's more virtuous to stand there looking through a peephole jerking off instead of actually doing the act itself.

Exactly. Have you ever seen these incredible sort of Mondo movies that are out, you know, where they show you plane-crash victims or whatnot and they'll digitize out the genitals?

Well, yeah, there's a lot of Japanese porn, too, where they put—well, they don't have to be too big—tiny little black balls over the genitals. It's like being delivered an empty plate at a restaurant or something. What's the point?

True, isn't it?

Here's something that's puzzled me, particularly with the [ANSWER Me!] rape issue—it was one of the reasons we did it—why do you think that people who don't blanch at extreme violence or murder suddenly freak out when a sexual component is introduced?

You'd probably be a better person to ask, but my own opinion is that people are so close to it. People really—if you watch TV, if you watch what goes on—people, all they want to do is talk about or think about fucking. You know, they really are just niggers. And so whenever this happens, they really have to sort of act as if they have a sort of moral standpoint above and beyond this. That they really are above this sort of thing. And it allows them—I think—that sort of indignation allows them the chance to wallow....And as far as the rape stuff goes, again, you're much closer to it than me, but I don't think that anyone's ever really actually talked about the victims deserving this. I mean, I think that would really take away from the crime, to be perfectly honest. That they DID deserve it. I would much rather see it sort of like, like that sort of Spielberg fantasy where the little girl is skipping down the lane in her nice red jacket, you know, thinking rosy thoughts, thinking wonderful thoughts about candy and mommy and hugs and stuff, you know, and gets snatched off the street and ends up in a concentration camp. You know, honestly, I don't know that one follows the other, and it always amazes

me when people talk about how victims become saints. My god, there's this case in England that's really incredible. Rachel Nickell, who is this woman who was just walking down Wimbledon Common, and she was raped in front of her child. I don't care what this woman would have done, I mean, I don't have evidence that she was this slut, this slattern, but the prose that came out describing her in this walk down the lane with her child, like she was an angel, she was this thing where all the heavens collided to make this paragon of beauty. It really is disgusting.

You do also point out how, you know, where the fuck were these people's parents and, geez, they surely didn't have any other option but sucking Seattle sperm. I don't get the sense that you're saying that they asked for it, but I'm sure Paglia and maybe a few other people would argue that there are ways to avoid placing yourself in potentially dangerous situations. It's not exactly like they're out pleading to be raped and beaten, but certain people make themselves a little more available, for lack of a better term.

Yeah, well, we're talking about two different examples there, too. I mean, Danny Bridges was always a favorite example of mine, because...Mrs. Bridges became a saint, but her kid was fucking sixteen years old, and he was interviewed on TV before he was murdered, you know, asked about Eyler and things, but had been trolling his cock and asshole around since he was, what, fourteen? And then, all of a sudden, the mother's out in front of the courtroom just howling with grief. And I wish it was real. I wish I could look at it and say, "You know, yeah, she's really upset." But you got the feeling that she's really just turning it on for the camera.

Sadly, it seems a lot of people don't have any other identity but their victimization, and I love the line where you say that their "recovery" starts to resemble a permanent midlife crisis. It doesn't seem like they're ever expected to transcend that, that it's almost like a medal that they should polish or something.

Right. I think that's sort of endemic to the whole sort of alternative culture

these days. That, you know, almost the best thing—this is a terrible quote—the best thing that could happen to you is that you were raped. That you were molested. Because, man, you've got a fanzine and a book and you've got a life there, and they'll haul you out onto every talk show.

Well, it's going to get to the point where people with Down's syndrome will get Pulitzer Prizes. It's being pushed to a point of absurdity where the most obvious mental defectives and fuck-ups are almost held up as christlike.

Exactly. And again, it's just because of this sort of backdrop of all these things that you know don't exist. They couldn't possibly exist in the way that these people say. They just become all these words, these fake sort of ideas.

And, conversely, people who seem to get on with their lives and don't have too many problems are depicted as evil-mongers or something. Seems somewhat twisted to me.

I agree.

I find it interesting that many of the same people who hate you for propagating what they'd call a rapist's mentality would be thrilled to see you get raped. That seems to feed into what we were talking about earlier, about unarticulated sadism. It's like, "This killer—let's KILL him!" There's an unacknowledged bloodlust there which seems really obvious to me, but you could present it to them, and they just wouldn't see it.

Well, yeah, from everyone like the doctor we talked about to the cops to people who write me hate letters....I really try not to associate myself with these sorts of things, because these people who are going to respond in that way just seem so lonely, so fucked-up, that it's like wasting time, it's like, just move to the other end of the bar. They really are truly disturbed.

I'd like you to comment on this [line] from PARASITE #5: "Like most humanism, it conveniently doesn't include any humans." Where has humanism gone astray? What are they not understanding about humanity?

Well, I think we've been talking about it, really. These people have these dreams and fantasies, it's like people who decide when they're two, or when they're going to their first prom, they decide, "You know, mom, I wanna have a really high-paying job, and I want to have two kids, and someone who loves me, and go out on Friday nights to balls and dances," whatever they think, I don't know. And just their whole life shows you that that's not gonna happen....And they still cling to these things, not as sort of dreams or fantasies, by the end they're just these sorts of desperate religious beliefs....And humanists, people who are just so concerned with the human element, with others and everyone's care and concern, seem to be so incredibly confused, so boggled by the actual information that exists. But once again, you say this sort of stuff, and you sound as if you're—as if I'm—upset. That I've been beat up all my life. When, you know, the opposite is true. I've come to this from—it just seems obvious to me....People aren't going to have these rosy little lives.

It seems like it's wishful thinking that gets misunderstood as some kind of ontological verity.

Yeah, right. They're dedicated to, you know, "Well, this was promised to me." And they drive themselves crazy. But the thing is, I do like what life has to offer. I don't want to sound like, "Nah, this is terrible. Why don't these people wake up?" I mean, it really isn't like that. I just think it's a much more realistic viewpoint.

Despite all the Hitler-touting, especially in the earlier PUREs, you seem to find American Nazis and white-power types somewhat tedious.

Yeah, to say the least.

Is that because they mistake the personal for the social? They have too much of a social agenda? You like to keep it personal? Or just because they're idiots?

It's a much larger thing, but I mean, as far as white-power people these days, you know, Nazis, American Nazi Party or whatever, I just can't see anyone that I'd even want to be associated with. But I

don't believe in this sort of, these ideas about supremacy and all this sort of stuff, and I certainly don't believe in the supremacy of people who are as [laughs]—I don't think these people really have much to offer. I don't want to walk around saying it's my birthright, when I don't know what my fucking birthright, what that stuff is. These people are just—

—*Well, even with the Mengele and Barbie stuff, you seem to hone in on their personal pleasures more than—*

—Well, I mean that's what it is, and that's why there's all the jew-baiting and all that sort of stuff. It is part and parcel of them....Barbie and Mengele are examples of people who I think really towed the line, but when you got down to it, there was heavy fetishism there. And whether they're aware of it or not. If they really did see it in these sort of racial, in these sort of scientific ways, I mean, that's depressing....I just don't think that any of these white supremacists speak for me. [But] I definitely know the difference between me and someone who lives in the projects.

Well, as always, I feel that somebody who has a hyperinflated social agenda is really someone who can't get their own life in order. It's some sort of stunted sublimation. One thing I found intriguing—you've said that the biggest manufacturer of kiddie porn is the US government?

Well, yeah, sadly.

You have information that they're actually creating kiddie porn with which to bait people?

Yeah, they used mine. I mean, I've gotten stuff right from the government, but not that way. Anyone who's ever solicited me has been government, and I know this to be true among, you know, whatever perverts I know. But it is actually documented, there are all sorts of articles and things like that. The thing is, if you really want kiddie porn at this point, and I really don't want to have to explain this to anyone—and for the record, I don't have any here—but if you wanted it at this point, you have to be involved with a group that you know is going to be

dedicated to it....I'm sure that kiddie porn exists in all sorts of different Polaroids and videos and all these sorts of things, but I really can't comment on how to get that. The government, on the other hand, does create rings, because it's so simple. They have jobs, these people like O'Malley, these vice cops. You and I know anywhere to buy crack, and we can go get crack right now, right? There's all sorts of things cops could be doing. Again, this sounds moralistic. It's not, it's just a simple thing....I don't want to sound like a conspiracy type, it's just that they take what's out from Amsterdam, what came out from California, or wherever it came, and they reproduce it and they send it, you know, they solicit people who don't know any better.

So what you're saying is that they're not creating it, they're just taking what's there and recirculating it.

Oh yeah, they're not filming it, my god. No, they're trying to create these things where they can say to their boss at the end of the year when they go up for their raise and whatnot, "Well, you know, we've been following this guy for nine months," and stuff. It's the same thing like these doctors—I mean, Janet Reno is a really good example of this—and this really is a dangerous thing, because it really does sound like conspiracy stuff, and I really—I don't know this stuff, I don't have this tattooed on my ass, I don't know, but the thing is that she's really responsible for going after a lot of these sort of Satanic cults that were "ritually abusing" children. So, come 1995, and everyone knows that these things are absolutely ludicrous, everyone's getting put out of jail, there's no evidence, there's just all these psychotic episodes, but Reno, where is she now? And her name is on a lot of these cases.

For a lesbian, she seems to have an overweening concern for the children. You do tend to wonder after awhile. Now, this is gonna sound like a clichéd, stupid question—I know you hate Freudian reductivism, especially when childhood traumas are used as excuses for adult acts, but what would you see as formative childhood experiences that led to [your]

developing what we might call your later tastes and predilections?

I can tell you where I came to a realization, or whatever. You know, these epiphanies. But the thing is, if I say the first time I had sex—it also has this weird sort of locker-room tinge to it—it is sort of like...cheesy machismo? But I lost my virginity at a regular age, I had girlfriends when I was in eighth grade, and all the way up through high school and stuff. You follow the format, as it were. But the thing is, when I lost my virginity—I really don't want to see this in print—but I'll tell you. I lost my virginity when I was sixteen in the back of a car, you know. True Americana. And I swear, I was incredibly disappointed. I had spent all this time hanging out with this girl, or going out with that girl, trying to get in their pants like everyone was doing at that point. It really was the only thing you thought about. Then when you finally do it, you think, "That's it. I'll never do this again. This is terrible." But immediately, it sounds like, well, you've got a problem with that, from a little dick to bad performance, or whatever it is. It's some sort of psychology above and beyond that, but I mean, I don't have any problems in those areas—that's the sort of machismo that bothers me—but the thing is, that I just realized it was terrible. I don't want to do that. And you'd look at the thing that you'd just deposited, you know, what you did in there, and you'd think it was truly revolting.

Her crack wasn't all it had been cracked up to be.

Crack being the operative word. But then, sure enough, next Friday, you're back wherever you hang out, dating your girlfriend, trying to do it again. And it just seemed to me right at that point that I just didn't like it. And so people would say—you know, I just don't want to second-guess everyone or have to worry about them [saying], "Well, you've got homosexual tendencies." I mean, the whole thing is that I just knew that this was not for me, and I just didn't care for these things, or at least I was a little bit more aware of the situation, that you were doing it in the back seat of a car, that you were doing it with this fucking moron, that you had spent your whole fucking

few weeks trying to do just this act, this five minutes of squelching. It hardly seemed worth it. And it hardly seemed fun or interesting.

Well, look at Dworkin in the first chapter of Intercourse. There's a Black Hebrew book called The Paleman where they clip out parts of the Weekly World News and use them as scientific evidence. [Dworkin] used a Tolstoy short story as conclusive proof of male revulsion for the vagina. And I think the woman who had been fucked [in Tolstoy's story] found it entirely unpleasurable, and that seemed to be natural, logical, and noble to Dworkin, but if you relate that you found it repellent, then that somehow damns you or something.

She really is unbelievable that way. But it is true. And you can even see this sort of feminist side of this sort of thing, that I'm sure that the young lady—she also lost her virginity at the same time—didn't enjoy it, either. And I was aware of that, but it wasn't like this sort of, it wasn't like we were fighting at the time, we did all the things that you were supposed to do. You know, you acted as if you enjoyed it, and she did, and all that, it wasn't like this big sort of thing, but you went home and thought, "It was terrible." At the time, I don't know what the fuck she was thinking. And a relationship ensued from that as well, so it's not like—I'm sure at the time—I mean, everyone experiences losing their virginity as this sort of terrible thing, don't they?

Mine was with a Guernsey cow.

I mean, I don't know how you feel about it, to be truthful.

Yeah, I was disappointed. I played "Hey man, smell my finger" to impress my pals, 'cause it was more of a male-bonding thing than anything to do with the bucket. I guess this is the stupid, predictable question section, but you have intimated that you never got along with mom. Do you want to get into why?

Oh, no.

I'm not trying to pick your brain for motivation or anything, but without reducing it to merely that, there would

seem to be some basis in that.

I mean, it's simple. You live your life as you want to.

I'll start off by sharing. My mom encapsulated passivity, and I found that repellent.

I think that's true. I think that you see the way they live their life, I hardly think that my mom and dad had a life that I wanted to replicate in any way. And I didn't care for it. I think that when you're old enough to leave—they didn't abuse me, they weren't terrible parents, and they took care of me, it was working-class, they were really nice at Christmas and all that sort of stuff, it was really nothing I could point to, but I certainly don't like that.

So you're not reacting to trauma, you're more reacting against just an overarching sense of normalcy.

Yeah. And the thing is with my mom, a lot of this stuff comes from *PURE*, too. When my interest was like this, I wasn't going to go home for holidays and stuff, I wasn't going to play these fucking games. And she's always been more than warm to me. I don't want to sound as if in any way there's any sort of revenge, but I just don't really give a fuck. She doesn't, either. You know, your son gets arrested for child pornography, it's gonna be hard to face the PTA. You know, she's not gonna be really thrilled with me, either. And when my dad died around fifteen years ago of cancer, and I had watched that whole thing, where everyone was just really concerned about my dad rotting away. And I would go there, you'd have to do the family thing, you'd go to the hospital, and I'd just walk out and say, "Fuck this. This is terrible. I don't want to deal with this shit." And so it is, I guess, a selfish thing, but I really don't believe in these sort of bonds. You know. My dad worked all his life and would drink when he'd come home, but he didn't hit us. He was just some regular guy, regular dickhead. I just had no interest in that sort of stuff, and then, so sticking around to watch them rot, to stick around and see them do what they do, just doesn't interest me, and I'm sure they feel the same.

You've intimated that a man's basic problem is trying to figure out what to do with his dick. Have you had much luck solving that problem?

Yeah, I know what not to do with it. I don't actually think that's true, I don't know that. I'd say that it's a problem for other people, it seems.... But the thing is that I don't think that's a particularly good thing, that's what I was talking about earlier with Cabrini-Green, I think those people have a problem with it. Do you know what I mean?

They really don't know what they want, in other words?

Yeah, they don't seem to know what to do with their dick, and they seem to be constantly walking behind it. I don't know. How would you feel?

I don't think I've ever had that problem, except when I was maybe fourteen, fifteen, I don't think I've ever been consumed with lust to the point where I'd fuck myself up over it. Maybe it's merely chemical or something.

Well, it is, it's this incredibly pubescent thing.

When people would talk about [how] guys are controlled by their dicks, or slaves to their dicks, I never understood that, because, I mean, I remember being seventeen and saying, "Jesus Christ, I don't want to sleep with her, 'cause I'd have to smoke a cigarette with her afterwards."

This is exactly what I'm talking about. I agree a hundred percent. You can give up your whole fucking week, you work, and you go home, and you have dinner, and you do other stuff, but the only thing you're thinking about is, you know—this is probably Chicago working class—but fucking something on the weekends. Anything. And I don't understand that. But since you say it, all the people who do understand that, and it really is, it's just culture, that everything is OK as long as you get laid. That's what seems to be important to everybody. But I don't actually suffer that. I don't quite understand that sort of arrested pubescence. It's really sort of nauseating. This is coming from someone who's talking about bashing in little Lesley Anne Downey's head, you know? I don't know quite how that fits, but.... ■



PURE I

"Man is and remains an animal. Here a beast of prey, there a housepet, but always an animal."

—JOSEPH GOEBBELS

In our search for extremes, we are constantly bombarded with humanist, feminist, and other equally asinine diatribes that writers employ to alleviate the strain on their "conscience" or to try and seduce us into their maudlin world of false securities and self-contempt. PURE exists, then, for those who desire extremes and are tired of listening to, and/or acting like, housepets. PURE satiates and encourages true lusts.

There is no need to convince outsiders of a philosophy, nor any reason to hide or pawn our tastes and instincts off as a moralistic examination of "the dark side of human nature." There is no mission to force a begrudged acceptance of the supposed "true state of the human condition." We offer no such safeties, and, monetary concerns aside, new liberal and free-thinking converts are of little use. PURE exists for those who want it.

It is wise to establish personal contact with PURE, as censorship is strong, and it is difficult making PURE mass-marketably available. Subscriptions are available and recommended. A video compilation is also in the offing. Write for more information.

—PURE, January, 1984

DUGS

"UPON MY SOUL," THE DUC OBSERVED, "I FIND THE CONCLUSION OF THAT MAN'S OPERATION VERY REASONABLE INDEED, AND I, TOO, HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO BELIEVE THAT TEATS WERE INTENDED FOR ANYTHING BUT BUM-WIPES."

"ONE MAY BE CERTAIN," SAID CURVAL, WHO AT THE MOMENT WAS RATHER BRUTALLY HANDLING THOSE BELONGING TO THE SWEET AND TENDER ALINE, "ONE MAY BE CERTAIN INDEED THAT A TIT IS A VERY INFAMOUS OBJECT. I NEVER CATCH SIGHT OF ONE WITHOUT BEING PLUNGED STRAIGHTWAY INTO A RAGE. UPON SEEING THOSE THINGS I EXPERIENCE A CERTAIN DISGUST, A CERTAIN REPUGNANCE ASSAILS ME....ONLY A CUNT HAS A WORSE AND MORE DECIDED EFFECT UPON ME."

—D.A.F. de Sade, 120 DAYS OF SODOM

beverly washington, age nineteen, was a prostitute. Now she is nothing but a short, fat, black slut who sits on a stool at Chicago's Criminal Court Building trying to elicit sympathy from a jury of bored, middle-aged insects. She is the main witness in the people's trial against Robin Gecht. Gecht, who is charged with mutilating young beverly-for-sale's dugs, sits across from her, staring acerbically.

Wearing large breasts of silicone gel in a white-flowered-print and stereotypical black's dress, beverly speaks in a sick, broken, and slurred mumble. she cries as she recalls her poor little life's story of pain and degradation. How she was forced into a life of street whoring and diseased cocksucking by the man she loved. And how her lover-cum-pimp conned his way into her naive young heart with promises of love, marriage, and forever-togetherness. The insects lower their heads at such obvious pain, while a few court observers twitch excitedly, though careful to check their elation as bev sobs between the words that convey her many agonies.

beverly met Richard Marks when she was just a young thing going to school and living at home with her parents. Marks confided to bev his dreams of building a lovely home with her, of raising wonderful children, and, no doubt, of growing fantastically old and forever collecting welfare together. But, he lamented, in order to live a life of bliss in today's miserable white world, niggers needs money; and the best and easiest way for him to get it would be for little darling beverly to sell her little darling fuck-hole. So, her mind dancing with phantasms of sunshine, flowers, and endless food stamps, bev dropped out of school and moved out of her family's home into the street. There, she filled her mouth and gaping cunt with hairy cocks to earn the money they "needs" for their assuredly bright future. Sadly, most of her clients were probably unaware of the slut's honest, virtuous ideals as she swallowed their cum and licked their balls. They were also unaware of her young age, because at nineteen, plopped there on the witness stand, beverly already looked old, used, and worn-out. Like an old, worn-out black shoe, she was a young, stepped-on, fucked cunt. her pimp was clearly an accomplished manipulator who completely understood the magnificence and marketability a ploy such as love holds, and he exploited it to the most.

But, as incredibly enjoyable as bev's torrid past was, the court was soon to see that it was but a mere tease for the main event yet to come. The black, harmed innocent turned her attention to one particular night when it was her grave misfortune to meet Mr. Robin Gecht, a good-looking white man from Chicago. Robin drove up to bev's street corner

and offered her more money than she'd asked for. The impressed, money-hungry slattern climbed in the red Dodge van, and off they drove. bev, being an ignorant female made more stupid by her blackness, assumed Robin was being careful to avoid cops and kept her reservations about leaving her area to herself. Arriving at a dark car park near Chicago's lakefront, Robin instructed the whore to get in the back of the van, where she could comfortably suck his dick. bev lumbered between the front swivel seats and kneeled down on the carpeted floor in the back. she turned and faced Robin, who had climbed in behind her, and waited for him to stick his cock into her gaping, thick-lipped, whore's mouth. But instead, Robin produced a gun and a large butcher's knife and commanded her to remove her clothes. Frightened and obedient, bev quickly undid her blouse buttons, exposing her large brown breasts and wide, blackish nipples. she stripped off the rest of her garish, street-shit clothes and trembled naked, awaiting her uncertain fate. Robin bent down and began to viciously manhandle her big dugs. Squeezing and tugging at them like tough bread loaves, Robin grabbed their full weight with his hot, excited hands. Digging his nails into the taut brown flesh and pinching her big rubbery nipples. He pulled out a long rubber rope and lasciviously tied the slut's large tits around and together. bev started to cry. Robin, not wanting to hear her female noise, told her he only wanted to make her saggy tits harder and look bigger, and beverly stupidly quieted down. The incorrigible libertine then handcuffed bev's hands behind her back and cuffed her ankles together to a wooden pole erected at the side of the van. bev began to bawl again, her thick breasts brutally banded and turning red from the furious beatings and tight ropes. Robin forced a handful of blue pills into bev's mouth and splashed Coke down her throat to make her swallow. He told the miserable bitch to quiet down, that the pills were only to make her horny. Robin knew that bev would build up typically naive hopes, and he enjoyed watching her despair as he tore each hope down in slow succession. Unfastening his pants, Robin liberated his large, erect penis and slammed it violently into bev's pleading mouth. He rammed it all the way 'til it hit the back of her throat. His balls hit her nigger chin, and he pumped her head back and forth, his hand squeezing her black, wiry-haired temples. bev choked, spattered, and gagged, tears of pain falling down her flat nose and washing Robin's throbbing-hot tool. Robin fucked her fat face for nearly ten minutes. He pulled his still-hard dick out of her mouth and pushed the cheap cunt down against the pole so she was lying flat. her hand cut against the shackles. Pouncing on top of her, Robin grabbed his cock and wrenched it between her fat

black thighs. His spit-and-tear-soaked hard-on entered her slimy black afro-cunt, and he began to pump. This act was truly a mirror of Robin's bravery, as, judging from her state in the witness box, beverly could have had quite a few diseases swimming around in her fuck-hole. He slammed bev's ugly female wound around for another ten minutes, pushing against her naked, quivering flesh, with her abused, tied teats pressing against his chest. Finally overcome by the pain, fright, and the pills, the whimpering little bag of sweaty meat and grease passed out. Robin's libertine prick still harming her withered hole (IN-OUT, IN-OUT), using her still body as his tool and plaything. beverly remembered nothing further.

The next morning, the fucked slut was found by a garbage-picker who heard her moaning. Sprawled behind a metal factory in the dirt, bev was naked, covered in blood, and barely conscious. her dugs had been deliciously and brutally mutilated. The left tit had been completely cut off, leaving deep cuts that criss-crossed her chest. Blood was caked thick in the wounds, and her entire body was awash in the slick red liquid. Her other heavy tit was mangled, left hanging from her torso by some thin layers of stretched and bloody skin. The blood had stopped gushing from her wounds and had formed thick, wide pools that mixed with the gravel and dirt surrounding her body. she looked like a fat, dark, red worm bathing in its own excrement. The paramedic who treated her scars later testified that he had to clean a lot of street debris out of the cuts and gashes, and this is fittingly appropriate. Appropriate, too, is the fact that a garbage-picker found her—found like the rest of the garbage, flung in the dirt just like the shit she and her entire race and gender are.

LUCAS & TOOLE

Henry Lee Lucas, forty-seven, and Ottis Elwood Toole, thirty-six, are keeping police in twenty-five states very busy. Lucas has confessed to over one hundred and sixty-five murders, and Toole says he helped in fifty of them, committed many of his own, and started over fifty fires as well. The two were homosexual lovers who traveled across the US, killing at random. They robbed many of their victims, but the mass killings were mainly sexually motivated.

Police from many different states have banded together to help build an accurate picture of the incredible couple's crimes. Jay Via, a police sergeant in Louisiana, said of the two: "They traveled constantly and they had no clear M.O. They stabbed their victims, bludgeoned them, shot them. You name it, they did it. Both men were necrophiliacs. They had sex with their victims after killing them. Sometimes they had sex with their victims before killing them."

Hale County (Florida) Sheriff Charles Tue: "You'd think (Lucas) was at a bingo game to sit down and talk to him. He gets his kicks from raping dead women."

In Florida, Hollywood Police Chief Sam Martin interviewed Toole and said: "He gave details of murders he and Lucas committed. The details made Charles Manson sound like Huck Finn."

Both Toole and Lucas have been giving police the runaround. Confessions to murders have been dictated and then denied, all in order to keep the police constantly confused and Toole and Lucas amused.

Toole made headlines when he confessed to the murder of a six-year-old named Adam Walsh (a freckled, blond boy who became the subject of an NBC docudrama) and then completely retracted the story a couple of days later. Toole told police he lured the child into his car with promises of candy and toys, then drove out to a desolate highway where he murdered and slaughtered the boy. Adam "went missing" on July 27, 1981. His cute, decapitated head was found on August 10, 1981, by some fishermen. Toole would not say where he dumped the little boy's headless torso, and it has never been found. Charges for Adam's murder have not been filed against Toole because of lack of evidence.

As of now, police have evidence to charge Lucas and Toole with twenty-eight murders in eight states. Another sixty-nine counts of murder from thirteen states are pending, and the numbers are sure to go higher.

Lucas is serving a life sentence for the killing of a fifteen-year-old girl whom he had called his "common-law wife." The girl, Frieda "Becky" Powell, was also Toole's niece. Lucas said he and Becky had an argument over where to move next, and so he stabbed her. As her bleeding corpse lay on the floor, Lucas said he sat down next to it and talked to it. "(I) talked to her about trying to figure out what to do with her body," he said. He then butchered her fifteen-year-old dead meat into "little teeny pieces" and stuffed the remains into an old pillowcase. He said he dismembered the body because "it was the only thing I could think of....I hope you find all of her," he told police. "I didn't do it because I didn't love her. It was

because of an argument and the difficulty I have had in my life." It should be mentioned that Lucas entered a plea of insanity in this case, and so he is probably trying to play up a confused, psychopathic personality. His odd-sounding sentences should in no way deter from the incredible sexual pleasure inherent in his descriptions. He cut up the little cunt's body with a ten-inch kitchen butcher knife.

Lucas has also been saddled with a seventy-five-year prison sentence for the murder of an eighty-year-old bitch named Kate Rich. He sliced up the old cow and threw her remains into an oven. He had been living with her as a boarder. Lucas is jailed in Denton, Texas, and Toole is serving a twenty-year term for arson in Florida.

Many details have yet to become clear, and the next issue of PURE will definitely contain a major, in-depth examination of the pair's crimes, tastes, and pleasures. In the interim, Lucas and Toole face charges on:

- The murder of a young co-ed from Louisiana.
- A Texas murder of an unidentified hitchhiker. The cunt had been butchered with a large knife and decapitated. Her bloody head was found in Arizona, her fucked body in Plainview, Texas. She was fucked before and after she was killed and slaughtered. (When Lucas was arrested, police found a two-foot dagger in his home.)
- Another unidentified hitchhiker, this time in Georgetown, Texas, who was found beaten and strangled to death. Her body was found nude except for a pair of orange socks.
- A young teenage girl's body which was found in a narrow ditch to which Lucas led police.
- Another girl slain in Austin. According to police, Lucas explained everything about this attack, "down to the stab wounds and where the body was and where the clothes were."

The pair are expected to be charged soon with other sex murders in New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, California, Oregon, South Dakota, Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey, West Virginia, Florida, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Missouri.

Lucas says he killed his first person when he was thirteen years old, murdering a girl who had resisted his sexual advances. He also served six years in a state mental hospital for the criminally insane for killing his mother. He stabbed the seventy-four-year-old woman to death when he was twenty-three years old.

There look to be many similarities with Lucas and Toole's past to that of Edmund Kemper, the "Co-Ed Killer" who ran amok in California in the early

seventies. Kemper killed his grandparents when he was fifteen, saying, "I just wondered how it would feel to shoot grandma." He was an admitted sadist, necrophile, and cannibal who reached orgasm when he decapitated his victims.

KIDNIE TORTURE

Child abuse is a sublime pleasure. All the great extremes—genital torture; forced, unlubricated rape; butchering—all these pleasures and more reach their pinnacle when the victim is a small child. The orifices are extremely tight and usually virgin, an absolute joy to mangle, rip, and violate. The pained screams ring more shrill, more impassioned, unhampered from years of growing up fat and jaded. Virgin territory brings the fresh cries and intense reactions of crushed and forever retarded innocence.

There is an added pleasure in child torture, a pleasure that lives on even after the child lay dead and rotting: Parents. The pain of the parents allows the libertine to forever enjoy his crimes. Little kidlings are precious to parents, whose lives become meaningful and important because of the little bundle of love that bounces on their knees. Their grief and sense of loss are immense when their tiny god's gifts are destroyed. Their entire lives crumble and break. An excruciating pain that becomes omnipotent as the child's memory is rendered burdensome due to the brutality and masterful eloquence of the dominant. Every time Lesley Ann Downey's mommy remembers her little dead child, her twinkling images are quickly torn to bits by Ian Brady's ingenious tortures. She hears the screams and tastes the tears that Brady wrested from her little girl's body. She sees her daughter's ten-year-old body covered with Brady's hands and cum. She tries to block the picture from her mind but can't—it's a permanent pain that lives on, growing like a cancer with her darling daughter's memory.

Of course, we are referring to the child-abuse master Ian Brady, who, along with his controlled concubine Myra Hindley, are better known as the Moors Murderers. Brady is a true genius, a true libertine. A devoted follower of Sade and Hitler, he successfully regaled in many of the infamies loved by his mentors. To properly celebrate Brady's glorious crimes and pay

the exclusive respect he so deservedly commands would indeed take volumes. His mention here serves another purpose to be understood later, though certainly in keeping with the awe, gratitude, and above-mentioned respect we so humbly owe him.

Little Marie, little four-year-old cute Marie, is missing. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Payne, suffer greatly because of it. They cry every day and tell the world that they have to move from their once-happy, love-filled home. "Sometimes it's hard to go on," says Marie's mother Brenda. "Her little clothes are still in her drawers upstairs, and the doll's pram she had for Christmas is in our bedroom." Crying, she adds, "The house is so full of memories. We want the council to move us somewhere else so we can start again."

Brenda can't even watch TV anymore, recalling that she and Marie would sit side-by-side and gaily watch cartoons. She remembers Marie's favorite programs and whimpers, "I think if I ever saw them again, that would finish me off completely. The agony is too much to bear."

Marie is thought of as being the third victim of a brilliant new lust-murderer operating in England. The press has tagged this mysterious and devious libertine "The Friday Motorway Fiend" because his little victims have all disappeared on Friday afternoons and were usually last seen near main English roads. The first victim was Susan Maxwell, who was eleven years old. Her little battered body was found fifteen days after she "went missing." The second victim was five-year-old Caroline Hogg, whose body was found ten days after her disappearance. Her body was found naked, beaten, and, much to the chagrin of her parents, very much cold and dead. Little five-year-old Caroline had been on her way to a fairground, wearing a pretty little lilac party dress when she got done. The pleasure of removing her little party dress and unveiling her little clean cunt must have been magnificent. Battering that little hairless gash must have been equally gratifying. The little baby crying as she realized she wasn't going to have fun at the playground. Her confusion as The Fiend's hands grabbed her milky-white, young limbs and pinched her tiny nipples. An erect cock thrust against her little frightened face and soft hair. The final death blow, and the tiny virgin's a bloody, dead, whore's memory.

Little Marie had been missing for seven months when police found her clothes (a little red cardigan, flowered dress, red tights, vest, and white shoes) stuffed into a tree in Epping Forest. The libertine left his lofty lust marks on the garments, as the police said there were "signs of sexual assault" on them. Cum and blood. As Mrs. Payne identified her little girl's clothes, she broke down. "My baby—oh no, my

baby!" she sobbed as her husband John tried to console her. "It's terrible. I don't know what to think anymore. Is there still hope?" she cried to John, who added, "I suppose there is still a chance. They haven't found a body yet...but I think it must be nearly over—the signs are as black as they can be." It is quite enjoyable to see the parents drowning in their own naiveté, fighting the images of their little child being clawed and pawed to death. Detective Chief Superintendent David Little deals the crushing blow: "We are now searching for a body—what little hope we had of finding her alive has almost disappeared." The weak parents now see the real picture: the true realization of Marie's little crying face covered in bruises and splashed in blood and warm white sperm.

Mrs. Payne has been put on increasing amounts of tranquilizers after braving the ordeal of identifying her child's fuck-ridden clothes. Brenda says: "Marie's constantly on my mind....Every time I see a little child my mind goes back to Marie. I'm trying hard, but everything brings it all back." John says: "Poor Brenda's in complete despair. I'm trying to carry on for her and our other two kids."

The Friday Fiend has completely ruined Marie's family's entire lives, and he did so by simply having his way with their worthless little daughter's cunt and ass. The Friday Fiend is a true genius, and our debt to him is great. He hasn't been caught by the law, and yet his followers get to pick the bones of Little Marie's slowly dying family, and it is indeed a glorious corpse. The pain of the family is penultimate to the physical attack, and we wish The Fiend all the best of luck, continued success and thank him deeply for the feast he has given us. It is left up to Mrs. Payne, however, to pay him the ultimate compliment: "Whoever it is must be heartless, knowing what we're going through," the old cunt boo-hoos.

It will do us well now, to look back at Ian Brady's torture of little Lesley Ann Downey to help us imagine the pleasure The Friday Fiend enjoyed with little Marie, Caroline, and Susan.

Playing on the supposed link between females, Myra Hindley lured little Lesley (age ten) from the fairground where she was playing. Brady, Hindley's lord and master, knew that the little girl would trust Myra like a mother and so used her as a decoy to attain his lofty pleasures. The little girl was stolen from her mother the day after Christmas. Brady picked a marvelous day for his luxuries as he attached a stigma to the holiday season that will haunt the wretched old woman forever. "I still have the presents that she got that Christmas—a nurse's outfit and a sewing machine. That night when she left me forever, I was going to show her how to use it." These

Christmas images are quite amusing. Every December 25 now Mrs. Downey sits next to her bright tree and cries and bawls for her dead daughter. The daughter that was tortured and beaten and fucked innumerable times while little kids of the same age played, laughing in the snow with their brand-new toys.

Brady made sure he extracted the most from the ten-year-old's pains, so he tape-recorded her screams, pleas, and tears and took photos of her darling naked body. Brady forced her to take off her delicate clothes and instructed Myra to help with her pretty little buttons. He then tied a black scarf around her mouth to keep her quiet and make her cry. Brady took luscious photos of the tiny girl in various "indecent poses." She was wearing only her socks and shoes, and, of course, the black gag. Little tits with pink nipples and tight virgin cunt. Her eyes were watery and terrified, bringing quite a palatable air to her obscene poses. Brady knew exactly what made the pictures so enticing; the girl's pain and fright were obviously extreme. Of the photos that Mrs. Downey later looked at to confirm her daughter's identification, she whined, "The police showed me two photographs of Lesley, the last taken when she was alive. She only had her shoes and socks. Her arms were tied together with a black cord. She was gagged with a black cloth and sitting on a bed." Just as Mrs. Downey's Christmas pain is enjoyable to recall, so too is the image of her eyeing the pictures Brady took of her baby. Her mind's eye switches from lovely cradle portraits to naked torture pornography. Her pain is extreme and deliciously titillating for us all.

"She was petrified in those pictures. I could tell it by her face. A mother can tell....How long did they keep her there? Not very long, I hope. But it must have been quite awhile to take all those pictures. The necklace that her brother Terence gave her for Christmas was still around her neck. It only had a cheap catch, so that if there was any struggle, I'm sure it would have been broken."

Again, a mother's false hope adds to our enjoyment. She tries to allay her worst fears by believing that maybe her daughter wasn't treated roughly, even though she knows her daughter was found with only half a face. "I identified Lesley's clothes after they brought the picture. I also had to identify the body because they may have been her clothes and another girl's body. It was her alright, although she only had half a face. I only hope it was caused by decomposition." She then asked a journalist, "Do you think it might have been something terrible they did to her before she died?" The doctor who did the autopsy on dead Lesley said he couldn't rule out suffocation or a massive head blow as cause of death. Because Brady

murdered sixteen-year-old homosexual Edward Evans by smashing his head fourteen times with an ax (spilling blood, skull, and brains all over Brady's living room), we are more likely to believe Lesley's half-head is missing due to similar pleasures. The pretty little Lesley with her mother's black hair getting axed in the face is a glorious picture. Little ten-year-old blood and brains on soft white skin, skull fragments in her little cunt.

The tape recording of the torture is remarkable. Although much is inaudible, and it is certain that much more took place than what is on the tape, it is still a great joy to hear—Brady's mastery is clearly in evidence. At the time of the trial, a great furor was caused by the question of what exactly Brady and Myra were trying to force into the demure virgin's mouth. As it doesn't seem likely that Brady would waste sixteen minutes trying to force a gag down her throat, it is most probable that the master was sticking his cock in her ten-year-old mouth hole. Brilliant.

Lesley: (screaming) "Don't! Mum, ah!"

Myra: "Shut up!"

Lesley: "Please, god, help me! Ah—please—oh!"

Myra: "Come on."

Lesley: "Please, please—oh! (faintly) Help, oh! I can't while you have hold of my neck. Oh! (loud scream)...(shrieking) Help!"

(faint screams, gurgles, heavy breathing)

Myra: "Sh...sh...sit down and be quiet."

Brady: "Go on."

(Lesley crying)

Myra: (whispering) "You'll be alright...sit down and be quiet."

Brady: "Come on."

(Lesley's crying becomes muffled—something has been stuffed into her mouth.)

Brady: "Here."

Myra: "Hush. Hush, go on. Sit."

(Lesley crying)

Myra: "You're alright. Hush, hush. Put it in your mouth. Put it in your mouth and keep it in and you'll be alright. Put it in. Stop it. If you don't—shh! In your mouth—hush, hush! Shut up or I'll forget myself and hit you one. I'll hit you one! Keep it in!"

(Lesley whimpering)

Brady: "Put it in."

Myra: "Put it in."

Brady: "Put it in—keep it in—stop it now. Stop it now."

Myra: "I am only doing this, and you will be alright. Put it in your mouth. Put it in now....Will you stop it! Stop it! Shut up!"

Lesley: "Can I tell you something? I must tell you

something. Please take your hands off me a minute—Please!...mummy, daddy...Please!...Please, mum, please—I can't tell you. I can't breathe....I can't bear it....Please, god...why? What are you going to do with me?"

Brady: "I want to take some photographs, that is all."

Lesley: (crying, sobbing) "Don't undress me, will you? I want to see my mummy....Honest to god. I will swear on the bible....I've got to go because I'm going out with my mama. Please, please help me, will you? What are you going to do with me?"

Brady: "I am going to take some photographs. Put it in your mouth."

Lesley: "What for?"

Brady: "Put it in your mouth. Right in."

Lesley: "I am not going to do anything."

Brady: "Put it in. If you don't keep that hand down, I'll slit your neck. Put it in."

Lesley: "Won't you let me go please?"

Brady: "No, no, put it in. Stop talking. The longer it takes you to do this, the longer it takes you to go home."

(Lesley whimpering)

Brady: "What is your name?"

Lesley: "Lesley."

Brady: "Lesley what?"

Lesley: "Ann."

(Lesley sobbing frantically)

Lesley: "I have got to get back before eight o'clock. I have got to get...or I will get killed if I don't. Honest to god!"

(movement, steps, etc.)

Brady: "What is it?"

Myra: "I have left the light on."

Brady: "You have?"

Myra: "So that..."

(Lesley crying loudly)

Lesley: "It hurts me neck."

Brady: "Put it in your mouth and you'll be alright."

Myra: "Shut up crying!"

Lesley: (shrieking) "It hurts me!"

Myra: "Hush. Shut up now. Put it in and don't dally. Just keep your mouth shut, please....Wait a bit. I'll put this on again. Do you get me?"

Lesley (whining): "No, I..."

(mumbling, crying)

Myra: "Sh. Shush. Put it in your mouth again packed more solid....No, it's alright."

Brady: "Eh?"

Three loud cracks were heard next on the tape. Brady explained they were the sound of his camera tripod being lowered. But, knowing Brady's libertine tastes,

we can assume (as has been widely speculated) that perhaps it was the rich sound of Lesley's head cracking under Brady's ax. Mrs. Downey heard most of the tape in court, and we can bask in her distress at seeing her daughter's splattering skull, fallen face, and blood-soaked hair peeling off Brady's heavy weapon. Christmas music, "The Little Drummer Boy," was the last thing heard on the tape.

Little Lesley died a brutal, prolonged death at the mighty hands of Ian Brady. Mrs. Downey dies a slower and numbing death because of Brady's ingenuity and lustful tastes. Brady had his fun with poor, pure Lesley. Mrs. Downey remembers her: "Lesley's always very neat. She keeps her own room beautiful. She is such a modest little girl, very innocent-minded. She never walks around in her underclothes, or pajamas even." Ann speaks in the present tense to pretend her daughter is still alive. But when the memories hit her, she remembers Brady and talks in past tense: "She was not developed in any way, but in the pictures, she was trying to hide as much of her poor little body as possible with her little hands." Mrs. Downey regresses to past tense when she sees Brady. Ian Brady fucked her little girl, tortured and manhandled her little girl, and finally killed her little baby cunt. As innocent-minded as Mrs. Downey likes to think Lesley was, deep down she knows Lesley died knowing what Brady's hairy cock and balls tasted like.

NAZI TRIUMPHS

Dead jews. jew generation upon jew generation, jewish body upon jewish body, money-sniffing jew upon parasitic princess, broken supercilious jew nose upon cheap jewish cunt. The mighty Third Reich, under the direction of *Ubermensch* Adolf Hitler, took care of the subhumans who plunged a thorn in his side, and with the possible exception of the glorious Roman Empire, the Reich's ancestor and analogous brother to be sure, these subhumans never witnessed a power as strong and malevolent as Hitler's Nazi Elite. The blood-soaked *Lebensraum* fist of the Nazi movement gave free vent to the master race's sadistic natures and tastes and allowed its luminaries, technicians, and soldiers the supreme pleasure of crushing wave upon wave of ignoble sect and horde.

Death camps such as Ravensbruck, Buchenwald, and Treblinka tortured, executed, and shat out semitic, pole, and other race wastes by the millions. Mengele, Himmler, Koch, Grese—the list of names in the Master Elite who spearheaded and led the way in lustful and ingenious tortures is almost endless.

The history of the Third Reich is well-known and chronicled, but sadly, this history has been largely recapitulated and regurgitated by race-serving and money-grubbing jewish hacks, who strain to mumble a point in their pulp pages. Page upon page of these "history" books is devoted to the quiet strength of the jew nation; the inner, glowing strength of the worms as they walked, heads held high, to the ovens at Birkenau. The clandestine pride that shines through a jewess as she raises her bony hand to swat at an evil Nazi just before he stomps her to death.

Clearly, a jewess lying sick and bloody in the mud of Auschwitz has no pride whatsoever, yet conveniently moralistic and jewish scribblers try laboriously to convince the reader that she does. The closest that jewish shit can come to honor is that they might catch a drop of Nazi cum between the truncheon blows that rain down upon their yarmulkes. In an effort, then, to firstly give an accurate account of the ingenuity and extreme taste that the Nazi SS operated under (see if you can spot the beaming semitic honor and pride in photos of concentration-camp victims) and secondly, to pay the proper respect to those who deserve it (as the Nazis, their boots soiled from millions of whimpering vermin, so richly do), we present... NAZI TRIUMPHS!

AS I HAVE ALREADY FREQUENTLY SAID, THE JEWS HAVE STRONGLY DEVELOPED FAMILY FEELINGS. THEY STICK TOGETHER LIKE LIMPETS. NEVERTHELESS, ACCORDING TO MY OBSERVATIONS, THEY LACK SOLIDARITY. ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT IN A SITUATION SUCH AS THIS THEY WOULD INEVITABLY HELP AND PROTECT ONE ANOTHER. BUT NO, QUITE THE CONTRARY. I HAVE OFTEN KNOWN AND HEARD OF JEWS, PARTICULARLY THOSE FROM WESTERN EUROPE, WHO REVEALED THE ADDRESSES OF THOSE MEMBERS OF THEIR RACE STILL IN HIDING.

ONE WOMAN, ALREADY IN THE GAS CHAMBER, SHOUTED OUT TO A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER THE ADDRESS OF A JEWISH FAMILY. A MAN WHO, TO JUDGE BY HIS CLOTHES AND DEPARTMENT, APPEARED TO BE OF VERY GOOD STANDING, GAVE ME, WHILE UNDRESSING, A PIECE OF PAPER ON WHICH WAS A LIST OF ADDRESSES OF DUTCH FAMILIES WHO WERE HIDING JEWS.

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT INDUCED THE JEWS TO

GIVE SUCH INFORMATION. WAS IT FOR REASONS OF PERSONAL REVENGE, OR WERE THEY JEALOUS THAT THOSE OTHERS SHOULD SURVIVE?

—RUDOLPH HOESS
Commandant of AUSCHWITZ

IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH HATE. THEY WERE SO WEAK; THEY ALLOWED EVERYTHING TO HAPPEN—TO BE DONE TO THEM. THEY WERE PEOPLE WITH WHOM THERE WAS NO COMMON GROUND, NO POSSIBILITY OF COMMUNICATION—THAT IS HOW CONTEMPT IS BORN. I COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND HOW THEY COULD JUST GIVE IN AS THEY DID. QUITE RECENTLY I READ A BOOK ABOUT LEMMINGS, WHO EVERY FIVE OR SIX YEARS JUST WANDER INTO THE SEA AND DIE; THAT MADE ME THINK OF TREBLINKA.

—FRANZ STANGL
Commandant of TREBLINKA

"GANZ NACKT, SCHUHE ZUSAMMENBINDEN, GELD UND DOKUMENTE MITNEHEMEN"

"JETZT MUSS ES JA EINMAL DRAN GEHEN"

WHEN MAN ATTEMPTS TO REBEL AGAINST THE IRON LOGIC OF NATURE, HE COMES INTO STRUGGLE WITH THE PRINCIPLES TO WHICH HE HIMSELF OWES HIS EXISTENCE AS A MAN, AND THIS ATTACK MUST LEAD TO HIS OWN DOOM.

HERE, OF COURSE, WE ENCOUNTER THE OBJECTION OF THE MODERN PACIFIST, AS TRULY JEWISH IN ITS EFFRONTERY AS IT IS STUPID: "MAN'S ROLE IS TO OVERCOME NATURE."

—ADOLF HITLER

JUST MORD

JOSEPH VACHER

"L'EVENTREUR DU SUD-EST"
1869-1898

Vacher was dismissed from the Maust brotherhood seminary in France after he attempted to rape a young male servant. He masturbated many of the monks while he stayed with them.

"A sort of frenzy drove me blindly forward to

commit my crimes. Never did I look for my victims: Chance meetings decided their fates. The poor creatures need not be pitied. None of them suffered longer than ten minutes."

March 20, 1894

Twenty-one-year-old female...Eugenie Delhomme
Strangled to death. So vicious was the attack that her throat still bore the marks of his fingers. Vacher had also forced her mouth shut so tightly that her own teeth pierced through her lower lip. Her throat was cut, her abdomen trampled and stomped on. Pieces of her breast had been ripped out. The corpse had been necrophiliously raped.

"It seems to me, that my lust to kill was less in the case of my first victim than with the others."

November 20, 1894

Thirteen-year-old female...Louise Marcel
Murdered and mutilated with one of the many large knives Vacher always carried. The little girl had tried to fight, as evidenced by the deep knife slashes in the fingers of her left hand. Her throat was slashed.

May 12, 1895

Seventeen-year-old female...Adele Mortureux
Strangled. Her body was mutilated and disemboweled. Although all of the details of all the murders have not been released, it is certain among the doctors who examined Vacher that he practiced cannibalism. Also, most bodies had been chewed immediately after their death. Many corpses were rife with deep teeth marks.

August 24, 1895

Fifty-eight-year-old female...Mme. Morand
Vacher attacked this old widow in her home, slaughtering her with her own kitchen knife. She was strangled, and Vacher disemboweled her dead body. He then raped and otherwise sexually abused the old, eviscerated cadaver.

August 27, 1895

Sixteen-year-old female...Allaise
Just a few days after the last attack, Vacher killed this sixteen-year-old. Her throat had been sliced, and an attempt was made to rip the abdomen open.

August 31, 1895

Seventeen-year-old male...Victor Portalier
Vacher's third murder in only eight days. The boy was strangled and mutilated. There were knife wounds in the stomach, thoracic region, and another in the breast. Three large wounds cut deeply into the

boy's neck. The bloody remains had been sodomized.
"I went up to the shepherd—I said nothing to him—I seized him suddenly by the throat and I killed him with a knife—I didn't know which one. The child put up a fight—he yelled a lot. I killed him—but I didn't rape him—I bit into his testicles."

September 29, 1895

Fifteen-year-old male...Pierre Massot-Pelet
Mutilated. Vacher had also cut off the boy's genitals and then mutilated the cadaver.

September 10, 1896

Nineteen-year-old female...Marie Moussier
Marie had only recently been married when Vacher attacked her. He sexually assaulted and mutilated her corpse. Teeth marks were embedded deep into her face.

October 1, 1896

Fourteen-year-old female—unidentified shepherdess
This little girl had been raped violently after her murder and mutilation. Vacher also cut out her genitals and took them away with him, presumably for a cannibalistic feast.

May 27, 1897

Fourteen-year-old male...Beaupied
Mutilated and the remains sodomized. The dead body had been dumped down a well and only discovered when Vacher told the authorities. The boy was a tramp and hardly missed.

June 18, 1897

Thirteen-year-old male...Pierre Laurent
Vacher performed anal intercourse on the boy's corpse after mutilating it thoroughly.

Vacher was convicted of the above eleven murders/mutilations, but law officials have cited three other killings as definitely his. Doctors said that Vacher is probably responsible for at least fifteen other murders, over and above the fourteen listed here, as well as six attempted murders.

September 29, 1890

Nine-year-old male...Olympe Buisson
This small child had been stabbed to death. He was also disemboweled and raped after his brutal death.

September 6, 1895

Thirty-year-old female...Francine Rouvray
This old woman was murdered and then eviscerated with a large knife. There was an apparent attempt at decapitation, as her neck had been hacked almost completely through.

February 23, 1897

Female, no age given...Celestin Gautrais
Butchered and mutilated, then sexually assaulted. All of Vacher's works carried similar traits of great brutalities and tremendous lusts. When he was apprehended (after a failed attack on a woman in a forest), he yelled to a passerby:

"Why am I being dragged off? Do you know why, you? It's because I wanted a woman. Yes, and if I could have, I'd have raped her. And if she'd been twelve or thirteen, it would have been even better. I like the shepherdesses best."

UP THE ASS

LARRY EYLER

Larry Eyler is charged with one of the twenty brutal mutilations and murders now being touted as the "Homosexual Killings" that have surrounded Chicago's and Indiana's gay communities. Eyler lives in Chicago, where he works as a house painter. He also maintains a residence in Terre Haute, Indiana. He's been described as a warm, compassionate, and quiet person by his friends and neighbors and as a "homosexual with a hatred of himself for being a homosexual" by Lake County Sheriff Robert Babcox. (Lake County is just one of more than a dozen jurisdictions from Chicago to Indiana which have found bodies.) Several references have been made concerning Eyler's connections in the seedier gay areas, as well as his "macho image." When he was put in jail, Larry asked that he be allowed visits by his priest and also requested his rosary and a bible.

Twenty bodies have been unearthed so far, and all have been attributed to one lone homo-murderer. All the bodies have (obviously) been male, and most were white, but at least one was black. Most of the bodies were sexually assaulted, evidenced by the dishevelment of their clothing. The shirts were pulled up over their faces (or, rather, what was left of them) and their pants down around their ankles. The bodies

had all been stabbed numerous times, attesting to the great violence and brutality of the murderer's lusts. Although only a few of the bodies have been identified, because some were badly decomposed, the following details have been made available:

- All the bodies were murdered by multiple stab, slash, and rip attacks using a large knife or knives.
- A few miles from the Tri-State Tollway in Lake Forest, Gustavo Heuvera (twenty-eight) was found literally butchered with multiple stab blows to his torso. His right hand had also been severed and tossed a couple of feet away from his mangled remains.
- Found in a forest in Kankakee County, a former nineteen-year-old Steve Crockett had been stabbed and torn into a tremendous thirty-two times!
- One young thing of about sixteen was found mutilated and lying on top of a garbage heap. Sprawled underneath his bloody, maggot-ridden meat mess was a mutilated dog's body. The stench must have been incredibly thick, as the two commingling corpses remained undetected for quite a few weeks.
- Ralph Calise had been stabbed in the chest and abdomen a great amount of times (knife wounds ripping knife wounds). He was found less than twelve hours after he had been done. It is with Calise's fucked body that Larry is charged with murder.
- Most of the corpses were found in remote areas (though some were deposited near busy roads and highways) and also in communal graves such as the one on an abandoned farm in Newton, Indiana. This farm site produced four loosely buried bodies that lied in rot, undetected for many months. One of the bodies found there had been decapitated.

Eyler was identified by two separate homos who said they had met him long before he was a suspect in the killings, and in both cases, that Larry had treated them rather roughly. One from the art-fag Rogers Park neighborhood of Chicago says that Eyler picked him up outside a Chicago restaurant and drove him to a secluded rural area where they struggled and fought. The crybaby queer said that Eyler beat him and drugged him, then tied him up, and finally stabbed him in the stomach a few times before he was able to escape. Another swish charged Eyler with stabbing him after the two engaged in ass-fucking and bondage. Eyler says the two had an argument and as they wrestled, he accidentally stabbed the loser with the knife he used to cut the bondage restraints. He says he forgot he was still holding the knife as they started to fight. After keeping Larry under surveillance for quite some time (so much time, in fact, that Larry

had his family lawyer file suit against the police for harassment), the FBI finally arrested him when they found a blood-soaked hunting knife, handcuffs, and a piece of clothesline in his truck.

The press has taken to referring to the murders as "John Wayne Gacy style," and while the tools do seem to point to tastes and methods shared with the former Chicago master murderer, there seem to be significant differences as well. In fact, Eyler looks to have much more in common with the late, great Mr. Dean Corll, the "Candy Man," who mastered twenty-seven young boys in Houston in the early seventies. Until further evidence becomes available (Eyler's trial in mid-January should prove very exciting), we have to rely on smatterings of information guarded by mounds of shit uttered from the mouths of moralistic morons and publicity-seeking parasites. During the interim then, we can celebrate Larry's masterful crimes by recapping and paying the proper respect to his mentor's crimes.

DEAN CORLL

Dean Corll was supposed to pay Elmer Wayne Henley and David Brooks two hundred dollars for each little boy they brought him for purposes of sex-torture, mutilation, and murder. Of course, Dean rarely ever paid Brooks and Henley the full amount—that is, if he paid them at all. And yet, the two young men, knowing full well what they were doing, continued to work for him, considering Corll a father figure and their best friend.

Dean Corll, posthumously named the "Candy Man," was well-known throughout The Heights (a worn-out Houston neighborhood) where he lived, worked, and operated. Friends and neighbors thought of him as a nice, quiet fellow who had a great concern and love for children, evidenced in the way he gave them free candy from his mother's candy factory and by inviting them to parties at his house. One neighbor remembered: "He minded his own business, and he was the type of guy if you needed some help, he would be willin'." (You will remember that many of Larry Eyler's friends have crawled out of the woodwork [closet?] to proclaim Larry's innocence by describing what a nice, gentle man he is.) Elmer Wayne Henley and David Brooks were considered very nice people as well. Wayne, in fact, even helped a distraught mother distribute flyers about her missing son. Almost needless to add, Wayne had helped Dean torture and kill the lad a few days previously.

Dean explained to Wayne and David the type of

boys he preferred: young (very young!), good-looking, and white. Dean threw the parties at his house so he could point out the ones he liked so that later Wayne or David could fetch them for him. Once Dean had the kid, he would "have his fun" with them, while David would usually leave or just watch but Wayne joined in, participating in some of the tortures and most of the murders. David noted, "Wayne seemed to enjoy causing pain, and he was extremely sadistic at the Schuler address." Corll moved often, though always staying near Houston; Schuler is just one of his many torture houses.

The tender boy-victims were shackled to a large, yellow, wooden plank that had handcuffs attached to its corners. "Once they went on the board, they were as good as dead," Wayne said as he recounted the events for police and press. Dean would lick and suck on the boy's flaccid-from-fright dicks and then violently rape their young assholes. Most of the boys were between thirteen and fifteen; the youngest was a delicious nine-year-old. Dean was especially severe and brutal in the ass, so violent that Wayne and David often refused to watch. Dean also used a seventeen-inch double-headed rubber dildo on the youngsters' little shit-holes. The nine-year-old's tight ass must have split in two! Electrician's tape was fastened to the victim's mouth to stop their screaming. It should also be mentioned that Dean was of a very strong constitution—six feet tall and two hundred pounds with very little fat. Rest assured that even without the aid of that monster dildo, the little boys experienced tremendous pain as Dean pummeled and ripped into them with his hard and mighty cock. Most of the boys were not homosexual, but rather straight young things from the suburbs, making their assholes all the more tight and all the more pleasurable as we consider Dean forcing his thick flesh up their blood-and-shit-covered assholes. Dean also performed ingenious and glorious tortures on the poor young babies. He would insert long and extremely thin rods of glass into and up the little tykes' prick-holes and then snap the rod in two—leaving the end of the tube up the child's penis to torture the kid unceasingly until he was finally allowed to die. The pain was immensely extreme—an intense pressure throbbing from inside the cock, blood forcing itself out in slow, numbing drools, the constant reminder of pain from the brittle glass against the torn and shredded meat inside. Brilliant. Dean was also fond of pulling the boy's pubic hairs out, allowing him the supreme pleasure of observing the pained winces and jolts as he slowly pulled them out hair by hair, first with pliers and then with his teeth. Some of the corpses, dug up from Dean's boat shed (one of the three main burial

sites—seventeen bodies were found in the shed), had their genitals completely severed from their bodies. Others had their penises chewed right through—some nearly in half. Some looked to have been mutilated by teeth, others perhaps by a dull knife. This is, indeed, another tribute to that master fuck-man Corll, on his knees in front of a little crying boy, tasting the thick, warm blood that fills his mouth as he bites and chews and gnaws the kid's barely grown cock. The blood and spit drip out of his mouth and down his neck as the little boy's little dick lolls and spasms against his tongue and at the back of his throat. Dean all the time clasp the fleshy gristle with his hard, tearing teeth. Bone scraping tough, veined muscle, then bone on bone, as his teeth scrape against each other through the mutilated and eaten bloody meat. Pulling and chomping at the little white boy's balls, exposing veins and nerve endings, sending waves of incredible pain through the child's aching, sore being. Pure ecstasy. Dean spills his hot cum into the crying child's wounds. No less enjoyable is the image of Dean using the dull knife across the kid's little dick. Tearing away at the fleshy skin that forms a taut, red dick that Dean molests in his rough and slippery palm. Tug, rip, and cut as the blood splits from a brand-new wound—scrape, pull harder, and cut again, as the little boy clenches his eyes shut tight and cries for his daddy. Dean, rubbing and smearing the blood from the mangled cock and balls all over the boy's firm stomach and thighs: a brutal libertine with glorious tastes!

Some of the bodies later dug up were found with their chests completely caved in. Evidence exists that Corll abused other parts of the boys' bodies as well as the genitals, probably jumping up and down, kicking and booting and stomping all of his two hundred pounds on the chests and limbs of the little tykes. A true illustration of his enormous and rampant lusts. Dean killed most of his little prizes by strangling them with his strong hands, though Wayne helped shoot some of them as well. Most of the boys knew Wayne as a friend and would plead for their lives. "Wayne, please don't do it!" they'd cry, just before Henley would fire into their puffed, red, watery-eyed faces.

All in all, Dean fucked and tortured twenty-seven young boys before his untimely demise. Henley shot him six times as Corll was preparing to torture him, his stupid girlfriend, and another boy whom Henley had brought to Dean's house. Corll was enraged when Wayne brought the girl into the house. He knew then that Wayne had outlived his usefulness. Dean, naked, with the girl and other boy shackled to the torture board, was just about to attack when Henley killed him. Dean Corll, the Candy Man, went out in a true blaze of glory. *Mors justi.*

JOHN GACY

When police asked John Gacy about a two-by-four affixed with handcuffs that they found in his home, Gacy replied that he got the idea "from Elmer Wayne Henley, the guy in Texas." This tribute could not be more pleasing to the Candy Man's fans, or more deserving, as Gacy shared many of Corll's (and his procurers') tastes and peccadilloes, and it is obvious that Corll's influence was great.

Gacy also liked white boys, although the type he preferred was a little older and looked a bit rougher. He, like Corll, enjoyed the taste of little dicks and often paid male prostitutes for the pleasure. Brutal anal rape was another shared fetish, as was kiddie torture, though of varying extremes and different sensibilities. The boys themselves paid for those pleasures.

Big John became master of thirty-three young men and boys during his reign, which lasted from 1972 through 1978. He picked most of them up in rough homosexual haunts around Chicago, but he also frequented bus stations and suburban shopping malls. At the malls and depots, Gacy preyed on little lost or trusting stupid straights. Boys who would accept what they thought was kindness and concern, only to be rewarded with torture and death. Gacy was an experienced con man and a devious operator. John was also a professional clown.

Gacy would bring a kid to his home in the Chicago suburb of Norwood and entertain him with a clown trick or two. Gacy would show the naive, enthused punk the "handcuff trick," where the trick to release was simple—you only needed the key. Once shackled, the kid was in for an agonizing time, as John enjoyed beating children. Gacy would smash the kid about the head and face, kicking his body as the boy squirmed about, blubbling like a baby on the floor. A kick in the balls; the boy's bloody face gets slammed against the floor tile. Turn the baby over for anal torture! Gacy would ram his fat, hardened cock up the boy's butt. (Gacy is a big man—fat and mean.) The boy choked under Gacy's immense bulk and struggled with hands shackled. A great fan of tight assholes, Gacy would rip them open further with a large dildo. Police later found it in Gacy's attic, covered in shit. Gacy definitely had his own tastes—he would let the shit cake up on the large rubber weapon as a memento of his many triumphs as well as using the dirty shit as a brutal lubricant. Gacy beat the boy some more, stomping on his chest and then pissing all over the naked and bruised body. Gacy laughed and

taunted the boy as his fat tool shot warm, yellow piss into his crying eyes and screaming mouth. In the throes of ecstasy, Gacy would tie a rope around the soaked, sore neck of the youngster, stick a piece of wood through one of the knots and slowly, strongly twist—crushing the Adam's apple and strangling the whimpering little useless boy. Often, the "rope trick" didn't do the trick, as police found evidence that some of the boys had been buried alive.

Speaking of one boy that Gacy suspected of being a masochist, he said, "but I took care of him, I tended to his particular sexual inclination....I did the ultimate number on him." Forever the master, Gacy wasn't going to let anyone enjoy themselves more than he, and so he showed the boy what he was really playing with. While Gacy ruined the boy's asshole, he would pull the boy's hair back, forcing the head all the way back onto his own back, further increasing the boy's already incredible pain and Gacy's extreme pleasure. He raped and ripped many young virgin assholes and then slept with the corpse after his intense lust quieted down. John was a necrophile and often fucked the pale, bloated, and lifeless boy-meat in their dead, shitted assholes. Added enjoyment is had by remembering the stupid suburban mothers at home, bawling their fiftyish-year-old eyes out as they think about their little boy's cold bodies being fucked clean by Gacy's warm, naked bulk and hard cock. Dead fucks.

A day or so later, after the boy lay dead awhile, Gacy would bury it under his house in his crawlspace. Some of the boys that became his victims had worked for Gacy's construction firm, and Gacy had them dig holes in his crawlspace which, of course, would later become their graves. Pre-crime delights. After he had filled his entire crawlspace with little dead meats, John started tossing them over a bridge into the Des Plaines River. Gacy's vehement, ferocious lusts were absolutely insatiable.

It is interesting to note that many of the homo bars that Gacy cruised (telling the faggots he was a cop) were also familiar to Larry Eyler. Perhaps Larry used many of Gacy's techniques as well, paying then another tribute to the mentor ass-destroyer, Dean Corll. This time, though, a local hero and model of influence, Mr. John Wayne Gacy. The tradition lives on. ■

PURIE 2

CENSORED

"Whether the other people live in comfort or perish of hunger interests me only insofar as we need them as slaves for our KULTUR. Whether or not ten thousand Russian women collapse from exhaustion while digging a ditch interests me only insofar as the tank ditch is completed for Germany."

—HEINRICH HIMMLER

There has been a lot of exciting news since PURE's first issue:

TED BUNDY tried to escape yet again. Bundy, who lives on Death Row at Florida State Penitentiary, has escaped from jail twice before.

Prison guards became alerted when Bundy changed his daily routine and embarked on a personal physical-fitness program which included jogging around the prison yard every day. The guards assumed that Bundy might be getting in shape for another escape and ordered a surprise cell inspection on July 18.

In Bundy's cell, guards found that one of the cell bars had been completely cut through at the top and bottom and held in place by a simple adhesive. They also found a hacksaw blade hidden in Bundy's bed.

Bundy has now been moved to the "Q" wing of the prison, where the escape risks are housed. It is the most secure wing of the prison.

The Florida State Attorney recently charged two prison guards with selling the hacksaws and other contraband to prisoners. However, he was adamant to announce that the guards did not sell anything to Bundy. Rather, he said, Ted bought the blade from another prisoner for the going rate of ten dollars.

Bundy's last escape was on December 30, 1977, from a Colorado jail. Bundy remained free for close to two months. During that time he killed two college students and a little girl. On the same night that he killed the students, Bundy attacked three other college coeds. He bludgeoned their faces and heads with a three-foot oak club, breaking teeth, jawbones, skulls, and ripping flesh.

Bundy is suspected of over thirty female deaths. He has only been convicted of three:

Lisa Levy, twenty.

Bundy attacked her as she slept. Lisa was beaten about the face and head with a blunt instrument and then strangled. Scratches and bruises marked her face. Bundy broke her collarbone with one blow from the oak club. As Lisa died, Bundy bit into her flesh. He

tore at her breast, his teeth almost completely ripping the nipple off. It hung to the tit by a thin shred of tissue. Bundy also bit her buttocks. Twice. Four distinct rows of teeth marks dug deeply into the girl's ass-flesh. Bundy rammed an aerosol bottle into Lisa's anus and then into her vagina. The bottle was found next to the bed, covered in blood, shit, viscera, and matted hair.

Margaret Bowman, twenty-one.

Margaret's head was smashed open with the oak club. Her skull had been shattered, and her brain was clearly visible. The skull had splintered so wildly that pieces of the bone entered the brain, and morgue technicians were unable to tell where one fracture ended and another began. Margaret's brain had slammed against the left side of her skull because of the tremendous force of the head blows. Multiple cuts and fractures covered Margaret's face and head. She had also been strangled, and doctors think that the head wounds may have been inflicted after death. The ligature around her neck was so tight that her neck had contorted and twisted to nearly half its normal size.

Kimberly Leach, twelve.

Kimmy's body wasn't found until two months after her disappearance. Her throat was slit from ear to ear. Her twelve-year-old vagina and anus were found mutilated. Authorities believe that Kimberly was forced to crouch on all fours while Bundy attacked her from above and behind. Bundy steadfastly refuses to admit to the crimes. Recently, Bundy talked to two journalists and had this to say:

"Some people in prison try to escape from being here, right now. They do it with drugs or they do it with any number of cute devices. But I've been able to use that tremendous gift of living right now, to see everything where it is as much as I can—right now. It's to my advantage. I used to live each day at a time just to protect myself. Now I live each day and each moment to try to expand myself....

"A lot of people—most people—are encumbered with a kind of mechanism that is called guilt. As I understand it, guilt is a mechanism. To a degree, I've certainly experienced it, but much less so now than even when I was on the streets or even two years ago.

"I mean, I don't feel guilty for anything. I feel less guilty now than I've felt in any time of my life. It's not that I've forgotten anything or closed down part of my mind, or compartmentalized. I compartmentalize less now than I ever have....

"I guess I'm in the enviable position of not having to deal with guilt. There's just no reason for it. I don't

think I need to feel guilt anymore, because I try to do what's right, right now. And that's it."

Ted Bundy is the greatest living American example of genius.



PURE #1 reported the crimes of ROBIN GECHT, the suspected mastermind of a gang involved in over seventeen murders of Chicago-area prostitutes. Recently, Gecht was sentenced to one hundred and twenty years for the breast mutilation of an eighteen-year-old black street whore. Gecht got sixty years for deviate sexual assault, sixty years for rape, and thirty years for aggravated kidnapping—all to be served concurrently. After he serves those sentences, Gecht will have to serve a further sixty years for attempted murder. After imposing the sentence, Judge Francis Mahon told Robin that he thought the crimes were "so disgusting I believe the devil was inside you. An animal wouldn't do this. A monster would." Mahon also added: "It is only by a quirk of fate that you did not stand trial for murder instead of attempted murder. I find that this is exceptional, brutal, heinous behavior indicative of wanton cruelty. In all my judicial career, I have never heard a case such as this. It is shocking beyond human imagination. It is atrocious and disgusting. I can't imagine a human being doing this."

The prosecutor requested the life sentence because, he told the jury, "Mr. Gecht is, was, and will remain an ever-present danger to the women of this community."

The other members of the gang—Thomas Kokoraleis, Andrew Kokoraleis, and Edward Spreitzer—have been said to be completely under Gecht's influence.

Thomas Kokoraleis has been sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder and rape of twenty-one-year-old Lorraine Borowski. Lorraine was not a prostitute and was on her way to work at a real-estate office when she was kidnapped. Her raped and mutilated body was dumped in a cemetery and found five months after her disappearance.

Thomas has told police that most of the women that the gang picked up were raped and then mutilated during rituals held in the upstairs attic of Gecht's house. Kokoraleis said, "The ceremonies always took place in the evenings, around nine or ten, because Robin's wife worked at night and she wouldn't be home." Kokoraleis also told police that all four of the men practiced cannibalism.

A trademark of the Gecht murders was the severing and mutilation of breasts.

Thomas Kokoraleis, in other confessions, gave

information about the disappearance of Carole Pappas. Carole was the wife of Chicago Cubs' baseball pitcher Milt Pappas until her mysterious disappearance on September 11, 1982. Her body and the car she was driving have never been found.

Milt recently said that he is "Ninety-nine-point-nine percent convinced she's no longer alive. I'm convinced as much as I can be, without any proof. I've adjusted my life. When the case comes up again, like on the anniversary, I agonize again."

Pappas says he believes Thomas Kokoraleis is the murderer. After talking to police about the case, Pappas told the press: "He (Thomas) had detailed information on the jewelry she wore and other things and knew where she normally parked her car at Stratford Square.

"When police took him out there they started to lead him up a ramp to the upper level and he said, 'No, her car was on the lower level, on the outside row.' That's where Carole normally parked.

"He also knew a lot of little things that only I or family members would know. It makes me cringe every time I think these guys may have been involved."

Kokoraleis said he could take police to where Carole's body was buried, but the search proved unsuccessful. He told police that she was slain and buried in a farmer's field but then switched his story and said that she had been killed in his apartment, mutilated, stuffed in the trunk of her car, and then hid. Kokoraleis is unsure of where they stashed the car.

The chief investigator in the case had this to say of Kokoraleis: "He's either such a moron he couldn't find his way back to where the body was buried or they killed so many women he got confused on where they were buried."

Andrew Kokoraleis is still awaiting trial.

Edward Spreitzer pleaded guilty to taking part in four mutilation/murders and one attempted murder and has been sentenced to natural life in prison.

Gecht is awaiting trial in DuPage County for another prostitute's mutilation and murder.

PURE is attending all proceedings and will report further in upcoming issues.



One of the finest, most glorious examples of Nazi power and lust is JOSEF MENGELE. Mengele, the genius behind the Auschwitz medical experiments, has lived his postwar life in complete freedom. Mengele was responsible for much of the selection at Auschwitz. As the weak and half-dead subhumans crawled off the trains to the KZ, Mengele would usually be there to greet them. Whistling Wagner and

smiling, Mengele separated the prisoners into two groups with a simple wave of his gloved hand. One group would work as camp slaves; the other group marched into the gas chambers.

Simon Wiesenthal, world-famous parasite and part-time Nazi hunter, has called Mengele the most-wanted Nazi criminal.

On October 1, another famous Nazi hunter made news with the statement that Mengele is now living in the United States. Tuvia Friedman says Mengele has been living in Florida for five years. Friedman has asked the Israeli Prime Minister to seek President Reagan's help in finding, arresting, and extraditing Mengele. Friedman says, "Mengele was physically responsible for sending one million people to the gas chamber. He was a mass murderer and a sadist."

Wiesenthal says he doesn't believe the news and contends that Mengele still lives in Paraguay. "It's nothing but an old, stupid story," Wiesenthal says. "The United States would be the last place Mengele would go to. Can you imagine his living in Miami for instance, where there are so many jews?"

Another Nazi genius was WALTER RAUFF. Rauff also enjoyed freedom after the war and on May 14, 1984, he died of a heart attack in Santiago, Chile. As late as January 25 of this year, Israel had officially requested Rauff's expulsion from Chile to Israel so that he could be charged with war crimes. At the time, a jewish judge said, "The principles of justice and the rules of international law demand that a criminal like Rauff charged with the crime of genocide not be allowed to escape punishment for his abominable crimes.

"It is unthinkable that he should continue to go about undisturbed, like any innocent man."

Chile ignored the request, and Rauff went about like any innocent man until the heart finally gave out at the ripe and respectable age of seventy-seven. Rauff was a Nazi SS colonel and is heralded as the inventor of "The Black Raven" vans, the *Einsatzgruppen*. The vans were mobile death vehicles capable of killing up to fifty people at a time. Unsuspecting townspeople were herded into the back of the van (carefully camouflaged as Red Cross trucks) and asphyxiated with exhaust fumes.

Rauff was accused of killing over ninety-seven thousand jews.



After serving eighteen years of a life sentence, MYRA HINDLEY has announced that she wants to be a nun. If her nun bid goes through, Myra will be free to join a convent in West Germany.

Fellow prisoners at Cookham Wood Prison in England have attacked Myra. Inmate Jean Smith described the attack: "Soon after I arrived we decided to have a go at Hindley in the chapel.

"As she walked down the aisle between two screws, we jumped on her. There was a terrific struggle. All the prisoners were shouting, 'Kill her! Kill her!'

"I managed to kick her in the face. I enjoyed every minute of it....

"The others were pulling her hair out, scratching and thumping her....

"No charges were made because it might have got into the newspapers."

Jean also said, "Hindley says she's sorry for what happened and it was all Brady's fault. But no one believes her."

Mrs. Ann West, mother of Lesley Ann Downey—the little girl that Brady and Hindley tortured and murdered by bashing her little head in—said, "I am disgusted at the suggestion that this fearsome woman wants to be a nun. The whole idea revolts me."



Little Marie Payne's dead, four-year-old body was finally found in a shallow grave in England's Epping Forest. COLIN EVANS, a forty-four-year-old truck driver, has been charged with the crime. However, it seems like Evans is not responsible for the other "Friday Motorway" deaths. A full report next issue.



Also in the next issue: PETER SUTCLIFFE has been moved to Broadmoor Hospital, where it seems he always wanted to be. Plus news on WILLIAM HEIRENS's and RICHARD SPECK's parole denials; LUCAS's and TOOLE's recent confessions; and the latest on the GREEN RIVER KILLER!

ON TOP

PURE #1 reported the suspected crimes of Larry Eyler. He was, at that time, prime suspect in the deaths of twenty homosexuals in Indiana and Chicago. On February 6, Eyler was released on a reduced bond of ten thousand dollars when police weren't allowed to use a blood-soaked knife and various bondage implements as evidence against him. Larry was free until

August 21, when he was arrested again and charged with the murder/mutilation of a sixteen-year-old prostitute that had occurred only a day before. The number of Larry's suspected victims has now risen to twenty-four.

PURE #1 described Eyler's crimes as resembling the homo-fuck mastery of Dean Corll and John Gacy. But now, with details of his latest slaying, Larry's lusts take on a much more complete personality—a personality that seems, while still remaining intensely personal and individual, to share much in common with Dennis Nilsen.

Nilsen, only recently convicted in England, is known as the "House of Horrors" killer.

Both Larry Eyler and Dennis Nilsen, working in different countries and with different stereotypes, understood how simple it is to enjoy faggots. Both were tremendously successful in felling their chosen prey. They paraded the gay clubs and areas: Larry in the Midwestern leatherboy scene, Dennis in the London gay-men's pub scene. Both scenes were rife with hustlers, easy pickups, and lonely hearts. Easy game where the screaming insecurity and quick, trusting naiveté heightens the pleasures of ass-fucking murder.

Master AND slave, dominant AND submissive, top AND bottom—faggots play roles. Play-games and worthless fantasies. Larry Eyler and Dennis Nilsen didn't play. They lured. They were true dominants where the submission was real, where submission was forced and inflicted on the weak. True Men, Real Masters.

the leatherboy catches HIS eyes from across the room. he saunters, cockily, over. he exhibits his tight, black-leather outfit stretched over firm, sweaty muscles. he walks up and faces HIM. his eyes stare. he tries to look tough. his hand reaches and brushes HIS crotch. he grabs HIS crotch full-palm. Grope. his eyes still stare straight into HIS face, cool, tough, and mean and yet, he offers himself to HIM. They walk out together. They go to HIS house.

leatherboy wants to be dominated.

HE agrees.

ON YOUR KNEES, FAGGOT!

leatherboy loves it. he falls to his knees. he bends and starts to lick HIS boots. tongue against shiny black. spit on dirt.

WORTHLESS COCKSUCKER! SUCK MY COCK.

the leatherboy tongues up HIS pants and licks at the thick leather bulge. HIS cock stays tight in HIS pants. the leatherboy outlines the large, heavy protuberance with his wet, slobbering tongue. Around the head and onto the packed balls. his mustache is buried in leather stench, sweat, and groin.

LICK IT, LICK IT FAGGOT. EAT MY DICK!

leatherboy's cock stiffens, his spiked cock ring tightens at his hard-on base. Harder, he licks and bites. his teeth winding down slowly across the thick, wormlike bulge. HIS hands envelop the sides of the leatherboy's head. HE shoves the leatherboy's face deep into HIS leather-crotch.

FUCK YOUR FACE, ASSHOLE!

the leatherboy starts to grope his own penis. he's loving it. he loves the humiliation, the orders. he needs it. he enjoys his game, power. he gets what he wants. his face smashes against HIS crotch. his teeth, lips, and tongue taste HIS leather. his fingers rush to the bulge. Grab, rub, smear. the leatherboy unzips and unfastens HIS pants. Big cock is exposed. Big and strong, soft. Hairy and musty-smelling.

SUCK MY COCK, FILTH.

leatherboy's mouth squeezes around HIS long cock. Full. Up the thick, flaccid shaft. Taste of flesh. HIS pubics stare him in the face, HIS full balls against his chin. Up and down on the muscular, veined dick. Tonguing the stem and sucking the red, bulbous knob. Suck, taste, lick. HE remains soft and strong. Tight.

LICK MY BALLS, SICK QUEER!

YOU FUCKING FAGGOT FEMALE!

YOU WEAK SHIT! YOU WEAK CUNT!

the leatherboy's dick soars. his throbbing hard-on presses even tighter. he needs the insults. he wants them. he wants HIM. Faster and wetter along HIS big dick. Long. Suck, lick...suck. Wetter.

HIS hands grab the leatherboy faggot by his close-cropped hair and thrusts him back on the floor. HIS cock wrenches quickly out of the wet weakling's pussy-face. HE slaps the leatherboy in the face. Full, open, swinging palm against his saliva-sad face. The hand rebounds back against his other cheek. Smash. Back and forth, back and forth. leatherboy is stunned, dizzied. he is in pain. he assumes it's OK, it's sex, we need each other, we trust each other.

HIS cock starts to pulse. Fist clenched. The knife slices into the leatherboy's leather-strapped chest. HE is dominant. Blade through leather, flesh. Stab. Full fist. The knife goes down again. HIS cock hardens. Full, red-throbbing, beating hard-on! Blood washes up and down HIS fine muscles, taut with power. Blood runs over HIS huge, erect, proud cock. leatherboy starts to scream. tears in his eyes. he's lost control. he's lost his toy. he was only playing.

HE pounds the faggot. Fists to the face, fists to the chest. Knuckles bang the bleeding, bruised, and cut leather-chest. The knife enters and rips. Wound fuck! Flesh spreads and tears. Red blood covers black leather. Splashes. HE digs at the homo-flesh with HIS knife. FUCK! FUCK!...HE tastes blood on HIS lips. Red

spatters and drips. HIS hand finds HIS aching, hard dick. A bloody hand slides up and down HIS jutting erection. The knife plunges in again. Thrash. Split. Fuck. Blood splashes around the room. the leatherboy crumbles. Blood covers his body, his face; blood washes his penis. his soft dick. Blood on soft dick, blood-matted hair, mustache, pubics, pain. he cries. HE massages HIS cock. FUCK. BLOODFUCK. leatherboy groans, coughs, and bleeds.

HIS sperm shoots up HIS shaft and out HIS cockhole. Cum mixes with meat, blood. Pure power. Cum.

HE slides HIS fleshed, bloodied knife into the bleeding, dead-defecating leather's asshole. Shit. Blade in flesh. Fuck. Shit, piss discharge. leather cunt. HE shoots HIS jism onto the corpse. DOMINANCE.

BY THIS STAGE I KNEW THIS WAS LIKELY TO HAPPEN AGAIN. THE KILLING WOULD HAPPEN AGAIN. I WAS RESIGNED TO THIS AND I WAS RESIGNED THAT I WOULD BE CAUGHT EVENTUALLY BUT I WOULD DO AS BEST I COULD TO DISPOSE OF THE EVIDENCE. I WASN'T TALKING AT THAT STAGE OF TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF. IF I HAD BEEN ARRESTED AT SIXTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN THOUSANDS OF BODIES BEHIND ME.

—Dennis Nilsen

Dennis Nilsen remains an enigma. Even though convicted of six murders/butcheries, Nilsen still refuses to tell what drove him to kill. Stories and accusations abound as to his reasoning, tastes, and fascinations, and most are quickly refuted by Nilsen. However, in his detailed confessions of fifteen murders and two attempted murders, it is Nilsen himself who casts doubt on the refutations. The confessions, told in a clinical (if not oblique) manner, clandestinely attempt to deny any strong sexual impetus. And it is these denials that, in fact, tell so much.

"I have an overwhelming desire to kill. But the strong side of my moral character should have produced the power to resist. I cannot allow the buck to travel outside my responsibility. I deserve punishment for their deaths."

Nilsen neglected to tell many things in his confessions to police. He detailed, to police, his strangling method and unique methods of dead-body disposal. In his later confessions to psychiatrists, he let much more out:

"Dead bodies fascinated me, but I would have done anything to have them back alive. The greater the beauty of the man, the greater the sense of loss and grief."

He told the psychiatrists that as a young man he

would often powder his naked body and then stare at himself in the mirror. He liked to imagine himself dead. He also told them that he dusted some of his dead victims' bodies in a similar fashion. Sometimes he would dust his own body as well and then compare himself to their dead flesh. Nilsen told the doctors that he masturbated over his victims' bodies. That this was a way of saying goodbye. Nilsen also confessed to continually fantasizing about assaulting small children.

Nilsen contends that he has spent most of his life celibate. But, he adds, he has had sex with both men and women in the past. He didn't enjoy either experience and says he's never been penetrated. Nilsen's avowals are contradicted by the testimonies of two male prostitutes who came forward shortly after Dennis's arrest. Whore Martyn Hunter-Craig (who shared, on and off, Nilsen's flat for about nine months) remembered:

"Although Desi remains very special to me, he was really like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, because, I think, of his heavy drinking. Perhaps it's because I don't drink myself that I'm still alive. He would drink whole tumblers of spirits, either gin or vodka. And then he would want to act out strange games. For instance, he would play the psychiatrist and I would be the patient, with the object of him insulting me, humiliating me, reducing me to tears unless I would submit to sex.

"In my job as a homosexual prostitute I reckon I've seen every trick in the book, but he showed me some more. One of his special sex games was something else. It was called Necrophiliac's Revenge. He would play as if he were dead, and I would play the part of being alive, literally trying to persuade me to have sex with him as if he was a corpse.

"Once, he even asked me if I fancied the idea of bathing in a bath of blood. I said the whole idea disgusted me. He just gave me a crazy sort of laugh, but he did not forget it. He would wait for a moment suitable to him and ask me again. He did it on several occasions."

Hunter-Craig also says Nilsen had a great respect for Hitler and kept loads of cassette recordings of Nazi speeches, rallies, and songs. "Do you not feel a sense of power when you hear that man speak?" Nilsen once asked Martyn as they listened to a Hitler tape. Dennis often described the Nazi sex experiments carried out on Jews to Hunter-Craig. Martyn says that's where Dennis got his ideas of blood-bathing. "I just want to know what it would be like. It must be nice to wash in blood," Nilsen told Martyn.

Nilsen confessed to cooking many of his victims' mutilated and severed body parts. He contends, though, that he did it only to make disposal easier. By

boiling a head (for example), Nilsen could quickly pull the flesh off of the skull and flush it down his toilet. He would bury the bones in his yard. It looks likely that Nilsen's reasons are too simple. There is a greater possibility that Nilsen was a cannibal. Martyn Hunter-Craig remembers eating a mysterious slab of meat once that "smelled like vomit." Hunter-Craig refused to eat it, and Nilsen refused to explain what it was. Nilsen gave the meat to his dog.

Peter Lamont was a close friend of Billy Sutherland (Nilsen's fourth victim) and a male prostitute. He also knew Nilsen. Lamont said Nilsen enjoyed pissfun. Nilsen, Lamont says, was always trying to goad him into it, but he always refused. Lamont recalls:

"He then suggested a bit of bondage, that he should tie me up. I had no intention of lettin' him do that, so I refused again. Nilsen never, ever threatened me, but he had those sort of eyes that look straight through you. You know what I mean. I felt at the time that he seemed quite capable of doing exactly what he wanted to do. In all our games he insisted that he was the master and I had to do what he wished."

Nilsen is a master of himself and knew early on what he wanted from life. The number of his victims is probably higher than his fifteen confessions, and the murders, most assuredly, more violent and necrophilious than he has described.

Like Nilsen, Larry Eyler has been described as a quiet, rather isolated man. And like Nilsen, Eyler's acquaintances remember another side to him as well. "There was always a gentle side to Larry, a part that wanted to help people and to be recognized for that," a homo that knew Eyler from an Indiana queer bar said. "Once in a while he would just go off. Real weird or something and we just left him alone. Sometimes, somebody would get beaten up pretty bad by Larry."

Danny Bridges also knew Eyler's moods. Sixteen-year-old Danny was a prostitute who worked Chicago's Uptown area. Larry frequently cruised the area, both before and after his first arrest.

Because of his prostitution record and young age, Danny was just recently interviewed for an exposé on child abuse. During the course of the interview, Danny was asked if he knew Larry Eyler (Larry had just been charged with Ralph Calise's murder). "Yeah, I knew him," Danny replied. "He was a real freak. He used to come around Uptown and hang around." On August 20, Larry took young Danny to his Uptown apartment and slaughtered him.

Larry enjoyed bondage/leather-sex. He was a Top. It is unknown, so far, as to whether or not young Danny allowed Larry to tie him up. It is more likely that Larry forced the act. Danny, as a street whore, was more used to being paid for letting men suck his sixteen-year-old penis.

It is easy to see Larry punching, pulling, grabbing, kicking, and beating young Danny into submission. Body punches, ball-fist smashes, leather boots to the sixteen-year-old face, arms, chest, thighs, and balls. Danny's tender body was found, cut into eight pieces, in a garbage can the next day. The boy-whore had obviously been bound and gagged.

So far, the evidence has yielded these facts: Larry tied Danny up in his front room. Larry had fucked little Danny's sixteen-year-old, whore-swollen asshole. Larry stabbed Danny repeatedly with an awl and then with a larger knife. Danny's blood splashed all over Eyler's room. Larry probably killed Danny in the front room and then dragged the dead body into the bathroom, where he butchered it. Larry cut up young Danny's body with a hacksaw. Danny's blood soaked the porcelain bathtub, and tufts of his flesh clogged the drain. Police even found human tissue under the bathroom radiator.

Larry was, without doubt, exceedingly brutal to the woe-begotten whore. Police found blood spattered on the ceiling and noted that the walls were freshly painted. Larry's bed sheets had also been recently, thoroughly, washed with bleach. Blood had also been found in the furniture.

Eyler wrapped Danny's severed flesh chunks in Hefty bags and threw them into a nearby garbage can. More than a dozen awl cuts and six knife stabs had ripped into Danny's body before he was cut into pieces. Police also found two bloody pails of water in Eyler's basement.

There is a great deal of peripheral pleasure in Eyler's crimes. Danny's short, "tragic" history and his mother's typical female weakness/stupidity and boisterous pain provide much enjoyment.

Danny was a magnificent failure in the game of survival. He was raped by a neighbor at the age of nine and soon after became a street prostitute. Danny hated his life. He told a child-abuse interviewer: "I don't consider myself gay. I did it so I wouldn't starve to death. I really didn't like to have sex with other men, because it made me feel cheap. My friends would call me names in school....Most of the men who picked me up were stupid, middle-class guys. But sometimes they were crazy and threatened to hurt me or wouldn't pay me." Danny, at the time of the interview, said he was off of the streets and back with his mother. He didn't stay very long.

Little Danny was a confused little boy. He spent a lot of time in and out of special schools and showed signs of neglect by his parents. This is another joy. Danny's fat, ugly mother has been publicly bawling her eyes out over her son's brutal death and worthless life. Mrs. Bridges and her family cry and wail about

poor Danny. About how hard his life was and how he died thinking no one cared about him. About how lonely, alone, and hurt he was. Mrs. Bridges cries to show she cared about Danny, that it wasn't all her fault. Danny has been buried without a gravestone, as his family couldn't afford one. A collection has been started to help buy a marker.

Another cunt mother whose child is believed permanently fucked by Eyler is Wilma McNeive. She met Mrs. Bridges to talk over their pain and console each other. Wilma says, "I just wanted to meet them (the Bridges family) because we share a tragedy. There aren't too many people you can talk to about something like this." This is, indeed, a tribute to Eyler's mastery. These two old female sluts crying and sobbing on each other's shoulders allow Larry's crimes to live on. This is a classic series of murders that gloriously affect more than just the fleshed victim. The mothers see their child's mutilated remains in police photos and morgue IDs. They remember Larry's tremendous, lustful, murderous hard-on.

More details of Larry's previous murders have finally been released. Most of the victims were mutilated and dismembered. All of them were sexually assaulted either before or after their death. Multiple stab wounds usually marked the back and chest.

Recently, body parts of a white male were found floating in the Kankakee River. The torso was found just six miles southwest of a farm where four other male bodies had been buried. The soaked and barely recognizable torso had been shot, and repeated stab wounds darted the back and chest. A further search of the area produced the arms, part of a leg, and a thigh.

Chicagoan Steve Crockett's nineteen-year-old body had been stabbed thirty-two times. He had been drugged with Placidyl, a hypnotic depressant used to calm mental cases.

John "J.J." Johnson, twenty-five, of Chicago, had also been drugged with Placidyl. He had been stabbed twelve times.

Steven Agan, from Terre Haute, had been completely gutted. "Dressed out like a deer," a police officer said.

Eyler's "trademark," it seems, is to leave the victim's pants undone and left about their ankles. Many of the victims have not yet been identified.

The homo-violence, bondage, and brutal ass-fucking do recall the illustrious crimes of Corll, and, at times, Gacy. But with these newly released facts of extreme mutilation and masterly sex-manipulation, Larry's acts seem to bear a stronger resemblance to Dennis Nilsen.

Nilsen killed most of his victims by strangling them with his necktie. He strangled one of his victims with the flexible cord to his headphones.

(Regarding his second victim): "It must have been well after midnight. Maybe one or two in the morning. I was dragging him across the floor with a flex around his neck. The flex was around his throat. I was saying, 'Let me listen to the music as well.' He didn't struggle. I was dragging him across the floor."

Nilsen occasionally used his hands or a piece of rope to kill his victims. Sometimes, he didn't remember how he killed. He would just wake up the next day and have a dead body on his hands. Using a tie, though, was his favorite.

(Sixth victim): "I put the tie around twice, doubly around his neck, and it was loose at that stage. Then I slowly pulled it tight. There was no reaction for about half a minute. There was a weak struggle. There was no sound. His legs were lifting and separating in slow motion, rather like riding a bicycle. I kept on for about a minute-and-a-half before his legs stopped. There was no feeling of urgency about it. I held on for another half-minute and let go my hold. At that stage I could not actually believe he was dead. I checked. He had stopped breathing. He was obviously dead."

(Ninth victim): "I remember sitting on top of him and strangling him, possibly with a tie. I remember that because at the moment of strangulation, for some biological reason which I don't understand, he urinated and made my trousers wet."

Dennis is the only person who knows exactly what went on after his victims' strangulation. He almost certainly enjoyed the dead body by doing more than masturbating over it. Nilsen describes the mutilation and dismemberment in a matter-of-fact fashion and allows little room for sexual connotations. To police, Nilsen argues that the slaughter was only for disposal purposes. It is interesting to note how closely Nilsen's disposal techniques and Larry Eyler's sex-mutilations resemble each other.

Nilsen kept the dead bodies underneath his apartment floorboards. Sometimes as many as five bodies lay there together. When he took the bodies up, he would butcher them on his front-room floor or in his bathtub. He placed the meats in old suitcases, packages, and garbage bags. He then burnt the remains in annual bonfires.

Nilsen changed London addresses after his twelfth victim and third bonfire. He moved into 23 Cranley Gardens in September, 1982. Here, he was forced to change his disposal methods. Dennis began to chop the bodies down to smaller pieces and then flush the flesh down his toilet. He buried the bones outside in a neatly kept garden.

Again, when we consider all the information we have on Dennis Nilsen, we can see a tremendous lust that was satisfied completely and eloquently. For a

man with Nilsen's tastes, it must have been a great pleasure to manhandle and manipulate dead bodies. To slice, rip, and tear dead flesh. To chop, smash, and peel. To bathe in blood. To taste, chew, bite, and swallow bloody flesh-meat.

And too, with his fascination and respect for Adolf Hitler, Nilsen must have truly enjoyed the body-burnings.

Images of gas-chamber-fresh jews burning in Buchenwald ovens as he watched the dead flesh chunks singe, melt, and burn.

"The fire started early in the morning, and there were spurts, bangs, cracks, and hisses and a continual hissing and sizzling coming from the fire. This I took to be fat and other parts of the bodies burning....

"Burnt meat smells [bad], but I had made sure to burn rubber in the fire. It canceled out the smell."

(Eighth victim): "He was about twenty-five to thirty years old, five feet eleven inches approximately, slim build. I put him under the floorboards. He might have had a bracelet, but if so, I threw it out. I don't recall conversations or anything else. The rope was around his neck. Later I removed him from under the floorboards and cut him into three portions. That is, head, thorax, and abdomen. I wrapped him in plastic bags, and then into packages and stacked them under the floorboards again to await burning. They were probably burnt on 29 to 30 of September, 1982."

(Fourteenth victim): "I filled the bath with cold water with him still in it. Two days later, having changed the water a couple of times, I decided on a course of action. As with the previous body I too dissected it in the bath but on this occasion I only boiled the head, hands, and feet."

(Fifteenth victim): "I took a plastic bag and sliced it into a sheet. I put it on the middle part of the front room and took the body from the cupboard and lay it on the plastic sheet face-up and got the long kitchen knife with the brown handle and sharpened it with the sharpener. I cut the head off and got the pot out of the bathroom. There was a fair amount of blood, and some of it spilled out on the carpet.

"I put the head in the pot and filled it with water. I put the lid on, lit the stove, and lit the front and rear burners and one at the side....Then I moved the body onto another sheet which I left beside the original one because there was a sizable pool of blood on the first sheet.

"I tried to pick up the sheet and moved through the door, and a big drop of blood splashed onto the white carpet by the bathroom door."

Perhaps the most brutal murder that Dennis performed was that of his thirteenth victim. Nilsen climbed atop this one in bed and started to strangle

him. The victim, John Howlett, was in good physical condition and immediately started to struggle. Nilsen smashed the queer's head against the bed's headrest, and blood started to pour. "He still struggled fiercely so that now he was half off the bed, and in about a minute he had gone limp. There was blood on the bedding, and I assumed it was from his head."

Howlett passed out but didn't die. Nilsen strangled him again. "I looped the material around his neck again, pulled it as tight as I could and held on for what must have been two or three minutes." Howlett's heart continued to beat, so Dennis dragged the weakened man to the bathtub and filled it with water. "His head was on the bottom of the bath and in a minute or so it reached his nose....Rasping breath came on again. The water rose high, and I held him under. He was struggling against it. The bath continued to fill up. There were bubbles coming from his mouth, nose, and he stopped struggling. I held him in that position for four or five minutes. The water had become bloody. I left him there. Because of the blood, I emptied the bath."

Nilsen let the dead body lay in the bath for a day until he finally moved it to the cupboard. Soon after, he decided to slaughter. He cut the body into small, then smaller, sections. He cut the meat off the bones and flushed the flesh heaps down his toilet. Genius.

Dennis Nilsen and Larry Eyler have only recently been confined; Nilsen confessed to fifteen murders and was only charged with six because many of his victims were lonely-heart homos and prostitutes that no one ever missed. Undoubtedly, there are more.

Eyler is charged with the murder of Danny Bridges while he was out on bail as suspect in the murder/mutilation of Ralph Calise. Police suspect the known number of Eyler's murders to rise above twenty-four very soon.

Nilsen and Eyler—true masters.

LUSTMORID

PETER SUTCLIFFE

born June 2, 1946

IN THIS TRUCK IS A MAN WHOSE LATENT GENIUS IF UNLEASHED WOULD ROCK THE NATION, WHOSE DYNAMIC ENERGY WOULD OVERPOWER THOSE AROUND HIM. BETTER LET HIM SLEEP?

Anna Rogulskyj...July 5, 1975

Peter Sutcliffe had talked to Anna a couple of times before destroying her. He leveled three hammer blows to the back of her head. He then pulled up her blouse and slashed her stomach three times before he had to flee. The police have termed the slashes "exploratory," and Peter admitted his intention was to next stab her abdomen.

Sutcliffe readjusted her blouse before running off, leaving Anna and her fractured skull and slashed stomach to bleed all over the alleyway.

Anna was rushed to the hospital and during a twelve-hour operation was given her last rites. Splinters of bone had entered her brain and had to be delicately tweezed out. Anna survived her ordeal, but her life is completely destroyed. Her once-friends now shun her, and she lives alone with her cats.

Anna says: "No, I'm not Anna. I will never be Anna again. I'm Joanna now. Anna died that night and I wish I had died with her. I wish I had died that night, then I would have known nothing. I wish I had not had that operation, that there had just been the blackness and then no more. If I had known what lay ahead for me, I would have refused what they termed a 'life-saving operation.' My life is ruined. So I've had fifteen thousand pounds from the Criminal Compensation Board. So what? No amount of money can give me back my anonymity, can give me back my lost boyfriends. No money can remove the stigma of 'The Ripper.'"

Olive Smelt...August 15, 1975

"As I walked down the street a man came up to me face-to-face and said, 'The weather's letting us down, isn't it?' The next thing I remember is crawling along the pavement covered in blood and shouting for help."

Peter smashed the hammer onto Olive's head and as she fell, he hit her once again. The investigating officer later said her head resembled a smashed eggshell. Peter dragged a small hacksaw across her naked back (just above the buttocks) after pulling her clothes apart. One cut was six inches, the other eight inches, long.

Olive survived the attack but again, it makes no difference, as her life is ruined. She carries severe lacerations above both eyes.

"All I can think is that he didn't finish me off because a courting couple in a car happened to switch on their headlights. I was in hospital for weeks, and I'm still not right. I have blood pressure and I suffer from depression, and I have sudden feelings of antagonism towards men. For a long time I wouldn't sleep with the window open; I had this fear that he might come back."

Wilma McCann...October 29, 1975

Prostitute McCann, mother of four, was a hundred yards from her home when Peter murdered her.

Pete remembers: "I was driving through Leeds at night. I had been having a couple of pints, and I saw this woman thumbing a lift. I stopped and asked her how far she was going and she said, 'Not far, thanks for stopping,' and jumped in. I was in quite a good mood and just before we set off she said, did I want business? I asked what she meant and, to me, a scornful tone came into her voice. She said: 'Bloody hell, do I have to spell it out?'..."

"She sat down on the coat and unfastened her trousers and said, 'Come on, get it over with.' I said, 'Don't worry, I will.' I then hit her with the hammer on top of the head. She made a lot of noise and kept on making noise, so I hit her again."

After crushing her skull (the entire head was caved-in at the back), Sutcliffe tore off her pink blouse, bra, cream skirt, and panties and plowed into her torso with a knife. Her dead body received fifteen stab wounds in all; nine times in the stomach, five times in the breasts (ripping them completely open), and one deep stab in the throat.

Emily Jackson...January 21, 1976

Emily Jackson whored in a van while her husband usually sat in a nearby pub. Mr. Jackson has told of his wife's almost insatiable sex drive.

Peter cracked Emily's head with two blows from his hammer. Then, using a Phillips-type screwdriver, Peter Sutcliffe dug into Emily's prostrate body a total of fifty-two times. He had pushed her sweater, cardigan, and bra up but left her wearing her pants and tights. He stabbed her in the breasts, neck, back, and lower abdomen. Peter also stomped on the body. His footprint of a heavy-ribbed Wellington boot was pounded into her right thigh. A piece of wood was thrust between her spread-eagled legs which, Peter said later, was put there "to show her as disgusting as she was," that he was "just pushing her out of sight with it. I pushed her with it because I couldn't bear to touch her again." Peter also stated that her "overwhelming smell of cheap perfume" nauseated him.

Marcella Claxton...May 9, 1976

Because of Claxton's obvious stupidity (with an IQ of 50, the police remember her as "just this side of a gorilla"), many of the details concerning her attack remain sketchy.

Sutcliffe dealt the black whore two huge hammer blows to the back of her head. At the time she was squatting behind a tree, urinating. She fell against the grass and grabbed her head to stop the blood flowing.

She remembers Sutcliffe's hand moving rhythmically in front of his pants and explains, "He had been, you know, masturbating himself."

Marcella needed more than fifty stitches in her head and says she wishes Peter would have killed her. She also recalls: "After I dialed 999 and was sat on the floor of the telephone box, a man in a white car kept driving past. He seemed to be staring and looking for me. It was the man who hurt me."

Irene Richardson...February 6, 1977

Sutcliffe told the overanxious whore, "I might not have wanted you" as she quickly jumped into his car. She assured him that she would give him a good time.

Irene also felt the need to urinate. As she crouched on the grass, Sutcliffe's hammer hit her three times on the head. The blows caused a massive fracture of Irene's skull and were so severe and violent that large bits of the skull were embedded deep into her brain. Her bra was left intact, but her skirt had been pulled up and her tights pulled off one leg. She had been wearing two pairs of panties, as she was having her period, and they had been removed and stuffed inside her tights. She was stabbed in the neck and throat. Sutcliffe had also stabbed her in the stomach three times using strong, vicious, downward stabs that completely ripped open her body. Her intestines had spilled all over the ground around her.

Peter neatly folded her calf-length, zip-up whore boots and placed them across her thighs.

Patricia Atkinson...April 23, 1977

Tina took Peter back to her flat. As she sat on the bed, Peter smashed her head in with four massive hammer blows. Her entire face collapsed. Peter had hoisted her bra and blouse up and her pants and panties down and then tore at her breasts and abdomen with a claw hammer. He would hit with one end and claw with the other. He also made short slash marks along the left side of her body and abused her backside but didn't break the skin. Peter stabbed her stomach a further six times with a knife and then pulled her pants back up. Tina's flat was drenched in blood. Peter later remembered her loud death rattle. "Horrible gurgling noises," he recalled, claiming she told him that she "would not be in any state to tell anyone."

Jayne MacDonald...June 25, 1977

Jayne is called the "first innocent," as she wasn't fucking for money. She was only sixteen years old when Peter walked up behind her on the street and struck her with his hammer. He dragged her bleeding body face-down twenty yards into a nearby

playground. Peter used both his hammer and his knife on young Jayne's body. He stabbed the same two stab wounds repeatedly—one in the stomach, the other in the back. A broken bottle with the screw-top still attached was sticking out her bloody chest.

After Jayne's father identified her body at the morgue, he described the corpse to his wife. "All he could say was there was blood all over her beautiful hair," the distraught wife later said.

Maureen Long...July 20, 1977

Maureen, a prostitute who prior to the attack asked Sutcliffe if he "fancied a bit," just barely survived his wrath.

Maureen was in a crouching position, getting ready for a piss, when Peter crashed the hammer down on her skull. He ripped off her black disco dress and stabbed her in the breasts, stomach, and back. He pulled off her girdle, panties, and tights and ripped a deep slash from her breasts down to below her navel. She was dragged nearly forty feet from the spot where the initial attack occurred.

Maureen remembers little. "I woke up on a piece of waste ground in Birkshall Lane under a mattress," is about all she can recall. She does know that Peter destroyed her life. She is now a recluse and has recurring nightmares about the attack. She says children in the street taunt her with calls of "Jack the Ripper-lover."

Jean Jordan (née Royle)...October 1, 1977

Peter remembers Jean as "slim but not bad-looking." He cracked Jean's skull with the first hammer blow and then proceeded to brutally pummel her head with a further ten smashes. The skull was fractured at least six different times, and one of the hammer blows caught Jean straight in the face, smashing four of her teeth. The bloodied body was hid near an undergrowth when Peter was startled by passersby.

Peter returned to the hidden body on the ninth and found her just where he left her. She had already begun to rot, and her face and hair were matted in dried blood and dirt. Her face was black with decomposition. Her body had been chewed by vermin.

Peter stripped off the remainder of her clothing and dragged the body out of the bushes. He savaged the corpse with his knife, stabbing her breasts and stomach. Eighteen wounds cut into her stomach and tits, and six more scarred her right side. Her intestines had coiled around her waist. Peter sliced her open like a butcher's carcass, making ten horizontal cuts across her midriff. He also used the hammer on Jean's body and inflicted nineteen more injuries to her upper chest

and arms. Some of the cuts ran seven inches, and one was so deep that it actually cut into the backbone. Sutcliffe grabbed a broken windowpane that was lying nearby and viciously ripped the body from her right knee up to her shoulder. The incredible stench of putrefaction made him vomit. He clawed her vagina.

Because of the beating received days earlier, Jean's head and face were already an unrecognizable mess, but Peter continued the attack. He used a hacksaw to sever the head from the body but gave up before removing the head completely. He kicked the body. His heavy boots stomped the bloody flesh and left deep marks and dents.

Marilyn Moore...December 14, 1977

Yet another whore who wishes Sutcliffe would have left her dead. "I can never forget that night," she says. "For the first few months all I could see when I closed my eyes was his face. Sometimes I wish he had killed me. It might almost have been better than the nightmares he left me."

As she stepped out of Peter's car (to get in the back to fuck), he hit her a glancing blow. As she fell, Peter smashed her two more times on top of the head. Peter used tremendous force on the second and third attacks, as Moore's injuries included a depressed fracture behind the left ear measuring $1\frac{1}{2}$ " x 1", and about eight lacerations up to two inches long. Both hands were also bruised, with a four-inch laceration covering the left.

"I started unbuckling my right shoe, thinking we were going to stay in the front seat, but 'Dave' said he wanted to go in the back of the car. It was a bit unusual, but I didn't mind because he seemed such a nice bloke. So I fastened my shoe and got out. As I did, I saw him bend down to pick something up as he stood outside the driver's door, then he came 'round the front of the car. I'd just got my hand on the handle of the rear door when he hit me. I didn't know what was happening; I didn't really feel the blow, but I put my hands up over the back of my head for protection, and he hit my thumb with the second blow. The third one really hurt, and I began to go down."

"I could hear him screaming at me, 'YOU DIRTY PROSTITUTE!' and the next thing I knew I was lying on the ground and everything seemed to be a haze."

It took fifty-six stitches to close up her head wounds.

Yvonne Pearson...January 21, 1978

This prostitute appeared to men with "special tastes"—including one who liked to be burned with cigarettes. When approached by Sutcliffe, she told him her price was "ten pounds for more than a good time."

Instead of the usual ball-peen hammer, Sutcliffe used a heavy wall hammer to smash this slut's head in. He had beat the head 'til it was unrecognizable and rammed stuffing from an old garbaged sofa down her mouth and throat to keep her quiet. He tugged her pants down around her ankles and exposed her breasts. He kicked her with his boots—all over the head and body. He jumped up and came down full-force upon her breasts.

Peter hid the body underneath the old sofa and piled dirt, rubble, and garbage on top of the trampled flesh. Yvonne's dead body was found two months later, badly decomposed.

Helen Rytka...January 31, 1978

The first hammer strike just grazed Helen's head and she began to cry. "There's no need for that, you don't even have to pay," the eighteen-year-old, terror-stricken prostitute mumbled. Peter hit her again, and then again, and she fell bleeding to the ground. Her blood splattered all over the wall of a workman's shed. Peter crushed her head with five blows of the ball-peen hammer.

He stripped her and dragged her by her blood-soaked hair to a more secluded area. She had stopped her crying and moaning, but she wasn't dead yet. Sutcliffe noticed her eyes were still open and staring and her hands were up to guard herself.

Sutcliffe told Helen not to make any more noise. He fucked her. Peter later remembered she "just lay there limp and didn't put much into it."

She was very near death. "I didn't have sex," Sutcliffe recalls. "I entered her, but there was no action. It was to persuade her that everything would be alright." After he was done, Peter plunged the knife "five or six" times into her rib cage. He mutilated her body by repeatedly stabbing through the same wounds.

She was naked except for her socks. Peter stuffed her dead, bloody body between an eighteen-inch gap in a woodpile.

Vera Milward...May 16, 1978

Vera was killed by three huge hammer blows to her head. Sutcliffe dragged the dead body to a fence and propped her up against it, making her look like an "old doll."

Her intestines had spilled onto the ground after Peter mutilated her. He used a sharpened Phillips-head screwdriver. Peter had raised her dress and underskirt and stabbed, continuously, one deep wound just below the lower left ribs. He fucked the gash with his screwdriver.

Vera screamed "help" loudly while Peter slaughtered her.

Peter later explained what he felt: "I had the urge to kill any woman. The urge inside me still dominates my actions. Following Milward, the urge inside me remained dormant, but then the feeling came welling up. I had the urge to kill any woman. It sounds a bit evil now. There I was, walking along with a big hammer and a big Phillips screwdriver in my pocket, ready for the inevitable. I have been taken over completely by this urge to kill, and I cannot fight it."

Josephine Whitaker...April 4, 1979

Josephine was the second female to be called "completely respectable and innocent." Her father remembers her last night: "She was so sweet and clean and she bent down and kissed me goodbye. She was untouched and perfect, just like a flower." Josephine's father also remembers identifying her dead body: "It was her hair, I can't get it out of my mind. It had looked so blonde and soft a few hours before, and now it was hard and caked with blood."

Peter teased nineteen-year-old Josephine before hammering her to the ground. He asked her where she was going and if she knew the time. He told her that "you don't know who to trust these days." He brought the hammer down on her head twice: once as she was walking in front of him, the second as she hit the ground. Each smash crushed the skull. He removed her clothes and stabbed the body twenty-one times. He used the screwdriver. Sutcliffe stabbed and tore at Josephine's tits, stomach, and thighs and viciously screwdriver-fucked her cunt.

Josephine's multicolored skirt with white lacy trimmings and pink jumper were soaked with blood and found covering her dead body.

Barbara Leach...September 2, 1979

Barbara Leach was yet another "respectable" girl, not a paid prostitute. She was twenty years old and was wearing a "BEST RUMP" patch on the seat of her pants when Peter murdered her.

It only took one ball-peen hammer crash to the back of her head to kill her. Barbara fell instantly to the ground dead. Peter dragged her body into a nearby backyard. He pushed up her cheesecloth shirt and pulled her bra up over her breasts.

He stabbed into her stomach and shoulder with the same sharpened screwdriver he used on Josephine Whitaker. He stabbed her flesh a total of eight times.

Sutcliffe pushed the body against a wall and covered her with a piece of weighted carpet. Barbara's dead and rotting carcass was found by authorities thirty-six hours later after a particularly fierce rain.

Marguerite Walls...August 18, 1980

Forty-seven-year-old Marguerite worked for the Department of Education. She was on her way home from work when Peter smashed her head with his hammer. She quickly turned around and started to fight with him. She scratched and clawed, but Peter was able to loop a length of cord around her neck and pull tight. He dragged her twenty feet to a high-walled garden and then kneeled full-weight on her chest and pulled the cord tighter. Peter strangled Marguerite to death as blood gushed from her huge, gaping head wound.

He dumped her dead body at the bottom of the garden wall.

Upadhya Bandara...September 24, 1980

The fourth so-called innocent victim. Upadhya survived the attack as Peter heard some nearby noise and was forced to flee. She was thirty-four.

Peter grabbed Upadhya from the back and threw her to the ground. He leveled two hammer blows to her head as she lay beneath him. Blood soaked her hair and ran down her face as she quickly lost consciousness. Peter looped the length of cord around her neck and tugged. He was just about to strangle her when a noise disturbed him.

Theresa Sykes...November 5, 1980

Peter followed Theresa down a dark street when suddenly she started to run. Peter quickly kept up. He was just about upon her when she turned around to face him. She received the first hammer crack to her forehead. She fell to the ground, screaming. Sutcliffe had time to hit her a second time before her screams alerted some neighbors and once again, he was forced to flee.

Theresa was an "innocent" and only sixteen years old. Today she carries a large half-moon scar on her forehead and only recently said: "I have a great mistrust of men at the moment. Jimmy and I planned to get married in the near future, and when I came out of hospital we got back together for awhile, but it just didn't work out. I am on-edge all the time and frightened of being alone with him. All that mattered was that he was a fellow, and I didn't feel safe. I preferred being with my mother and sisters. I am obsessed with having my back to the wall all the time, even when I'm surrounded by friends. I have tried to stop myself, but I simply can't stand anyone to my back."

Jacqueline Hill...November 17, 1980

Twenty-year-old Jackie was murdered by a rain of hammer smashes to her head. Peter hoisted the dead, bleeding body up to a standing position and dragged

her across the road to some waste ground. He exposed her breasts by bunching her shirt and bra up into her face. He started to stab. He ripped into her tits with the screwdriver and tore up her lungs. The cuts into her chest entered and re-entered and became uncountable. One of the dead girl's eyes refused to close, and Peter rammed his screwdriver through it. Peter Sutcliffe later said: "I just put it to her lid and with the handle in my palm I just jerked it in."

CHILD RAPE

(PUBLISHER'S NOTE: This article was written before all defendants in the McMartin Preschool case were acquitted of all criminal charges.)

All too often, we hear about child abuse. And all too often, the crimes we hear about are paltry and pedestrian. Too many child-fuckers use children as surrogate wife-cuntflesh. Too often, they lack any genius and brutality, taste, and power. Today, the instigators of kiddie abuse are usually fucked-up old morons who only "need a bit of flesh"; old lonely-hearts who can't get anything else because they're too ugly, stupid, or weak.

However, once in a while, the rare case ringing with genius does come about. The McMartin Preschool incident is one such case. Largely because of one man, this glorious series of preschooler tortures and rapes rise above everyday child-abuse status to provide us with REAL sex-pleasures.

The numbers keep growing. At first, the number of abused children at the McMartin Preschool in Manhattan Beach, California, was eighteen. It has now grown to over two hundred! The founder and teachers of the preschool have been charged with over one hundred and fifteen counts of sexual molestation already, and police say these figures will mount considerably in the near future. As well as the seven teachers charged so far, police are now investigating thirty more possible suspects. These suspects include friends and neighbors of the school who used the children as prostitutes and/or bought pornographic photos of the little darlings. The currently charged are: seventy-six-year-old Virginia McMartin (school founder!), Babette Spittler (thirty-six), Betty Rider (sixty-four), Peggy McMartin Buckey (fifty-seven), Mary Ann Jackson (fifty-six), Peggy Ann Buckey (twenty-eight), and Raymond Buckey (twenty-five).

Virginia McMartin, at seventy-six and confined to a wheelchair, has become something of a *cause célèbre* recently. To the media and American public, she

seems to present a most amazing paradox—more of a nice, old, grandmotherly type rather than a sick, depraved child molester. The other older teachers and school workers suffer the same sort of character summation and hyperbole. Especially since they're female. It doesn't seem possible that these women would be capable of such "horrors." Raymond Buckey is the only member of the group who isn't subjected to the public's confusion. His detached, cold, sexually studied look leaves no room for doubt. Clearly, it is Raymond Buckey who is the mastermind behind the crimes. The public is right. The women look to have been simply doing his bidding and acting under his powerful influence.

Raymond ran a tight business, filled with money and extreme pleasures. First, Raymond and the other teachers abused the children. Fucked their little orifices with fingers, cock, instruments. Bound them and used them in every way. Hurt them, tortured them.

Tears of fright and pain streak down the little boy's face as the big, stiff cock rubs against his taut little naked ass. Large, hairy hands fondle his soft little dick and tug at his tiny-set balls. No pubics yet. Soft and scared. The child is made to bend over, his tormentor to his back. The man sticks a finger into the child's tiny, tight asshole. The pink, puckered hole resists against the intrusion. The man feels the tightly knotted fresh skin. The child begins to sob, then to cry openly. It hurts the little one terribly, his stomach bunches in pain, confusion, and terror. His finger pushes roughly into the child's asshole. Knuckle and nail scraping the fleshed innards. Tight. Warm. Dry. Mucus slides up the man's finger. His cock pulses as the child bites down hard on his own lip. The little boy cries. The man's other hand grasps and pulls at the child's ass cheeks. Roughly, brutally, he grabs, pinches, and kneads the firm flesh bags. His hand quickly moving up and down, cheek-to-cheek. The hand moves between the child's small, skinny legs and reaches to cup the little balls and small, tight sac. Little balls. His palm holds the balls and small dick. The loose, little penis squirms in his hot hand. He feels the child tremble through his balls. Ray's dick rises. He rams another finger up the ass! The little boy screams! Mommy! god! Raymond starts to furiously pump his fingers in that little asshole. In and out, up and down. Wet flesh. The child screams in agony. Ray pumps the little baby's ass! His other hand pulls harder at the kid's balls. The balls squirm, shift, move in his mighty hand. The child's eyes search the room nervously. Tears stream down his bright-red, pain-contorted face. Ray's fingers push further into the child's guts. Squishy asshole fuck. Ray pulls out quickly. Both fingers are a sticky mess. The child throws his head back in pain and screams louder.

Raymond pushes back on the boy's little works and shoves him into his own hairy crotch. Raymond's hardened cock rests against the little boy's upper back. He lets go of the boy's balls. He starts to rub his full cock. Heavy scrotum. Hairy and hard, mighty. Erect with the child's pain. Raymond pushes his cock onto the boy's back, shoulder, then face. He smears his lube-fluid on the child's tender face. Pain-red cheeks, fresh with innocence and confusion. Raymond's hand wraps around the little child's head. His hand feels the soft, blond hair and back of the skull.

So young and gentle. So trusting. So little and innocent. He thrusts the head into his musty, cummy-smelling cock and balls. He wrenches his hard-on into the spitted, wet mouth. He makes the child taste his hot flesh. Child-fucker! Tears run onto Raymond's throbbing flesh. The little mouth is small and frantic, crying, swallowing snot. Raymond slaps the child with a hard backhand. Another. His other hand still pushes the child's face into his big balls and hard cock. Taste it, you little darling! Taste my cock, you little boy! His swollen red cock-head jerks violently around the boy's mouth, just into and between lips, back out. Raymond slaps the young face with his cock. Pulsing veins and tight skin against soft, very soft, skin. Raymond starts to pull his dick. He starts to masturbate on the child's face. The baby cries harder. Jerking up and down, wet fist wrapped around beating erection. All over the child's face. Dick in the face. Dick in the child's very being. Face-fuck a little boy. A little boy all alone. Little, helpless. Ray jerks himself off in the boy's face. Cum jettisons upward into the eyes. Tears and sperm. Wails. Raymond's balls tighten, his back arches, his head throws back. Cum into the crying mouth. Cum on the wet tongue, down the sore throat. Into the boy's eyes and onto his forehead. Raymond's fingers clasp around his thick, spurting cock as the sperm spreads over the young innocence. Little face, big, red, wet eyes.

The confused child is thrown to the ground and made to lick his slimy lips. Around his mouth, his tongue catches snot, sperm, sweat, and tears. His tiny face aches. Raymond stands over the child. He jiggles his softening cock; his last drops of sticky, thick cum fall. He grabs his heavy balls and massages his withdrawing dick as he looks down at the crying, whimpering child. Raymond aims his dick with one hand; the other pulls his balls tighter. He begins to piss. A few drops at first, and the child looks up from his sprawled position on the hard floor. Then the piss comes steady, in a hot stream, drenching the tiny, naked, and bruised body that quickly, uncontrollably pulls into a fetal position. The boy stops crying

and stares, blankly, into his thin, bunched stomach. He closes his eyes and prays for his mommy and daddy. Raymond pisses all over the little body.

After Raymond enjoyed the children, he sold them to friends. He offered their bodies for prostitution and allowed others, for a price, to watch the sex acts.

He also ran a kiddie-porn ring and sold color Polaroid snapshots of the children. The children were shot naked; alone and in pairs, sometimes in bondage and often when being fucked by grown-ups.

Pills and a mysterious red liquid were used to drug the children into obedience. But Raymond's greatest technique was sheer brutality. He taught the kiddies fear. He taught them constant, unwavering fear. The children were scared to death of Raymond because:

After fucking, hurting, and selling the tiny tots, Buckey would torture and slaughter a small animal in front of them. As he killed the animal (most usually a rabbit, squirrel, or a turtle), Buckey explained to the children that he could do the same to them, or even to their parents. He would cut off a rabbit's ears for a start, then slowly work his way to evisceration. The little animal squirmed underneath Raymond's hands as he poked and tore and ripped and cut at it with a knife. The children cried and, no doubt, Buckey's hard-on raged. He once mutilated a horse to drive his point home.

Raymond and the other teachers made the children draw cute pictures of rabbits, turtles, squirrels, and horsies and told the kids to hang the artwork up in their bedrooms at home. Constant reminders of their torture, and endless pleasure for Raymond.

Raymond also set fire to bushes outside the school-rooms and told the frightened children, "I can do that to any house in Manhattan Beach." Raymond was always showing off his flare gun to the kiddies.

The teachers played games with the children. Games like "nurse" and "naked schoolhouse," where the children ran around the classroom nude. The little children (some as young as two!) were made to probe the teachers' cunts and assholes with their fingers. The teachers, in turn, probed the kiddies' assholes and cunts. The little boys were fondled and sucked. They were made to fondle, poke, lick, and suck. Sagging tits, wrinkled asses being kissed and touched by little mouths and tiny fingers. All under the controlling, sex-excited eye of Raymond Buckey.

Even after the school has been shut (and recently vandalized) and the teachers put in jail, the little preschoolers are reluctant to tell of their pains. They are still afraid of Raymond, so great was his power. Psychologists have had to resort to using anatomically correct dolls and puppets to coax the stories out. The children lash out at the dolls, hitting

them and spitting at them and trying to tie them up. They probe the dolls with their fingers.

Parents finally realized what was going on at the school when more than one child came home with his asshole bleeding. Raymond, of course, was the first to be arrested. The parents now know the reasons why their children act the disturbed way they do. The kid started sleeping in tight, fetal positions, having bad nightmares, crying uncontrollably for no known reason, fighting with neighbors, talking to themselves, etc. The children are forever scarred with Raymond Buckey's sperm. The memories of the abuse, torture, and rape will stay with the children forever. As they grow up, the images will get stronger and harder to cope with. They are constantly under Raymond Buckey's will. As teenagers trying to enjoy their first kiss, they will automatically remember kissing Buckey's dick. Almost everything they do will be marred with the remembrance of adult cock, adult power, tortured innocence, destroyed trust, REAL SEX PLAY! These children's assholes, faces, dicks, cunts, and little tits were sold for money. Their little bodies were spit on, tasted, cummed on, pissed on, shitted on, pinched and poked, grabbed and manipulated, raped, fucked, humiliated, beaten. Their little minds are destroyed. Their parents' lives are destroyed. Buckey's pleasure and his power are everlasting as he watches these kids and their families grow into emotional hunchbacks and sick lepers.

As we view the illustrious crimes of Raymond Buckey and the McMartin Preschool, we remember the grandeur of child torturers before him. We are quickly reminded of Gilles de Rais, the greatest child-fucker ever! NEXT ISSUE!

KLAUS BARBIE

I AM A CONVINCED NAZI. I ADMIRE THE NAZI DISCIPLINE. I AM PROUD TO HAVE BEEN A COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE BEST MILITARY OUTFIT IN THE THIRD REICH, AND IF I HAD TO BE BORN A THOUSAND TIMES AGAIN, I WOULD BE A THOUSAND TIMES WHAT I HAVE BEEN.

Klaus Barbie has good reason to be proud of his life. His life is exemplary. Every action that Barbie enacted had to do with his pleasures and every action, in turn, worked to the betterment of his position.

He quickly rose to the higher echelon of the SS after being a strong Nazi soldier and dedicated member of Hitler Youth. His life in Lyon, France, where he was in third command of the Gestapo, was full of the most glorious and sex-exciting tortures. He earned Himmler's Iron Cross (with sword) and was responsible for many destroyed French towns and countless jew deaths. His methods and motivation were enjoyable and effective.

The best way to celebrate Barbie's tremendous achievements and ecstatic pleasures is to enjoy the pained whimperings of his toys. This, however, is difficult, as the tales of Barbie's best tortures died with his victims. We must be content with the descriptions provided by the weaklings and lepers that survived (only due to Barbie's eventual disinterest—Barbie was tremendously effective and thorough). Clearly, the magnitude and pleasures of his crimes shine through and are paid tribute.

Barbie's survivors sing their sob stories over and over and over. Naked, humiliated, beaten, deformed jews stomped and squashed like bugs. Minutes, hours, days, months. Screaming jews, crippled by birth, rendered more crippled by slow, endless beatings. Tortured, burnt, drowned, shot, and thrown away. Fingers, toes, eyeballs, and nipples being chopped and pulled and hacked and gouged. Long needles pumping acid into pale, dying flesh. Longer needles pushed through rib cages and into lungs. Spines, crushed and twisted. Forced submersion in freezing water. German Shepherd cunt-rape.

Crying jews. And Barbie laughing all the while.

Handsome. Groomed. Smiling. Smoking, eating, and drinking. Luxuriating. Groping his secretary's tits and cunt in full view of shaking, tortured prisoners, his pleasure a resonant counterpoint to their suffering. Punching them. Kicking them. Far above them. Detached. Imperious. And satisfied.

Maximum S&M. More and more bodies. Leather-strapped chairs and hot pokers and rubber truncheons. Cigarette nipple wounds. Chains. Bashed corpses. Forgotten. Enjoyed. And a nice German symphony playing in the background.

THE JEWISH CHILDREN'S HOME IN IZIEU (AIN) WAS CLOSED DOWN THIS MORNING. A TOTAL OF FORTY-ONE CHILDREN AGED THREE TO THIRTEEN WERE ARRESTED. ADDITIONALLY, ALL THE JEWISH PERSONNEL COMPRISING TEN PEOPLE, INCLUDING FIVE WOMEN, WERE ALSO ARRESTED. MONEY OR OTHER VALUABLES WERE NOT DISCOVERED. TRANSPORT TO DRANCY FOLLOWS 7.4.44.

SIGNED, KLAUS BARBIE SS.

After the war, Barbie was able to make himself extremely useful to US intelligence, who in return provided him with money and a position that he was able to exploit magnificently. Barbie spirited many of his SS friends and comrades out of Germany and into the US and freedom by using the money, US-forged documents, and rat-line provisions regularly employed by the C.I.C. Later on, while he celebrated his older age in Bolivia, he was surrounded by Nazi friends, often toasting "HEIL HITLER" in their exclusive German club and talking of the good ol' days. He lived famously on the money he embezzled and tricked out of companies funded by the Bolivian government.

Presently, Barbie sits in Mont Luc prison, where he awaits trial for "crimes against humanity." Finally captured at seventy years old, he serves as a perfect example of how sickeningly weak and ridiculous his enemies are.

The conditions at Mont Luc were kept at their worst. The prisoners watched each other slowly die by deep torture wounds and later watched them rot. The cells were full of vermin—cockroaches, lice, fleas, mice, and rats crawled on and ate at the sickly prisoners' shit-and-blood-stained flesh persistently. The prisoners were often naked and crowded many to a cell. Conditions at the specially built torture/interrogation center Ecole de Sante followed suit.

His enemies are still his playthings. Barbie knew Mont Luc well while he was stationed in France and, no doubt, his days there now are full with fond, close-up images and graphic remembrances of his brutal power and sexual tortures. The lame jew groups that want Barbie prosecuted typically cry over their pains and wail for his trial to begin. Barbie enjoys their bawling; at seventy years old, he is the ultimate symbol of Nazi power and is back in Lyon to extol it. His presence: his immaculate, unharmed presence only shouts his triumphant, correct, and right life and mirrors the weakness, impotence, and stupidity of the worms outside.

THE REASON WHY THE FRENCH ARE SO INTERESTED IN ME IS BECAUSE I WOUNDED THEIR GALLIC PRIDE. I PROVED TO THEM THAT THEY'RE STUPID.

CUNTFUCK

Gerald Eugene Stano, during eleven of his thirty-three years, murdered and brutal-fucked over thirty-nine females. Most of the cunts were easy pickups, hitchhikers, or prostitutes. All of them, Stano says, were bitches who deserved to die.

Stano knew the instinctual weakness that is female and from his early years on, he surrounded himself with only the finest examples of them. His girlfriends were all misfits and fuck-ups. One was mentally retarded, another was epileptic—all of them complained of emotional problems and traumatic scars. These women provided Stano with lasting pleasure, where every day could be filled with enjoyment ranging from small bouts of laughter to intense sexual excitement.

We can easily imagine Gerald sitting at the dinner table and laughing at his docile, slaved retard choking, struggling, and drooling over a simple sandwich. Or watching her pained expression and depression as she eyes normal people doing simple, everyday tasks that she can't.

Gerald palm-rubbing his hardening penis through his blue jeans as he pretends to care about the weak, parasitic female before him as she details her familial traumas.

How her father used to climb in bed with her when she was a tender eight-year-old. How his dirty, hairy, and big fingers finger-fucked her bald little slash. How he rubbed his tough hands over her trembling little body and pinched her small, pink nipples. How his hardened, red dick made her sick when he told her to lick it and suck it and kiss it. And how he beat her and slammed her head against the wall and told her not to tell her pig-ignorant mother.

Stano, one hand on his stiff, exposed cock, massages himself up and down in quick-jerk motions that mimic the spastic movements of his epileptic girlfriend as she flops and flays, uncontrollably, around on the floor. Stano cums. Sperm sliding off his tool and smearing his hot hand. He reaches his spunk-thick fingers down the wet incontinent's mouth to prevent her dying on the tongue that's been torturing her throughout her fit. His smelly fingers wipe off clean in the mixture of spittle, snot, and sweat inside the wretched animal's mouth. Every drop of the mess disappears down her throat as she later, punily, attempts to compose herself.

Even in childhood, Stano's life was marked by his strong individualistic and self-pleasing philosophy. Always an intense loner, Gerald shunned physical contact and never exhibited affection for anyone. He stole constantly from his parents and neighbors and was the instigator of many a childhood fight. His behavior toward others was impatient and often violent. He enjoyed violent fantasies. He lied to everyone—a further example of his strong libertine outlook; he used people for what he could get and enjoyed doing it.

The psychologists that have examined Stano for the court's case against him have, of course, failed to find a rationalist answer to Stano's impeccable personality. They have, instead, resorted to biblical references and moralistic judgments to pronounce Stano simply evil. "The Stanos are very fine people," says Ann McMillan, one of the principal psychiatrists in the case. "If they had been Joseph and Mary, it wouldn't have changed this boy. He was a time bomb waiting to go off. I call him one of the children that god forgot."

Stano cruised roller rinks and video-game parlors where he chose juveniles for a quick night's fuck. His adult cock wiping his thick, sticky almond-sperm on their too-young tits. His adult hands manhandling their firm, smallish, white bodies and innocent faces. Fucking suburban, pubescent slits was enough to keep Stano satisfied for awhile. Stano created many a suburban slut.

After he tired of young cunt, Gerald decided to hunt a different breed. He found his real pleasures in beating, stabbing, strangling, and sometimes simply shooting jaded females. Stano drove around Florida's Daytona Beach area and picked up easy cunt. He preyed mainly on hitchhikers and prostitutes, but some of his victims were one-night stands and street whores. He impressed the sluts with his polite, trusting demeanor and immaculate, bright, and shiny car. He often offered flattery, beer, or pot as incitements; others only wanted money or a lift.

Once the slut was in his car, Gerald would start the small talk—always enjoying the tease and trusting naiveté of his toy. Stano would carefully work his way up to insulting the female. He kept at the cunt: insinuating, insulting, suggesting. Finally he would entrap the stupid female into reacting. The female would start to argue. Then she'd start to yell, to screech like a girl. Stano allowed the female only a few minutes of blabbering. Then he attacked. "I can't stand a bitchy chick," Stano later said.

Stano punished the female for her mouth. He would punch, slap, and fist the stunned woman as he shouted at her to keep her trap shut. Gerald recalls one particular slut, a twenty-four-year-old motel maid: "(She was) bitching, bitching, bitching, and I wasn't about to take it from anybody. I was just meaning to keep her mouth shut, because she was trying to run her mouth so goddamn much she sounded like my future wife that I was going to marry." (Stano has blamed the murders on an emotional scar caused by his wife. He contends he was out for revenge.)

Stano's method of attack changed with his moods. If he just wanted another cunt destroyed, he shot them. This proved to be an efficient way to rid himself

of his paltry victim. Of course, he had already enjoyed their flesh by beating them with his fists. He usually shot into their faces and blew their heads off. Most times, Stano savored his victim's pain and stabbed, throttled, and/or pummeled them to death.

Quickly thrusting his fingers tightly around the cunt's neck, Stano squeezes 'til the squeaky bitch is forced to shut up. Her eyes and tongue jut out, and gurgling, choking noises rise from within her heaving chest and the bottom of her throat. Her wretched face changes pallor. Sickly. Gerald slams a full fist into her worthless, pain-contorted face. Again and again, Stano's hard-knuckled fist pounds the slut's fucked face. His fingers grab and pull her mouth. Slap her face. Fist her fucking face. Dig at her. Cunt. Stupid female. Stano's fingers wrap again around her red neck. Her titted chest heaves again, and her back arches against her weight. Stano shakes her neck. Back and forth, throwing spit, back and forth, muffled, mumbled screams. Cry. Gerald wrings her neck like a stupid fucking rag doll. His hand palm-smashes her wet, slobbering face. His fingers dig at her. Her eyes. Her mouth. Her nose is broken. Blood dots Gerald's hand. Fucking slut, prostitute fucking pig. The barely conscious cunt feels hard blows to her stomach. She vomits. It smears all over her face. Fists. Spit, puke, blood. The slut loses it; she starts to go black.... Punches fly at rapid speed. Pain all over. She doesn't know what hurts. She wants to die....

Gerald slams a fist deep into her lap. His fingers spread her mess on her dress. His fingers grab the clothes and rip. Tug and pull. He fists her panties, wraps his fingers underneath the white cloth, brushing her cunt hairs at her thigh. Pig. Prostitute. She's pissed herself. He tears her panties off. Cunt. Hairy fucking slash. Ugly fucking gash. Weakness. Bruises mark her wet, loose thighs. Whore's body. Stano's fingers slide up her blouse. Tug her tits. Tear her top. Tug her tits, rip her nipples. He bends and bites the pink flesh. Button. Blood. Cunt. His cock tightens against his pants. He squeezes and mauls the heavy-hung tits with large, hairy hands. Dirty nails in tough flesh. Two fingers pinch and pull at the nipple. Palm grabs the breast. Stano shakes the bruised flesh. Again. His teeth come down tight on the nipple. His face and mouth are full of breast; blood starts to warm his gums and tongue. Blood smears over white, pale flesh and pink areolas.

Gerald hits the whore's face. Her teeth are bleeding. Her eyes are two ugly fucking slits that glassily, blankly stare. Numb. Fucking slut still feels every blow. Cunt. Gerald spreads her legs by clamping his hands into her thighs. His fist bunches and comes down hard into her lap. He pushes her up. His fist

grinds into her hairy, soaked, female cunt-hole. His fingers, his nails dig her snatch. Scrapes her skin underneath her brittle hair. Ugly red lips. Ugly, wrinkled, sick, weak flesh. Twisted folds. Cunt. Disease. Piss. Stano squeezes his finger into the gash. Tight, wet, sick. Another. Skin scraping flesh. His palm arches, his fingers pull up inside her body. Worm inside. He wrenches against her body. Another finger in and a quick backward yank. Her body crumbles. Blood. Push, pull—inside the whore. He rips her cunt lining with his nails and finger joints.

Gerald releases his hard-on from his pants. Strong, throbbing cock. He climbs on the whore. His dick presses against her thigh. Smash in the face with his fist. He spits in her female face. He slams his dick into the messy cunt. Skin pulls against his dick. His cock-head wrenches back in her body. Unconscious cunt. Pound. Pound. Gerald's hand slaps and grabs and tugs and mangles and punches the whore as he fucks her body. His cock sends his sperm into her dead womb. Jerking, cumming sperm mixes with her blood. Hot on cold flesh. Blood spreads to his balls. Matted pubics. Cum. His body, his hairy, strong body presses against her weak, female-shit existence. Dead fuck. Pleasure corpse.

The murders have all been marked with what the police term "unnecessary ferocity." Gerald used a knife to stab, slash, and butcher some of the whores he'd beaten to death. Sometimes the knife was the instrument of death; other times, a tool was used to further enjoy his dead plaything's flesh.

Stano's alibi that his wife's bitchiness caused him to kill didn't hold in court, and he has since been sentenced to death. So far, he's been charged with thirty-nine murders: thirty-three in Florida, two in New Jersey, and four in Pennsylvania. The murders occurred between 1969 and 1980, and police suspect there are many more. Stano has been given seven life terms and has been sentenced to death three times. He now lives on Florida's Death Row.

Stano's attorney had this to say about him: "He doesn't know what revenge is. By killing these girls, he was satisfying himself."

Sergeant Paul Crow, the Daytona Beach detective who was responsible for cracking the case, also pays tribute to Gerald Stano: "It's hard to believe people can do this; it's hard to understand. That roach you stepped on two weeks ago was how he felt about the women he killed.

"On the surface he was like Joe Blow. Some people might look at the crimes and say an animal did it. But he's a human being. Human beings commit murders."

As a millionaire with his own mansion, private pools, foreign cars, sauna, speedboat, etc., etc. (in all, an estate worth well over \$1.8 million), Christopher Wilder knew women all too well. Wilder realized early on what loathsome, slovenly slugs females are, and he quickly learned to use their instinctual parasitism to his fullest advantage.

Wilder preyed on women's vanity. He went after the stereotypical, model-type female. He approached them in shopping malls, at local beauty contests—anywhere he could—and asked them to pose for famous magazines. He knew his smart style and monied look would easily lure the female into believing him. He was, after all, all they wanted.

Many of Wilder's fun-and-money-filled weekends (away from his successful contracting business) were spent enjoying sex-torture. Even before his recent five-week sex-rampage, Wilder's antics were well-known to both Floridian and Australian police.

In 1976, a Boca Raton, Florida, jury found Wilder innocent on rape charges by discounting a female witness's testimony. Wilder was working on a contracting job for a twenty-six-year-old's parents when he found himself alone with her. He started to talk to her. What did she want to do after high school, and other small talk. Soon, Wilder offered the teen a secretary's job with his firm. He invited her to an immediate interview. The excited, smiling-for-different-reasons couple drove off in Wilder's El Camino to the ostensible interview. As they drove, Wilder started to drop the nice-guy airs. They started to argue. Wilder slapped her. He tried to rip her clothes off. The girl began to cry. Wilder decided he felt like having his dick washed and quickly undid his pants. His exposed cock became hard, and he told the Sweet Sixteen to suck him off. When the girl refused, he screamed: "You're going to suck it....You're going to do what I say or I'll kill you!" Wilder grabbed her body and tried to screw her. She told him that she had VD, but he filled her young cunt with his cock and fucked her in the back of his van, then and there.

A K-Mart employee found pornographic photos of naked kiddies and women in negatives that Wilder dropped off for development. Posing in "obscene" positions, the children had been forced to do Wilder's bidding by a knockout drug he gave them. The women, acting on insecure instinct, naturally complied.

In 1980, Wilder was again charged with the rape of a sixteen-year-old. This one, a Tennessee vacationer,

was approached by Wilder and asked to pose for a pizza ad. The teenager agreed after Wilder told her he was "David Pierce, an agent for Barbizon Modeling School."

He took her to his apartment and told her to fit her young limbs into some sexy-cut shorts and spiked heels. Wilder sat before her and directed her to act sexy while he evaluated her poses. Enjoying the slow tease, Wilder gave the fresh girl a slice of pizza and told her "to chew it real slow....My eyes are the camera," he said to her as he eyed her ridiculous pouts and suggestions. The pizza was laced with the same drug that worked so well on the kiddie-porn children.

Wilder started to massage the girl's tanned body. His hands feeling her young flesh through the bright, satin clothes she wore like a stupid peacock. He fondled her breasts and cupped her flat crotch through the shorts. He grabbed her ass. The teen started to argue and fight. She wanted to know why she had to do only what he wanted. Wilder threw her to the floor and answered: "You want to be a Barbizon model, don't you?" She removed her pants and spread her legs for him.

After realizing she had been used, the little whore brought charges against Wilder. He was able to plea-bargain and was put on probation.

Wilder broke probation in December, 1982, when he flew to Sydney, Australia. There, he kidnapped two twenty-five-year-old girls and forced them to pose for pictures. He made them strip and then blindfolded them. He fondled, grabbed, and manhandled their small bodies but refused to fuck them. His tastes were changing, and he was tired of the simple, sickly folded, rank flesh that forms cunt. He threw the kids out after photographing them in lesbian positions which he dictated.

When arrested the next day, Wilder was able to pay his \$376,000 bail, and he quickly jetted back to Florida. He knew now what he wanted and what true pleasures could be had with his power.

Wilder's sex rampage started on February 26 in Miami. That day, Wilder drove in the Miami Grand Prix and won four hundred dollars. Rosario Gonzalez was working at the racetrack the same day. She was wearing a tight white T-shirt and "short-shorts." She was last seen with "someone who looked like Wilder." She has never been seen since, as her body has never been found. She wanted to be a model.

Wilder had known his next victim for quite awhile before he murder-fucked her. Beth Kenyon, twenty-three, disappeared on March 5, and her body has also

never been found. Beth's parents called Wilder to account for their silly daughter's absence and hired a detective to help find her. Wilder, using his money, power, and influence, was able to flee Florida and escape detection.

"We couldn't understand why a man who broke probation four times couldn't be trailed," says Delores Kenyon, the dead girl's mother. "In our justice system the criminal has all the rights, and that is why my daughter isn't here tonight. If the system was different, all eight girls would be alive." After Wilder had slaughtered and hid Beth's body, he told the Kenyons, "I would never do anything to hurt you."

Terry Ferguson went missing on March 18 from Melbourne, Florida. Her body was found four days later. Wilder used the model ploy on this female, and she quickly fell for it. She had always told her family that she wanted to be a model. Her tortured, blood-drenched, dead body was found in a Florida swamp.

Wilder's next sex-capade was with a nineteen-year-old dog from Tallahassee, Florida. This one, whose name has been kept from the press, didn't want to be a model and refused Wilder's offer. Wilder's answer to her was simple. He forced her into his car and beat her into submission. He pummeled her with punches, bound and gagged her, and stuffed her unconscious body into a sleeping bag which he threw into his trunk. He then drove to Bainbridge, Georgia, and rented a motel room for the night. Wilder spent the whole night regaling in sexual sadism. He raped her pained cunt. He beat and tortured her until she was very near death. He shocked her naked flesh with a 110-volt electric cattle prod, paying specific attention to her ass. Wilder poured Super Glue in her eyes to try and shut them permanently. He fucked her cunt and her nineteen-year-old asshole again and again.

The day after the female's ordeal, she was able to break free of her bonds and ran screaming into the motel hall. Wilder escaped out the back way.

Terry Walden disappeared on March 23 from her hometown of Beaumont, Texas, and was found three days later, floating face-down in a canal. She, too, had fallen into Wilder's model trap, and he customarily thrashed, brutalized, and destroyed her. Her body was covered in bruises, and deep rope burns were etched into her wrists and ankles. Her body had been knifed, but it is unknown as to whether or not this was the cause of her death.

The same day that police found Terry's corpse, fishermen in Milford Lake, Kansas, found the dead body of Suzanne Logan. Lovely Suzanne was twenty when Wilder killed her. Three years earlier, Suzanne

had bragged to her friends and family that she was starting to compile her model's portfolio. Wilder felled his prey with glorious eloquence. Enjoying their excruciating pain and terror, Wilder was allowed the extra pleasure of proving to the girls their own stupidity and worthlessness. By their own insecurity, their own vanity, their own femaleness, they brought on their own death and torture. Wilder bound Suzanne's body with tight nylon cord and heavy silver duct tape. She had been beaten severely, and deep knife wounds punctuated her pretty tits and ass.

Sheryl Bonaventura's body has yet to be found. She was eighteen and last seen in Rifle, Colorado. On March 29, Sheryl was on her way to meet her best friend, Kristal Cesario, when she made a "brief" stop at a shopping mall. Wilder approached her, and the vain mannequin capitulated easily. Sheryl's samely ignorant friend remembers: "We were always dreaming of someone coming up and saying, 'You're found. You're VOGUE material.' I would have done it."

Michele Korfman, a big-breasted seventeen-year-old, was a finalist in a Las Vegas beauty contest. The contest, sponsored by SEVENTEEN magazine and held in a shopping mall on April 1, was attended by Wilder. He found Michelle extremely easy to convince. She was used to showing off her tits and assumed men all over the world deserved to see them. Wilder, no doubt, had her parade her lovely, natural female beauty in front of him personally by forcing her to cry, shriek, bleed, and suffer on a fleabag motel's carpeted floor.

Wilder's next triumph was born of genius. He kidnapped Tina Marie Risico, only sixteen, and kept her bound-and-gagged for three full days. He gleefully practiced endless tortures and abuses on Tina's lumpy body and face. He used the prod on her. He raped her. Fucked her cunt. Repeatedly. He stuck his dick in her crying mouth. He beat her for his pleasure.

But, as things were heating up FBI-wise, Wilder decided not to kill his bruised bag of fuck-meat. Instead, he used her to lure his next victim. Wilder made Tina watch the nightly news reports of his killer escapades and impressed upon her what he needed her to do. She was putty in his hands. Mentally and physically exhausted, with every inch of her existence aching, she was frightened and manipulated into obedience.

Controlled Tina asked Dawnette Sue Wilt if she wanted to be a model when she met her in Merrillville, Indiana, on April 10. When twenty-six-year-old Dawnette went to "Tina's car" to sign the model's

consent form, Wilder jumped her. He pulled a gun on her and forced her into the car. Wilder drove to Syracuse, New York. His lust raging, Wilder even tortured the teenager in the car as he drove. He kicked and punched her. Grabbed and throttled her.

At the motel, Wilder enjoyed both young girls in an orgy of torture and sex-abuse. Grand thrashings. A feast of stupid female meat and slow, bleeding flesh. Prod. Fists. Fucked cunts, assholes, mouths. Crying cunts. Sixteen-year-old moans and screams. Piss. Weakling females. Cunts, shits.

The next day, Wilder threw Dawnette out of his car into nearby Barrington Woods. Wilder stabbed her twice in her sixteen-year-old tits and once in her back. The knife split through her flesh and punctured a lung. Dawnette coughed blood all over herself. Wilder left her to die alone in the woods, gushing blood and still bound in the duct tape and nylon cord. Dawnette was able to stumble to a house nearby, and it seems like she'll survive.

Dawnette's grandfather insists on drooling his opinions that, in fact, pay tribute to Christopher Wilder. The old man refuses to believe that his sweet Dawnette could act like the female she is. "I don't know about the other girls," he says, "but she's not interested in that." Wilder nailed Dawnette just like the other sluts. He tortured and fucked Dawnette just like women deserve.

Wilder's last murder was a simple affair. He needed Beth Dodge's car and succinctly shot her in the head to obtain it. Beth Dodge was a thirty-three-year-old mother. Wilder's lust had grown too great, and he had placed himself in grave danger. He had lost control, and the FBI were frantic on his tail. Christopher Wilder succeeded in killing eleven sluts in all before his death at the hands of a Colebrook, NH, cop. He led a life full of power and pleasure.

A bartender that served Wilder many a drink in Broward Beach, Florida, remembered his genius: "You'd see him come in here with one beautiful woman after another. Sometimes two or three at a time. god knows the partying he must have done with them."

Police and the FBI suspect Wilder of causing many other female deaths, but none have been confirmed as of yet. ■

PUIRE



TEST ANIMALS undergo torture
and are often left to die slow and
painful deaths.

1984

PURE 3



VOLUME 1

Absolute Genius. Ian Brady has held the lofty distinction of being the world's most complete murderer for over twenty years now. And seasoned PURE readers and reverent libertines will certainly need no introduction to his eloquent crimes.

Few, if any, will need reminders of his perfectly integrated individualistic and lustful lifestyle and the glorious feast of personal pornography, torture, and brutal murder that meshed with it.

Just as a recap and celebration of Ian's pleasures and philosophies is always exciting, so too are the latest bursts of news from his prison cell. Every word spoken by Ian is compliant with the brilliance of his every sex-action.

As is the constant pain of those that Brady used.

First off: Myra Hindley, Brady's lapdog, sex toy, and equally lustful, murderous accomplice, has, not surprisingly, been denied parole. In the wake of Myra's pleafull statements to justice and the English press's vehement outcry against her, a surprising story has been forced into the light.

After an English TV show broadcast a short interview with Mrs. Anne West—the mother of Lesley Anne Downey, Brady's ten-year-old, cocksucking, ax-tasting victim—who pleaded publicly to the Home Secretary for Hindley's continued remand, her brother, Patrick Downey, also felt the need to talk. So, in an effort to demonstrate just how brutal was the effect that Ian and Myra had on his life, Patrick told the press of his plot to kill the couple over nineteen years ago.

Patrick's every breath is a tribute to Ian Brady—the man that rammed his hard cock down Patrick's niece's throat until she choked, who photographed her naked and crying as only a horrified, trembling ten-year-old can, and who viciously killed her. Patrick is now sixty years old.

He told reporters how he made plans to acquire a gun and how he intended to use it to destroy the people that took away his darling Lesley.

"When the trial started at Chester I was going to smuggle in the gun. With everyone taken unawares, I could get close enough to the dock to pump bullets into their heads.

"I would feel no pity, no remorse....Just elation that these two vicious killers were being meted out fair justice for their awful crimes."

Mr. Downey explained that his murder plans went down the tubes when local police heard about the plot and made him surrender the gun. The police were sympathetic, Patrick said, and they agreed not to charge him with any crime. They all decided to keep quiet.

But Patrick is still fierce in his contempt for Ian and

Myra. His pain lives forever. He told reporters that he would not allow either of them to be free—ever. "They would be killed," he said. "If not by me, I would pay someone to do the job, and I would not feel regret....All of us in the family worry that one day Hindley might walk free, because she has managed to con influential people into believing she is a reformed character. How can she be?"

Although Patrick Downey is certainly unhappy with his lot, he has, weakly and submissively, chosen to be this way.

Ian Brady is eminently successful at murder. Earlier this year, Ian agreed to talk to a reporter from the English newspaper SUNDAY PEOPLE in preparation for a larger book on him. But the reporter wasn't ready for Brady's libertine honesty or his evasive manipulation of facts, and after only eight months of interviews, the reporter ended up being banned from further meetings by the English Home Secretary. Ian proved too shocking.

There has long been speculation that Ian killed more people than just the three he has been charged with. Little twelve-year-old Keith Bennett, who vanished on June 16, 1964, and Pauline Reade, sixteen, who vanished on July 12, 1963, have always topped the list of suspected Brady prey. Both kids disappeared from the same general area in Manchester as Lesley Downey and John Kilbride.

The reporter, Fred Harrison, asked Ian if he killed Bennett and Reade and said that, after a long pause, Brady slowly nodded his head yes.

Brady had earlier told Harrison that he was responsible for more deaths than he was sentenced for, and that if he revealed all that he knew, Myra wouldn't have a chance for parole. "She'd never get out in one hundred years," he said.

Brady told the reporter that Pauline's murder occurred in another, unnamed, man's house. He refused to talk about the murder of Bennett and questioned Harrison's insistence about these two particular deaths. "The police were questioning me about twelve [deaths]," Brady reminded him.

Brady further explained that he was not ready to disclose fully all his deeds and thoughts.

Harrison thought Brady would feel better by getting the news off his chest, but Brady assured him, "I find death more attractive than that."

And Ian teased the reporter. He said he had told a psychiatrist in prison all about the other killings. "It's explosive stuff," the genius promised.

Brady declined to talk further about the murders—even about the three he was sentenced for. He was extra-careful to keep his admissions in constant check. He explained that he often had dealings

outside the law and that sometimes, these actions would necessitate a simple murder.

But Brady, ever the consummate libertine, made sure Harrison understood that sex-murder and street-murder are very different styles. Harrison persisted in questioning Ian on specifics—especially the disappearance of twenty-year-old Philip Deare, who often helped Brady in illicit matters. When Harrison grew more stubborn about details, Brady finally cut him off: "I can't touch it because it's like a thread on a jumper. Once it starts, the whole thing begins to unravel."

Brady later said that he understood the murder instinct:

"Yes, I do. I believed that nothing was impossible, that you could do whatever you wished. There was no morality, no god. There's nobody you're accountable to, so experience anything you wish. Whatever comes into your head, do it. That's the overall attitude which was destructive."

Brady asked Harrison not to reveal much of what he had told him.

Myra Hindley's chances of parole were further dashed by Brady's revelations, and Hindley was angry. She talked at length to a prison friend, who later also reported to Fred Harrison.

Hindley let the following *bon mots* fall as she became more and more bitter about Brady's statements:

"I didn't always know where he was. Sometimes he'd be gone for three days but I couldn't question him....I think he used me for alibi reasons....I wish he was dead. I wish he'd stop talking about killing himself and get on with it."

PURE #4 will carry more from Ian Brady's interviews, including his disclosures on why he attacked another child-killer in prison. Also, more from Myra Hindley, who tells how she came to hate Ian.



The case against Leonard Lake and Charles Ng grows more interesting every day. Although initially disappointing (as self-professed survivalist Lake and his gun-obsessed buddy Ng seemed like the usual type of paranoid, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE-fed, war-game players), as more facts come into the open and more details are made clear, the confused duo's crimes prove to provide a great deal of excitement.

Lake, a twice-married, twice-divorced, thirty-nine-year-old ex-Marine, committed suicide by swallowing a cyanide pill during questioning on a shoplifting charge. Lake knew that the simple misdemeanor arrest would lead police to greater discoveries, harder questioning, and, eventually, multiple felony charges that would include murder. At the time of his arrest,

Lake was driving the car of a man listed on California's missing-persons list and was carrying a .22-caliber Ruger semiautomatic pistol with silencer and ammunition in the trunk. Ng, who was jointly arrested with Lake for stealing a seventy-five-dollar wrench from a department store, was able to break free of police grasp and escape. Ng was already a fugitive from weapons-theft charges.

When police started to question him about the stolen property, Lake politely asked for a drink of water and offered to write a full confession. He promptly scribbled a quick note on the piece of paper given to him by a cop and collapsed unconscious. He fell into a coma that would last four days and ended with his death. On the paper, Lake had scrawled a message to his ex-wife: "I love you. I forgive you. I'm sorry."

Meanwhile, as Lake was placed in a hospital and attempts were made to pull him from his coma, Ng had managed to slip out of California. He traveled to Chicago and stayed there for five days before finally flying off to Canada. He was apprehended on July 6 in Calgary, Alberta.

Ng had tried to shoplift some food from a store in Calgary and was dutifully accosted by a security guard. Ng shot the guard during the resultant fracas, but to no avail.

Ng was captured. Ironically, Ng's reflex action may just help keep him alive, as he is now charged with attempted murder in Canada and is subject to Canadian law.

Canada, of course, has no death penalty and refuses to extradite prisoners back to the US if that prisoner will face the death penalty upon his return. Canadian authorities can try to sentence Ng on their own, keep him in jail for the length of his sentence, and then ship him back to California—provided only that California agrees not to impose the death sentence. More probable, however, is that Canadian judges will deem the Californian charges more serious and decide to forgo their charges by sending Ng back to the US and seeing him serve time in jail at home. But there still can be no death sentence. This certainly must be good news to a survivalist.

And as the cops-and-robbers game continues to play itself out and more and more charges are filed down Ng's way, the evidence against Ng and Lake continues to build.

Police came up with quite a discovery when they searched Lake's Wilseyville, California, home. (Ng had been living with Lake since Leonard's wife moved out.)

To date, investigators have found a total of four trenches used as grave sites spread out around Lake's

two-acre ranch. Police suspect there are more burial grounds and have recently increased their hands-and-knees searches to cover a five-mile radius around the house. The trenches were ostensibly used as garbage dumps and telephone-cable receptacles.

The first trench immediately yielded three badly decomposed bodies—two black men and a white woman. The first man had a bullet hole in his skull, and the second one had multiple broken bones. The female corpse was headless. All the bodies were heavily burnt and virtually unrecognizable.

Also pulled from this trench were five shopping-bag-sized sacks containing cut-up human bones. "The bones are in halves or thirds," an investigator at the scene said. "It's difficult to identify what part of the body they come from."

Most of the bone fragments ranged in length from one-fifteenth of an inch to just about four inches.

Police are still searching for more corpses, remains, and clues around the ranch house and say they're confident they'll find more. Area investigators have, so far, unearthed over forty pounds of human bone fragments (including the teeth of a baby) that forensic experts will have to try to piece together.

Two infant bodies are among the nine corpses found intact at the home.

Just near the large ranch house police discovered a cinderblock shed that had obviously been used as a torture chamber. Inside the shed were handcuffs, a muzzle, a whip, video equipment, ropes, chains, and leather tongs. The main room in the shed is small, with a double bed in the center and the various bondage implements about the walls. Behind this room (enterable through a secret compartment made of plywood shelving) is a second, smaller room that houses a single bed. This chamber comes complete with a one-way mirror that allows the occupants in an antechamber to view all the secret room's goings-on.

A large collection of homemade videos lined the walls of the shed. Investigators have carefully guarded most of what exactly is on the tapes, but they have hinted, at various times, that some tapes contain snuff movies.

One video, featuring Brenda O'Conner, Lake's next-door neighbor, was described by Calaveras County Sheriff Claude Ballard as "like a horror film. Vicious. Vicious. Vicious."

In that video, Brenda is handcuffed and seated in an easy chair. Lake tells her, "I am the Captain" and proceeds to describe the sexual perversions that she will have to perform.

Brenda pleads with her captors and then begs for her two-year-old child. "Where is my baby?" the woman cries. "Please tell me where my baby is."

She implores Lake not to kill her little baby.

Lake says her baby is "sleeping like a rock" but that she won't fare as well. He explains that she will have to cook and clean and be a "sex slave" for him and Ng.

Lake then points a gun to Brenda's face while Ng pulls out a large pocket knife and begins to cut off her blouse and bra. The blubbering woman is next forced to remove the rest of her clothes as Lake and Ng place her in leg irons. Lake tells her that she will have to bathe before he fucks her. Brenda is then raped by both men. Authorities assure that the video does not conclude with Brenda's murder. Brenda, her husband, and her two-year-old son are among the twenty-five missing people that police believe Lake and Ng killed.

Investigators are currently searching the area for a second torture chamber and a fifth burial site. Clues throughout Lake's diaries and evidence found in the videotapes and on the corpses suggest that they do exist.

The other videos from which police have released details are two lengthy series of tapes entitled "Operation Fish" and "Operation Miranda." In "Fish," Lake reveals plans for a complex check-kiting scheme; in "Miranda," he tells of his sexual fantasies and plans for females. "Miranda" is the name given to Lake's philosophy of keeping women in captivity as slaves for survivalist reasons.

Police found other goodies in the torture room. Photos of over twenty different females in various modes of undress led police to believe that Lake and Ng forced the girls to pose under torture. Some of the girls in the pictures were no more than ten years old. Lake's personal diary, kept since 1983, and an unpublished novel were also hidden in the shed.

The diaries explain more of Lake's survivalist aims, detailing how he found victims through classified newspaper ads. The pages go on to describe plans for letting male prisoners loose in the forest to allow Lake and Ng to hunt them down like game. Spread throughout the diaries are medieval fantasies and paganist paeans as well. Police are now searching for a part of the diary they say is missing.

Calaveras County Sheriff's Deputy Jim Stenquist recently said of Lake, "Every time this guy met somebody, they wound up gone." And with good reason. It seems that police expect Lake and Ng of killing over twenty-five people—most of whom knew, lived near, or had some other form of contact with the pair.

For example: Paul Cosner was an auto dealer from San Francisco who disappeared in November after he announced that he was on his way to show a car to "a weird guy." Cosner's car was being driven by Lake when he was arrested.

Harvey Dubbs, his wife, and his infant son went missing in July. Harvey had been selling video equipment to Ng just before his disappearance. Jeff Gerald, a mover from San Francisco, vanished in February. His last job was helping Ng.

Jeff Askren of Sunnyville disappeared in April of 1984. Soon after, his car was found abandoned near the Lake homestead. Donald Lake (Leonard's younger brother) and Charles Gunner, a friend from Lake's Marine days and best man at his wedding, likewise disappeared. Gunner's license was found on Lake when he committed suicide.

So far, Charles Ng, who is still in Canada, has been charged with kidnapping, burglary, false imprisonment, conspiracy, and two counts of murder. He is charged with the killings of Kathleen Allen, eighteen, of San Jose, and Brenda O'Conner. He has not been charged with the "special circumstances" that would suggest California prosecutors are seeking the death penalty.

Police have pieced together eleven bodies so far. There remains a lot more to be done. A full report with extra details coming next issue.



It's difficult to know whether or not Richard Ramirez enjoyed his crimes. Certainly, it seems that he didn't enjoy them to their fullest potential—but all the facts are currently blurred by media outrage and hype.

Ramirez received nationwide attention as "The Night Stalker" for a series of vicious sexual attacks from February to September, 1985. Ramirez crept through unlocked doors and windows around California while the inhabitants slept. The late night/pre-dawn attacks stretched from Los Angeles to San Francisco and panicked almost the entire state of California. Sales of guns and locks in the state skyrocketed, and California investigators mounted their biggest manhunt since the Hillside Strangler case.

The killer was finally apprehended on August 31 after being beaten up by a mob of crazed Mexicans in notorious East LA. Authorities had earlier that day identified Ramirez as The Night Stalker through tips from Ramirez's "friends," as well as fingerprints left at some of the murder scenes. Ramirez saw his face on the front page of a newspaper in a liquor store and burst into a frenzied run through various locales until he finally came to East LA. There, he tried to steal a couple of cars by pulling drivers out of their vehicles, but he met with heavy resistance and was finally set on by an angry mass of screaming wetbacks.

Ramirez himself is of Spanish descent and originally hails from El Paso, Texas.

There is no question as to the actual motives for the crimes. They were exceptionally brutal and sadistic. What is arguable is whether or not Ramirez was aware of what he was doing or, even, of what he wanted.

Ramirez was originally suspected of over twenty murders and twenty-four attacks, but the figures have been whittled down as it comes time for authorities to tie evidence and charges together. Currently, Ramirez is charged with fifteen murders (fourteen in Los Angeles and one in San Francisco) plus fifty-four other felonies including five attempted murders, nineteen burglaries, six robberies, seven rapes, five oral copulations, seven sodomies, three lewd acts on children, and two kidnappings. Ramirez's lusts, and perhaps his rage, were wanton.

Ramirez has a small police record of thievery and misdemeanor charges and was known in his youth as "Ricky the Klepto." He was a great fan of heavy-metal music and was especially fond of AC/DC and Judas Priest. And like a lot of confused youngsters, he quickly became obsessed with the darker fantasies offered by some of these groups. He liked to think that Satan was his guardian, and two years ago, Ramirez asked a tattoo artist to indelibly carve a pentagram in his left palm.

Richard was also a cocaine addict. After snorting became too tame, he started to dissolve the powder in water and inject it straight into his arm. Richard's sister said he was also an epileptic and that he frequently had to take PCP to circumvent the seizures.

Ramirez played up the Satanic angle quite well. At the houses of some of his victims he would spray-paint large pentagrams, and in one case, JACK THE KNIFE, on the walls.

And recently, while he remains in a California prison, Ramirez has been heard to scream loudly and wildly from the lower lockups. At his last court hearing, he shouted, "Hail Satan!" as he was led from the room. Because of outbursts like this, police have resorted to locking him in manacles and leg irons for all subsequent appearances.

All these facts tend to paint a rather disparaging picture of Ramirez and his actions. But further analysis of his crimes will be necessary—as they seem definitely exciting.

It is possible that Richard Ramirez is simply looking for media attention or an insanity plea, but it is highly more possible that he is a deluded young man: confused and frightened of his instincts and therefore, forced to play out pathetic horror games in his simple mind.

The crimes themselves are of excellent pornographic quality:

Ramirez usually did away with the man of the house

first, whether by shooting or knifing. This left him with an easy go at the females, whom he raped and tortured. Authorities have described the rapes and murders: "There was an intimacy about the killer and his victim, as if the killer enjoyed feeling the pain of his victim."

He raped women in the cunt, up the ass, and down the throat. It is unknown if any of his male victims were similarly enjoyed.

And he nailed little children. He fucked kids of less than ten years old and murdered their parents. Teenagers as well.

He also sexually abused and destroyed an elderly woman of eighty-four years old.

Some of his victims were raped as they died beneath him. He fucked corpses.

He slashed his victims' throats and let them bleed to death. He carved into their faces.

If he was using a gun, Ramirez would usually try to shoot the victim point-blank in the face.

He bludgeoned people to death.

In one instance, he attempted to gouge out his dead victim's eyes with a large knife.

After some of the killings, he sat in the violated house and ate a meal from the refrigerator.

Mabel Close Bell, eighty-four, was bludgeoned to death.

Patty Elaine Higgins, thirty-two, had her throat slashed.

Chainarong Khovanath, thirty-two, was shot to death.

Christopher Peterson, thirty-eight, and his wife were shot while they slept in bed. Both survived.

Elyas Abowath, thirty-five, was shot in the head while his wife, Sakina, was raped. Ramirez then tore apart their home but left the couple's two children (aged three years and three months) alone.

William Doi, sixty-six, was fatally shot in the face and his wife raped. Ramirez raped Mrs. Doi's asshole and made her suck his cock.

Jenny Vincow, seventy-nine, had her throat slashed and was stabbed several times in her body.

Police are also looking into similar crimes from 1981 to 1984 that may have been Ramirez's handiwork.

"The murders were horrible crimes," District Attorney Ira Reiner said. "The investigators said they were some of the most grotesque they had ever seen."

Ramirez has pleaded not guilty to the crimes and has recently appointed his own lawyer, an ex-con, to defend him.

Further hearings in the case resume December 13, 1985.

As more details become clear, and if the murders merit, a complete article in PURE should follow.

John Gacy's death sentence has been upheld. Gacy was originally set to die on June 2, 1980, but the date was pushed back to November 14, 1984, because of lengthy appeals processes. He was also allowed to miss the latter date by an appeal that questioned the constitutionality of the death sentence to the Illinois Supreme Court. And, although the court refused to even hear Gacy's latest case, the appeal has, nevertheless, kept him alive. Gacy's lawyers are filing their appeals one at a time in obvious efforts to prolong the murderer's life. As of right now, there is no definite date for Gacy's death—just the sentence, and more appeals are expected to be heard for years to come.

First Assistant State's Attorney William J. Kunkle has been insistent that Gacy die. He said he was pleased with the Supreme Court's decision but pessimistic about Gacy's chances to die soon. "We're constantly amazed by the new issues defense lawyers can find," said Kunkle.

Gacy, in a 1984 newspaper interview, said that he doubted that he will ever be destroyed. He also wasn't sure he could make it through life in prison:

"With my health the way it runs, I don't think I will probably live it out. Just like I think I will never be executed because of the lengthy appeal process."

In the same interview, Gacy denied any responsibility for the deaths of the thirty-three young men for which he was sentenced. His original plea was insanity. Now he vacillates between complete denial and drug dependence:

"The news media made a monster out of John Gacy. But there is a great difference between John Gacy the man and John Gacy the animal.

"I would despise anyone who did what they claimed I did....

"How could I live on top of those bodies? Did you ever think of that?"

Gacy says he occupies his time painting (mostly clown faces) and watching TV. He also gets a lot of fan mail:

"Ninety percent of the letter writers are women. And I have forty-one people on my visiting list. I'm allowed three visits a month, and I sometimes have to deduct one from the next month.

"I've gotten foolish letters. There are sick, sick people out there. Our society is made up of a bunch of sick people."

And just this September, Gacy was once again the subject of mass-media attention. Chicago's Art Institute Museum bought a portrait of Gacy from a local artist for nine hundred dollars.

The Institute's reasons for buying the work, and the artist's reasons for painting it, were all predictably lame rationalizations. But that didn't stop the public outcry—most of which was unbearably boring.

However, a few interesting quotes and remembrances did surface:

Eugenie Godzik, the mother of Gacy's seventeen-year-old victim, Gregory, was very bothered. "This is terrible. To think they are going to put a picture of this man in the Art Institute because he murdered so many young boys. A man who does something good won't find his portrait hanging in the Art Institute. But this guy? For murder? He will be laughing under his breath."

Harold Piest, father of fifteen-year-old Robert—the last boy that Gacy ass-fucked open with his fat cock and thick, shit-caked dildo—was also in need of attention: "They call this art? My god! I think they are way out of line."

Mr. Piest lauded the decision of the Illinois Supreme Court in not hearing Gacy's last appeal: "That's wonderful. That's great....Once he's executed, I think we can say, that's part of our past life." Piest also said that he would gladly go to watch Gacy's execution "to assure he's dead."

Gacy talked about the Mr. Piests and Mrs. Godziks long before. He remembered his victims: "I feel sorry for the families. I would be willing to talk to them and really dig into what happened. When I read that nineteen of them were prostitutes, I ask: 'What happened to the family unit?'

"Some of the families didn't even file missing-persons reports. It shows how much they cared for them. These families didn't care for these people."



Seventy-one-year-old Nazi Klaus Barbie won't go to trial for war crimes until early 1986. Barbie was originally set for hearings in November, '85, but the hearings were delayed when new information against him was discovered by the Defense Ministry and War Veterans Ministry in Lyon, France. The ministries say they now have a comprehensive list of names of those in a train of deportees from Lyon to Auschwitz on August 11, 1944. The train is the last one that can be tied to Barbie, and French prosecutors say they need extra time to study all the facts.

In other Nazi news: Alois Brunner, who worked with Eichmann in the honorable attempt to solve the Jewish problem during WWII, is said to be ready to surrender after nearly thirty years of freedom.

Alois was an SS captain during the war and is said to be responsible for the deaths of over one hundred thousand Jews. It was Alois who oversaw and coordinated most of the deportations of Austrian, Greek, French, and Czechoslovakian Jews to concentration camps.

Alois is now seventy-three years old and is said to be living in Damascus, Syria, under the name of Dr. Georg Fischer. He was tracked down by Germany's BUNTE magazine, whose editors seem all-too-eager to duplicate their success with another Nazi exposé like their exclusive interview with Rolf Mengele.

BUNTE says that Alois is unrepentant. "Yes, I was responsible for the transportation. It was my task to bring the Jews out of their countries. But I have no bad conscience about it." Brunner later added: "The Jews are the devil's crown."

Brunner also said: "I am ready to go and respond before an international court." But he also insisted on certain special conditions. Not the least of them: "It's just that Israel will never get me. I won't become a second Eichmann." Brunner said he would commit suicide first.



Los Angeles police say that city whores are once again under the weight of a killer with a special taste for their wares. Since November, 1984, one man is said to have committed at least ten brutal prostitute murders. Most of the victims were area sluts who got in the killer's car and were then stabbed or strangled. The killer's mark is a certain form of mutilation after death that investigators refuse to describe. "A pattern of overkill" is evident in all ten cases—unmistakably the work of one man. The dead cunts have been dumped in isolated, empty streets and alleys.

Expect more information as it becomes available.



PURE #4 also hopes to be able to divulge more complete information on the mysterious "Monster of Florence," who has ravaged that town in Italy for over seventeen years!

This murderer has quite a flair for intrigue and the bizarre. He has attacked a known sixteen times in the seventeen-year span and usually picks couples as his prey. He looks for young people in cars or parks and usually attacks them when they become involved in some form of intimacy.

The killer uses a gun to first kill his victims and then

a large knife to mutilate the corpses. The gun, oddly enough, is a .22 Beretta target revolver that uses bullets that haven't been manufactured for over fifteen years. Only fourteen thousand of the guns are registered in Italy.

The latest assault occurred September 6, 1985. A French couple—Nadine Mauriot, thirty-six (and a mother of two), and Michel Cravichilen, twenty-five, set up a tent in a forest off the Via Cassia, just south of Florence. It is believed "The Monster" attacked the couple while they were in the middle of fucking.

The killer ripped open the back of the tent with a knife and then shot Michel five times in the abdomen. He also stabbed the young man seven times after that.

Then he turned his attention to the thirty-six-year-old whorish mother and blasted her four times. Next, he cut her throat open and stabbed her body twelve times.

Long after the couple were dead, the killer continued to slice into their bodies. But these were not stabs—"The Monster" mutilated the corpses completely and tore the bodies apart.

Each time, the killings become bloodier than the time before. And the time elapsed between murders grows shorter and shorter with each new body. Stay tuned.

Larry Eyler is expected to go on trial for his delicious man-and-boy-fuck murders in early 1986, after his hearings in November and December, '85. PURE is attending all proceedings. Expect exclusive and salacious details soon!!!

SPECK & HEIRENS

Richard Speck and William Heirens both lived in Illinois. And they both consummated their vicious sex tastes in Chicago. Both now serve time in Illinois State Penitentiaries and are presently the subjects of heated parole arguments. Both, of course, have little hope of seeing freedom ever again.

Speck and Heirens are also classic examples of the overwhelming, obsessive, and omnipotent power of pure lust. Both men, acting separately and under radically different influences, circumstances, and histories, were forced into committing exciting acts of

sex-pleasure by drives that were completely out of their control. But, as different as their rearings and learnings were (as well as their respective confusions), both men acted with remarkable similarity.

Both men failed to reconcile their instinctual drives and motherly ingrained, god-fearing, learned morals. Their minds became twisted and bent under the problematic weight of what they really wanted against what others told them they needed. In the end, both men acted out of misapprehension, and as such, their crimes lack any eloquence or totality other than that of a riotous and all-consuming sex explosion.

Even after the fact, both men fail to grasp even the most rudimentary aspects of their actions. Instead, they confess to blackouts and memory lapses during the attacks and murders. They express regret for the victims and their families. They attempt suicide. The confused, foggy minds that once gave way to sporadic sexual impulses and closeted fetishes can now only rationalize their actions in ridiculous psychoanalytic terms and thus drown in a useless mire of misanthropy.

ARE YOU ALWAYS IN THE STATE OF BLACKING OUT WHEN YOU HAVE AN ERECTION?

HEIRENS: "Quite often, yes. I just don't know what goes on after that."

AFTER YOU HAVE AN ERECTION OR AFTER YOU HAVE AN EMISSION?

"After the erection."

OR BETWEEN THE TIME OF THE ERECTION AND THE TIME OF THE EMISSION ARE YOU BLACKING OUT?

"At the time of the erection—that would be between the time of the erection and the emission."

AND THEN YOU ARE NO LONGER BLACKED OUT AFTER YOU HAVE AN EMISSION, IS THAT RIGHT?

"Once I leave the premises, for some reason or other—well, I would black out just if I would get the erection. If I would get the emission I would not black out; then I would come to my senses."

BUT YOU WOULD BLACK OUT IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE AN EMISSION UNTIL AT LEAST THE ERECTION RECEDED, WITHOUT ANY SEMINAL DISCHARGE?

"Yes."

...

SPECK: "Yeah—like those girls. I sure didn't do that for kicks. I don't know why I did it. I still don't remember anything about it, but I sure as hell wonder about it a lot, like how it happened. I mean, why didn't one of them yell or scream or something? Seems like one of them would...."

"I couldn't rape two girls, let alone eight. No man could do that. Truth is, I was probably too messed up to rape anybody. You can't do it when you're on drugs. I'm no rape-o. I never raped a girl in my life—well, maybe one, in Dallas, but it really wasn't rape. She was just shy, so I held her arms while my buddy did her. Then I did. But we all laughed about it afterward. But you don't have to rape women. There's always whores and lots of girls. You buy them one drink and they're yours. We used to call them 'nymphos' in Dallas."

William Heirens's youth was largely driven by extreme bouts of sexual frenzy. He enjoyed burglary very much. He remembers always having a hard-on when committing the break-ins, and he often came in his pants. For him, just the thrill of invading a stranger's privacy was enough to get him off. If he came quick, he wouldn't steal anything—although he often took a shit or pissed on the floor before he left. The young man was also excited by fires. By the time he was thirteen, William was responsible for at least eleven burglaries and six arsons.

William's sexual tastes were satisfied in other ways as well. A favorite fetish was to wear women's underwear and jerk himself off in them. Of course, most of the underwear was stolen. He was also a great Nazi fan and collected photos of Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, and other Third Reich geniuses. During the early years of the 1940s, William pasted the photos on his walls and slipped them in books.

His IQ was better than average (132), and he was a very keen student. He enjoyed reading, and one of his favorite books was *PSYCOPATHIA SEXUALIS* by Richard von Krafft-Ebing.

Heirens's youth ended at the age of seventeen, when he was sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of two women and a six-year-old child.

In 1982, after having served thirty-five years in prison, William was judged to be completely rehabilitated, and, as such, a very safe parole risk. However, in February, 1984, an appeals court overturned that decision and left William with little, if any, hope of ever seeing freedom again.

The three judges that made up the court cited a law enacted in 1973 that ruled that any parole could be denied if that release "would deprecate the seriousness of the offense and would promote disrespect for the law." It is easy to see how such a ruling could be hung over William Heirens's head when we consider the high place in the American public's gallery of infamy that was won by his brutal mutilation and murder of a little six-year-old girl.

All of Heirens's crimes were motivated by extreme sexual desires. This fact is perfectly clear to anyone interested in viewing the actuality of the crimes and not just the confused mumblings of doctors, psychiatrists, lawyers, and, indeed, Heirens himself. William was a gun aficionado (he was arrested with a small arsenal when only thirteen) and could have easily committed the attacks with any of the numerous firearms at his immediate disposal. Instead, he chose the intense physicality of knives. And although none of his victims were cock-fucked, it is more than obvious that they were knife-fucked (and not necessarily up the cunt). William confessed to finding women repulsive. So it follows that he certainly wouldn't have wanted to involve himself with that most sickening section of the female—the vagina. William used his knife as his cock and his victim's entire being as his fuck-hole.

William Heirens is a necrophile.

On June 3, 1945, William broke into Josephine Ross's apartment. The forty-three-year-old widow awoke suddenly to find William running at her and wielding a jackknife. William attacked her before she got a chance to get out of bed. He stuck the knife into her face and slashed her open.

HEIRENS: "I pushed the door open and went inside and looked around, and I turned to the right and there was an opening, and it was a bedroom, and I went in there and there was a dog and a woman. The woman was sleeping, and the dog was barking, and the woman woke up and I got excited and took out the knife and stabbed her."

Josephine screamed as William plowed the knife into her forty-three-year-old face. Then he brought the weapon down to her throat and jammed it in. The stab was deep and split open her jugular vein. Josephine's blood pumped out in torrents, and the dying lady felt her brain start to go numb. William grabbed Josephine's head and banged it against the headboard. Again and again, he smashed the suffering skull into the wood, the woman's red blood still spilling and splashing out of the meaty slice in her neck. Josephine tried to fight back as she clenched a handful of William's thick hair in a desperate and weak attempt to save herself. Blood from the multiple cuts and stabs etched its way down her face and mixed oily with her female tears. William stabbed her throat a couple more times. More blood; this time it slid over William's hand and jackknife. Feeling death only a few seconds away, Josephine continued to fight. She tried to grab the bloodied knife away from her frenzied attacker, but this action only allowed William to slice into her fingers.

One of Heirens's specialties was that he enjoyed the victims long after the attack was over. He stuck adhesive tape over the dead woman's facial cuts and gouges and twisted a red skirt around her neck. He washed the corpse with water and towels for nearly two hours after he murdered it. He later told doctors at his trial that all the blood bothered him. It is, however, much more likely that it excited him. The bed, sheets, and floor around Josephine Ross's body were completely soaked in the red thickness.

Heirens's second murder earned him the misleading moniker of "The Lipstick Killer." Before he left Frances Brown's apartment, William scrawled a message of desperation on her living-room wall: FOR HEAVENS SAKE CATCH ME BEFORE I KILL MORE I CANNOT CONTROL MYSELF. This message, printed in lipstick, attests to the overpowering, almost crushing, surge of energy in Heirens's lusts. He was completely controlled by drives that he couldn't understand.

William attacked Frances in much the same way that he did Josephine Ross. After surprising Frances in her apartment, William rushed her and crashed the butt of his revolver down onto her head. She screamed, and he hit her again. Blood started to gush from the open bump on Frances's head as William slammed the gun-end down once again. William began to beat the woman's thirty-three-year-old head with the now-blood-spattered gun. Frances, however, never lost consciousness and kept on bleating. William thought the shrieks were getting too loud and decided to put a quick stop to it. He turned the gun around in his palm, placed the barrel to the screaming bitch's forehead, and squeezed the trigger back. The bullet split through the lady's skull and lodged into her brain. She stopped screaming and died instantly.

DID YOU STRIKE HER PRETTY HARD?

HEIRENS: "She didn't keep quiet, so I must have struck her pretty lightly."

SHE WENT DOWN FROM THE BLOWS?

"Yes."

WERE ALL THE BLOWS ADMINISTERED WITH THE BACK OF THE GUN?

"Yes."

WHAT KIND OF GUN DID YOU HAVE?

"It was a big one."

But William only killed Frances to shut her up. He didn't enjoy the torture as much as he enjoyed the dead bodies. And the lovely present he left for the police to find proves that conclusively. William celebrated a blood orgy.

Mrs. Brown's body was found in a kneeling

position, bent over the rim of her bathtub. Her pajama top, saturated in dark blood, had been pulled up over her shoulders and hung around her neck. Her pajama pants lay outside the bathroom door in a thick pool of blood. Blood splattered the area between the bathroom and the bed. Mrs. Brown's body had been thoroughly washed and cleaned with the hot water from her nearby douche bag. Blood-soaked towels littered the bathroom floor. And, in a fit of masturbatory sex frenzy, William had driven a long bread knife through the middle-aged throat of his victim. Heirens had brutally forced the cutlery into the side of Frances's neck, just below the left ear. The knife had cut and pushed its way through her neck and jutted out from the other side. William had driven the blade completely through the dead pig's entire throat, severing arteries and mincing flesh and scraping bone.

William had fucked the female's neck like so much cunt.

On January 7, 1946, the seventeen-year-old William climbed into little Suzanne Degnan's bedroom through an outside window. The dark room was lit only by a small night light put there by Suzanne's parents when they learned of her fear of the dark. The tiny six-year-old was sound asleep in her bed when William silently entered her little life. Her pretty eyes were shut tight as she dreamed her little-girl dreams, her long, blonde hair tied to a barrette behind her head and wrapped in a darling blue bow. Covered and cute, trusting and innocent.

William spoke to the little girl, keeping quiet so as not to wake her sleeping parents. Suzanne didn't even realize she was in danger. "I don't want to get up, I'm sleepy," a nosy upstairs neighbor remembered hearing Suzanne say during the night. They were probably Suzanne's last words.

William's cock was hard. It throbbed impatiently in his pants, sex-hot. He stretched his hand over the little girl's slender throat and, with his other hand, stuffed a handkerchief into her small mouth. His fingers squeezed around the tender white neck. Tighter. Tighter. He squeezed until he felt the diminutive weight beneath him convulse and die. Little Suzanne Degnan was robbed of her innocence as William strangled her. Her wonderful, Christmas-story life ended under William Heirens's sweaty palm and hard dick.

William wrenched the spit-sputtered hanky from Suzanne's wet, gaping mouth and threw it on the floor of her former bedroom. He scooped up the lifeless body and tucked it under his arm. His pleasure had only just begun.

William carried the body out of the window and then made his way to a nearby apartment building. There, he climbed through a basement window and into a wash area. He placed the small, dead body of Suzanne Degnan in a large washing sink. He took off her clothes. Gorgeous little white flesh. Naked six-year-old. Dead. Then William pulled a large hunting knife from his pocket and started to enjoy his six-year-old prey. First, he sliced off her tiny toes. He cut them from her feet, and blood seeped from the open stumps. The blood filled the sink. William proceeded to chop little Suzanne into pieces. He cut into her body at her waist and then stabbed into her cunt. He split her up the side of her tiny slash and between her two legs and separated the chunks of flesh, leaving one ass cheek to each leg. Blood poured from the mutilated flesh and splattered Heirens's hands, arms, and face. He slaughtered her like a dead lamb. He started to hack away at the girl's strangled neck and succeeded in pulling the darling, golden-haired head away from the rest of the body. He tried to find joints so that he could cut Suzanne's arms off, and when he failed to locate them, he simply sawed straight away. Strong, forceful slammings that ripped through the flesh and bone. Chunks of chewed skin, flesh meat, matted hair, and viscera entered and later clogged the drains. Heirens chopped off the girl's baby arms. Her flat, pink nipples forever stained with blood and tiny bits of flesh and bone fragments. Dead baby.

Heirens put the pieces of Suzanne under the faucet to wash away her blood. He ran his fingers over her cold, clean skin and meat chunks. It is most probable that William jacked off as he viewed his sex work and the mutilated corpse of a six-year-old. He could have rammed his cock into the flesh mess or spilled his cum onto her cut-up head.

He collected the sections and wrapped them in old clothes and paper bags. He stuffed these into a shopping bag and then walked back out into the night. He roamed around Chicago and quietly dropped the bloody chunks into sewers.

Suzanne's head was the first piece found by the police a few days later. Her blonde head, matted in sewage, shit, and muck, rotted and contorted by pain and death, had floated beneath the streets of Chicago long enough to be almost completely unrecognizable.

William had left a phony ransom note in Suzanne's room to lure her parents into thinking the child wouldn't be hurt. They easily swallowed the bait. While clinging to the naive hope that his daughter was still alive, Suzanne's father made a heartfelt plea to the kidnapper via the press. "Please don't hurt her,

she's only a little girl," he whimpered. "And please try to keep her warm. She wore only her pajamas, so wrap a blanket around her, or anything else you can find." William smashed Suzanne's little body into bits and pieces and shoved her down drains while her father prayed that she wouldn't be harmed. She soaked in the warm shit and mud of the sewer.

It is obvious that William Heirens will never be paroled. His next appeal is sure to be met with the usual riotous indignation, hyperbole, and impassioned pleas from the public regarding his victim's sacred memories. Suzanne Degnan's sister, now a suburban housewife and pig-mother of six, Betty Finn, attends all of Heirens's hearings. It is a flattering compliment to William that she still feels the pain of her sister's death. She hails the decision to keep Heirens in jail:

"Parents can rest a little easier. I think children deserve protection. In addition, it was such a terrible crime. It should not be taken lightly....

"I don't want to be vindictive, but I feel he should remain incarcerated....I do blame him for my sister dying. I would certainly like to have her around."



William Heirens's parole hearings and the laws that bind it are going to greatly affect the chances for Speck's parole. But that doesn't seem to bother Richard Speck at all.

Speck didn't even bother to show up at his last parole hearing on September 7, 1984. He said he's grown tired of the yearly hoopla that surrounds the hearings and now refuses to pay lip service to the bothersome media events. He sent a note to the board stating that he won't show in court until "they stop all of the TV shit and treat me like the rest of the inmates."

Richard is quite happy with his surroundings at Illinois's Stateville Penitentiary. Now forty-three years old and behind bars for nineteen years, Speck is content with his privacy and his job as a painter. He was originally sentenced to death for the rape and murder of eight nurses but was given a life sentence when Illinois repealed the death penalty as immoral in 1971. In 1977, Speck sent a message to the parole board: "If I knew Stateville was this good, I would have been here a long time ago. Why don't you give paroles to some of these young guys in here? They don't need to be here in the first place." Speck didn't appear before the board that year and hasn't appeared since.

Speck lived a poor hillbilly's life. He was a part-time sailor who enjoyed the cheaper thrills that came his way: gambling, barroom brawls, two-dollar whores, robbery, etc. Richard's police record tallied thirty-seven arrests for petty crimes before he was twenty-five years old. The troubled and delinquent young man grew up into a drug addict and an alcoholic. He downed any kind of pills that he could get his hands on, sniffed glue, injected heroin, and drank constantly. He complained of constant headaches and endlessly searched for drugs and vitamins to relieve the pressure. His life quickly muddled into confusion and mindless self-abuse. He scarred his thin body with garish and crude tattoos: "Richard and Shirley" (Richard's hated and cheating wife) above his right elbow; the prophetic "Born to Raise Hell" printed in three sections on his left forearm; "Ebb" (fuck) below a grinning skull in an army helmet just above his left elbow; his "Dicky Bird"—an erect penis and balls on his left shin; a large snake coiled about a long dagger on his right arm; plus various initials and words (including the name of his daughter) almost everywhere else. Richard's suicide bids were honest but awry: "Life just ain't worth living anymore. When I tried to kill myself before they got me, it was because I didn't have nothing to live for....I ain't interested in nothing—don't care about nothing, either....I don't care a goddamn thing about this world."

And now in jail for the rest of his life, Richard Speck is a happy man. He has his memories. And even though Richard doesn't give a fuck about getting out, the families of his victims continue to make a fuss.

Joe Matusek lives with his wife Bessie in the quiet suburb of Homewood, Illinois. Their daughter, Patricia Ann, was fucked and killed by Speck. The arthritic, wheelchair-ridden, useless old man (now seventy-seven) had this to say about Speck and his possibility of parole:

"They should have burned him a long time ago!...Am I bitter? How can you feel any other way? And how about the other families? There are nine parents who have died because of the stress and strain caused by what Speck did. I accuse him of killing them, too....Never, never release Richard Speck. May he die in hell."

Matusek's lifelong and life-ruining burden was the brutal rape/death of his prize—his only daughter. But Patricia Ann was only one white chunk of female cuntflesh that was enjoyed by Speck in one night's sex-murder orgy. Her ugly cunthole was just one of eight into which Speck violently stuck his dick. Her tits and ass, her mouth and crying face—all just one of

eight that Speck fucked, beat, and destroyed. She wasn't special to Speck. She was female shit, and her memory is just one bloody, fucked vagina more.

On July 14, 1966, Richard Speck killed and raped eight nurses, one by one, at a nurses' boarding house on Chicago's south side. Speck made a mistake and let one nurse live (she sneaked and hid underneath a bed), a Filipino pig named Corazon Amurao, whose testimony lives on to provide us with a most exciting description of lust-controlled sex-pleasure.

Speck bound and gagged each girl and kept them all together in a bedroom of the house. The girls thought he only wanted to rob them and, like the lemmings females naturally are, they offered little resistance. One by one, Speck took the girls out of the room for his private pleasures.

The first to die was Pamela Wilkening.

Corazon Amurao remembers: "After about one minute, I heard Miss Wilkening say, 'Ahh.' It was like a sigh."

The twenty-year-old Pamela was found strangled with a strip of torn sheet. Speck had stabbed her left tit with a hunting knife. Technicians later figured that Miss Wilkening's breast was attacked before she was strangled to death. Ramming his blade deep into the crying female's naked dug, Speck sighs in pleasure as Pamela sighs in pain. Speck twists and turns and gropes the bleeding tit and pink nipple under his mauling hands. His palms soak up her blood, and he spreads the warm liquid over her floppy fleshed chest. Strangled with a piece of linen, Pamela was spared the pain of having to listen to her friends die. Her birthday was just nineteen days away.

Pamela Wilkening's mother came to Speck's last parole hearing to publicly denounce the parole board for even offering Richard a glimmer of freedom. Mrs. Wilkening received a great deal of attention and coddling for her miserable life's pain and, like all worthless females, was quick to bask in the limelight: "I don't want this creature to kill again. He took my daughter. He can't ever be allowed to be paroled."

John Wilkening, Pam's old father, made sure that everyone knew that he suffers as well: "This is a very emotional day because we are reliving what happened eighteen years ago. Speck has only spent two years (behind bars) per girl....No one can guarantee that he won't get out. People believe that he will never be released, but there are no guarantees, and we will always be here."

Speck murdered Mary Ann Jordan and Suzanne Farris in the same room, at nearly the same time, just after he left Pamela Wilkening's shitted, strangled, and bleeding corpse.

Mary Ann Jordan's body was found lying in the doorway of one of the front bedrooms. Speck had continued with his penchant for stabbing big white tits, and he did Mary Ann deeply in her left one. It's easy to see the action: Speck commands the frightened twenty-year-old girl to pull her thick breast out of her clean white nurse's uniform. She is only slightly unbuttoned, but enough to allow her heavy tit, with its large, red areola and hard nipple, to be pushed out. Richard feels and tugs the tit. Mary starts to cry, and she suddenly realizes that she will probably be hurt. She sees that she is nothing but a helpless female, a weakling. Her exposed breast dangles from her chest as Speck continues to squeeze and palm and pull at it. Then, as his cock raises its mushroomed head in erection, he thrusts out a knife and digs it straight into Mary Ann's dug. Blood spills from the tit like water from a busted water balloon. Mary Ann starts to struggle against the pain and terror, and Speck mounts her from behind. The sex-crazed maniac is even more excited as he starts to wail on his pretty little piggy prey. He sticks the knife into her flesh once more, then once more again. The nurse with her bleeding tit hanging out of her dress is then left to die—to bleed to death. Speck had stabbed her in her neck and then straight through her left eye. The knife that punctured her motherly dug had ripped apart the girl's heart as well.

Thomas Jordan, Mary Ann's ex-brother, attended Speck's last parole hearing. He says he misses his titted sister: "My parents are now deceased, and I will represent the family and always attend them (the parole hearings) from now on. Speck must never walk the street again."

Suzanne Farris resisted Speck's attack, and Corazon Amurao remembers hearing Speck yell at her. Corazon only heard the muffled tones of Speck's rage, but she understood exactly what it meant for Miss Farris. Suzanne was twenty-one and was wearing her underclothes. Speck became excited at the sight of her whore's body and viciously tore at her with his knife. He pounded, slashed, and ripped into her scantily clothed body. An amazing total of eighteen stabs punctured the cunt's body before Speck grew tired of the attack. He stared down at the bloody and bruised girl who lay on her back beneath him and decided he was still not satisfied. He wrapped his fingers around her neck and squeezed tightly. Then he slashed her neck and chin with quick swipes from his blade. Suzanne crumbled and died. She bled like a fat fucking stuck pig from the magnificent amount of rips and cuts that riddled her female flesh.

Ex-Sunday School teacher Nina Schmale, twenty-four, was found strangled and stabbed to death, her corpse lying under a bed. Speck had made her lie down on top of the bed and then raped her cunt with his still-hard cock. Miss Schmale's god deserted her as Speck strangled her with his hands and then delivered a *coup de grâce* of a brutally deep knife stab to the throat.

Valentina Pasion was next up for Richard's sexual satisfaction. He took her and Merlita Gargullo into yet another room, where he stabbed Valentina almost immediately. He plunged the knife deeply into her neck, and the woman sank dead to the floor. Then, without an extra second's notice, Speck started to ravage Gargullo. He grabbed her by the throat and swung her head back and forth. He was choking her with all the might in his arms and shaking her head like she was an epileptic. She started to suffocate and tried to scream. Speck quickly thrust the knife into her neck. She cried out in Filipino for Speck to stop. She told him that he was hurting her. She died. Speck draped her twenty-three-year-old body over the corpse of the lovely Miss Pasion and left them there to bleed into each other.

Patricia Matusek served as Richard's seventh plaything. He climbed on top of her and porked her twenty-year-old vagina. Her legs were bound together at the ankles when Speck shoved his hard prick into her fuckhole. Speck made sure it hurt. His red, cum-full hard-on scraped viciously against Patricia's cunt-skin (she was, of course, bone-dry) as he forced himself into her body. She begged Richard to be gentle. "Will you please untie my ankles first?" she asked from underneath him. Speck didn't stab this female. Instead, he threw her off the bed and beat her. He punched her face and kicked her stomach and legs. He booted her crying body and then fell on her and choked her to death with a torn sheet.

Mr. Matusek raised his little girl to semi-adulthood only to allow her to die beneath Richard Speck's fist and cock. Brutally beaten and fucked before her death, Miss Matusek died in pain. Cunt.

Gloria Davy, the last object for Speck's gratification, was slam-fucked on the bed under which Corazon Amurao hid. Corazon remembers the lustful attack:

"Speck stood up, and I saw that he was removing Miss Davy's jeans....Then I heard pants being unzipped....Then, when I looked at them, I saw that Speck was already on top of Miss Davy....Then when I heard the bedsprings moving....After a few minutes, Speck asked, 'Will you please put your legs around my back?'"

Gloria Davy was the only victim found completely nude. Speck made her strip fully and then fucked her big cunt. Her hairy bush and big, naked tits excited Speck enough to still allow him to get it up. He pumped his cock into her for about twenty-five minutes, ripping and tearing her disgusting red cunt-meat flesh-strips raw. After he blew his wad, Speck made her walk with him downstairs to the living room. He kept grabbing her naked ass, tits, and cunt all the way there.

He still wasn't satisfied.

Speck made the nude, pained, and trembling girl lie down on the front-room divan. He then grabbed a mysterious object (most probably an aerosol can) and rammed and dug it into Gloria's asshole. Miss Davy's tender, virgin butthole was found hideously and brutally mutilated. Speck climaxed his pleasurable sex feast by strangling the naked, contorted, and bloody body of Miss Gloria Davy with a strip of sheet. The idea of this young girl being raped and humiliated and ass-fucked by a spray can is extremely exciting! This young whore, her adult life just opening up, gets tortured under Speck's lusts while her shit-hole gets chewed up by a fucking metal can. Her female blood mixes with her dark shit and her thick ass-mucus.

Attesting to the great ferocity of Speck's crimes is a Chicago attorney who fought one of the cases against him. Casimir R. Wachowski said recently, "He should never, never be released. What he did to those girls is beyond description. I've got a set of photos and I'm going to take them to the hearings. I want the board members to see them."

Unfortunately, the photos are not available for public viewing.

KIDFUCK

America's current fascination and ostensible horror over child abuse is a double-edged sword. It's encouraging on one hand, because it allows for a more complete, in-depth, and reliable coverage of interesting and exciting actions, yet highly distressing on the other, as the recent land-spill of salacious kid-fuck news brings with it tremendous hordes of outraged housewives, do-gooders, moralists, and politicians—all hell-bent on putting an immediate stop to this sickening disease.

And the new laws and regulations proposed and brought to bear by these seething witch-hunters have

succeeded in making things very difficult for fans of fucked kidflesh.

In 1984, a federal law was enacted that strengthened the reserve against kiddie porners and their clients. This law changed the legal definition of a minor from age sixteen to eighteen and eliminated the requirement that kiddie porn must be intended for sale to be illegal. Now, photographs and magazines of child fucks need only be on your person or in your home, and you can be prosecuted. In addition, the law changed the actual definition of kiddie porn and made even photos of naked children alone, or in seductive or "compromising" positions, a crime (whereas before, the kidling had to be performing some act of sex with an adult or other child).

And, what's worse, the United States has stepped up its postal and FBI patrols of kiddie pornographers and enthusiasts. US Customs agents now open absolutely everything that comes through the mail from Denmark and the Netherlands with the hope of nailing some poor kiddie-flesh masturbator. As well, postal officials have begun numerous "sting" operations designed to trap unsuspecting child-abusers. By sending fake "contact lists" that compile parties supposedly interested in buying, selling, and trading kid photos, magazines, and other LOLITA-type products, the authorities try to lure suspicious characters into giving themselves up. PURE has, in just the last couple of months, received two of these phony lists at our PO box. A word of warning: Never trust an unnamed friend who says that you might be interested in "special and clandestine" services.

Amsterdam, long the bastion of kid-fuckers, kiddie-fans, and flesh-peddlers, has also been affected by the riotous public outcry against child abuse. After the death of a four-year-old girl from an overdose of cocaine (used to quiet the little tyke down during the filming of her sucking dick, licking ass, and getting it up the tiny cunt with a big finger), government officials in Amsterdam pulled out all the stops in an effort to finally and forever end child porn in their country. Just before the crackdown, Amsterdam had made it illegal to produce kiddie porn and then to even sell it. However, under-the-counter buying remained common and was not looked at as a particularly heinous crime by the local constabulary. But that semi-freedom ended with the naked, dead body of the little four-year-old found draped over a luggage stand in an Amsterdam hotel. Alongside the tiny girl's cold corpse were numerous cans of undeveloped film, including one especially exciting fuck-short starring our little druggie swallowing thick

amounts of adult sperm. When the press got hold of the story and revealed that the child had been sold to prominent pornographers by her junkie prostitute mother, public indignation was loud and strong enough to increase the laws against kiddie porn and effectively all-but-stop the Amsterdam flow.

The Amsterdam pornographers and their equally reliable aides in Denmark and Sweden can produce child-porn magazines in their countries using underground but high-quality printing presses. But it has become far too dangerous to produce photos of local kids (who can be traced without too much difficulty), so photo-swapping has become a necessary skill. Customs agents make no secret of the fact that most of the magazines currently being produced (and they are still being produced) are made up of "American children being molested by Americans in America." The US Mafia, who probably control ninety percent of the porno market, including bookstores and film producers, reportedly won't handle kiddie porn because "it's just too hot." So, adventurous and enterprising Americans have been able to make an extremely pleasurable life's work out of filming and photographing their lusty encounters with naked little children and then sending the raw, undeveloped film overseas. Customs in Denmark, Sweden, Amsterdam, and, lately, Brazil, are not nearly as careful or as nosy as their US counterparts.

But as this attention and the subsequent parents' groups, vigilante detectives, and TV news SWAT teams have made kiddie porn extremely hard to get, there are contingencies. One of the surest ways for interested parties to obtain their pleasures in this field is to relegate themselves to a floating list of buyers and sellers. This list is a rather dangerous way to do business, however, as one never knows exactly where the list may be at any given moment.

Recently, a Thai distributor was apprehended by a team of US Customs agents and Bangkok police for selling and shipping child porn depicting mostly Asian kiddies sucking and fucking middle-aged white men. The distributor, Marit Thararee (fifty), was arrested after having dealt with Customs agents in Detroit and Chicago for nearly a year. The agents finally made the sting after arranging a meeting with Thararee in Bangkok, where he had agreed not only to sell them a large number of kiddie-fuck negatives but to supply them with real little girls as well. After his arrest, Marit confessed completely to distributing and producing large amounts of child porn. Fortunately, Thailand has no laws dealing exclusively with child porn, so Marit will be charged under less-severe

general pornography laws. Unfortunately, however, US Customs agents are now ecstatic that they were able to seize a seller's list of more than three hundred customers plus the addresses of Europe's leading child-pornography distributors and makers.

This is the horror that the child-sex world now operates under. The Customs agents and FBI nab the kiddie-fan and then turn their attention to the distributor, who in turn lets out more names of clients *ad infinitum*. A truly vicious circle that seems to suggest that the best job right now is that of a US Customs or postal agent. Before they arrested Marit, the Customs team was able to purchase, for a hundred dollars in cash, four separate envelopes each containing three different shots of a girl, about twelve years old, and a white man "in every type of sexual activity imaginable"; for three hundred dollars in cash, another forty photos of different children; and for five thousand dollars, they were offered six hundred color photographs.

But as dire a picture as these recent events paint, it is not to suggest that all is forsaken. Indeed, because of the massive crackdown on child crimes, the few goods and artifacts that do make it through the barbed wire are usually guaranteed hard-ons of a severity rarely seen. The crackdown has pushed the buyers and sellers so far underground that only the truly diligent make it through the system. As such, the sellers know the tastes of the buyers even more intimately and are willing to go the extra lengths to satisfy them. As long as everything is so very illegal, the manufacturers have been able to pull out all the stops and are no longer concerned with making their products look tasteful or sugar-coated. Instead, the newest batch of kiddie porn is excellent. Gone are the days of fresh, smiling faces undressing for daddy and mommy. Gone are the naked young boys, hands at their sides and laughing as some photographer points to his little dick. Gone are the innocuous, mutuality-inspired pictures and artisms favored by the deluded NAMBLA and Pedophile Information Exchange types, or the fuzzy-edged statue portraits favored by the dilettante fag crowd. The buyer who ventures through the many stops and seizures and the multifarious laws, threats, and restrictions is today almost assured of getting only the finest in child humiliation and torture. Little children sucking fat dicks of men whose faces stay well out of camera range. Big, thick sex tools spurting juicy jism over tiny, eighteen-month-old girls in close-up or even, just the spilling cock and the little girl's tender flesh and confused, bawling face.

Certainly, one of the great attractions that child pornography holds for its many fans is their

knowledge that the child who's been fucked, sucked, and forced has more than a good chance of ending up a young corpse—or at the very least, whoring on some corner effectively brain-dead—at the end of the film session. There are thousands of well-documented cases all concerning street children kidnapped and then kept as prisoners for as many books, movies, and photos that can be squeezed out of them. The used and abused children either end up cut-up like a skinny lamb and floating in some filthy river or out on the streets again, hooking under a Puerto Rican/nigger pimp. Countless interviews with teen sluts relate the crushing effects of child porn and its immense influence over their later lives. Kiddie porn's major attraction is clearly the smashing of innocence, and it only works when it's for real. The slow, understated destruction of little minds is obvious from the salient images of four- and five-year-old girls trying desperately to keep their legs closed together as a hulking elder tries just as desperately to pry them loose. Or the six-year-old in pigtails who tries to hide her tears from the camera. Or the embarrassed little boy who pulls his face away from a man's looming hard-on because he knows it's wrong somehow.

PURE readers are, no doubt, more than familiar with the child-porn connections and the tremendous body count of dead nigger children that hangs over Wayne Williams's afro'd head.

The brutality and genius of child pornography is almost chilling in its thoroughness and eloquence. The incidents that create the glorious snaps of child flesh and child control and child anguish give the knowledgeable voyeur a consummate thrill. The fear and shattered chastity, the forsaken trust and shock of brutal reality, are inherent in the pint-sized hand of a four-year-old, blonde, blue-eyed girl whose fist can't even begin to close around her torturer's throbbing, upright cock.



(PUBLISHER'S NOTE: This article was written before all defendants in the McMartin Preschool case were acquitted of all criminal charges.)

Quite possibly, the greatest collection of kiddie porn belongs to Ray Buckey and his McMartin Preschool cronies from Manhattan Beach, California.

Seasoned PURE readers will need no introduction to the crimes attributed to Buckey and the other McMartin teachers: Virginia McMartin, Peggy Ann Buckey, Babette Spittler, Betty Rider, Peggy McMartin Buckey, and Mary Ann Jackson.

Now, after preliminary hearings that lasted over thirteen months and cost Los Angeles over \$2.4 million, the two hundred and eight charges of sexual abuse against children have been whittled down to less than a quarter of the original total. Also, Judge Aviva Bobb, a female, has ruled that the remaining witnesses (the victimized kiddies) will have to come face-to-face with their tormentors in court. A motion was attempted to allow the children to appear in court via TV screens after parents became worried that their children were being "abused again" in court proceedings. And while a newly enacted law in California would make this dehumanizing process viable in future cases, it will not be allowed in this case, as it had already been in session when the law was passed. This is a great triumph for fans of Raymond Buckey's tortures and fuckings, and we can all look forward to the upcoming trials and the very exciting testimonies of many cute, fucked toddlers in 1986.

As it stands, Raymond and his female compatriots have to face the charges brought on by thirteen child witnesses. Investigators, teamed with child psychologists and therapists, are interviewing or have interviewed another four hundred children who say they have been abused at some time at the school. Police are also looking into friends, former teachers, and others indirectly or directly involved with the school in an attempt to charge even more constituents and rack up more crimes. It is suspected that Raymond ran quite a thriving kiddie-prostitution and pornography business through the school, and the police are looking to nail some of his customers. Investigators say there are at least three dozen uncharged suspects.

And of course, the legal rigamarole keeps getting more and more entangled, with the prosecution changing lawyers almost as fast as the little kiddies change their stories.

Just recently, the case has taken a new and abrupt turn that threatens to blow the whole thing even larger. Some of the children, while testifying about their swollen, sodomized buttholes, made references to mysterious black masses and Satanic rituals in which they supposedly took part. This, not surprisingly, is hard for the judge and jury to believe as anything other than an overworked childhood imagination, and the prosecution has tried unsuccessfully to downplay the angle.

However, in recent months numerous similar allegations have been made throughout the country, mostly by children in unrelated (or assumedly unrelated) cases in California.

In July, 1985, in Bakersfield, California, more than half the children currently giving testimony in an alleged sex-abuse ring made accusations against their parents and adult friends that involved Satanic sex rituals. These children sketchily recalled events that included the drinking of blood, cannibalism, and the murder of other children.

Several children who were allegedly abused by preschool teachers in Mendocino, California, swear that they were made to chant "baby Jesus is dead" before being finger- and cock-fucked and similarly exploited.

Nine children, ranging from ages four to ten and all living on the same street in Pico Rivera, California, make kindred allegations. There, children contend to being sexually abused and then forced to witness and participate in the ritual murder of children.

In Contra Costa County, California, a nine-year-old girl had accused her father of sexually abusing her and her friends in concert with a group of Satanists. She also described incidents of murder in which she took an active part in slaughtering babies. A mistrial was granted when the jury became deadlocked six-six, with most agreeing that they believed the child was sexually molested but that they couldn't believe the devil-ritual parts. The little girl's lawyer even seems unsure of her story: "There's no doubt in my mind that she was a participant in Satanic worship. But she also described incidents of human sacrifice, brutality, and cannibalism, how her father put his hand around her hand and then the two of them plunged a knife into the chest of an infant. That raised some questions.

"This case wasn't about devil worship, it was about child molestation. But without corroboration of the Satanic stuff, her [lack of] credibility was just more than we could overcome."

The little darling's doctor sees the case differently, however: "Her description of how the guts pop out when you slit open a live abdomen does justice to a Vietnam veteran."

Another case about to start trial concerns five men, most of them waiters from the same restaurant in Sacramento, California. The five men are charged with seventy-seven counts of sexually abusing nine little children. The lawyer currently preparing the case for preliminary hearings, Rich Lewkowitz, had this to say: "There've been descriptions of Satanic rituals. One of the group dressed up with a devil's mask on; some of them wore robes. Four of the children have described one specific incident where three children were killed by the sexually abused victims.

"I don't see where these kids would be able to come up with the consistent detail they come up with, if not from their own experience...."

"If I worked night and day, I could not coach these kids into saying something like that. It's very difficult to place things in a child's mind when they haven't experienced something."

So far, none of the cases have turned up any real evidence to support the little kids' testimonies. That is, except for the McMartin case.

Several of the thirteen lollitots who gave witness during the pretrial hearings alleged incidents with a more Satanic flavor than simply sexual. The children recited details about being forced to drink rabbit's blood and eat shit during a "ceremony" at an Episcopal church. Some went so far as to even describe the black robes that the adults wore and the candles which burned in the background during the rituals. Of course, black robes and candles are archetypes of devil fantasy, and it would seem easy for any child to conjure up such images quickly. However, these particular descriptions become much more powerful when we understand that local police seized a pair of rabbit ears, a black cloak, and a black candle at the Manhattan Beach home of one of Raymond Buckey's close friends. Police disclosed this information when it was announced that they were checking into the histories and whereabouts of the countless "uncharged suspects."

Another child, a ten-year-old boy, testified that he and other children from the preschool were forced to dig up dead bodies at a nearby cemetery and then watch while some of the teachers hacked up and mutilated the corpses with long knives. The child, and other witnesses as well, have been able to accurately describe the insides of sealed mausoleums—even down to the correct placement of chairs and clocks.

This certainly adds a new spark of color and eloquence to the already exhaustive list of libertine pleasures enjoyed by Raymond Buckey. The robes, candles, masks, etc., can well be explained as tools and props used to frighten, tease, and confuse the children. Instruments used to slowly peel apart the little impressionable darlings' minds. Agents to cause mental anguish and anxiety. The very little child, crying so uncontrollably that his miniature body convulses and hiccups violently, can grasp at nothing that makes any sense—nothing with any familiarity or warmth.

The diminutive child's entire four-year-old existence is under the will and fancy of Raymond Buckey. And Buckey can turn the child's asshole inside-out just as fast as he can the child's mind.

It is Raymond's personal satisfaction that provides the impetus for his crimes, his unique understanding of his tastes and drives combined with his absolute knowledge of children's minds and mannerisms that make his extreme sex acts so exciting, powerful, and complete.

The children, in having to recount their tortures, fondlings, dick-poking, and other abuses, are often forced into actually reliving their pains and traumas on the witness stand. The consolidation of the trial (which means that Buckey and the rest of the McMartin workers are being tried together rather than separately) requires many of the children to stay long hours on the witness stand, telling the most intimate details to complete strangers, all while being stared down by their tormentors. Long hours turn into endless ordeals turn into deep scars that last forever in the minds of children and weak adults. Some children have been on the stand for more than a week. One ten-year-old boy testified for sixteen days—each day attacked again and again by defense lawyers whose single vision is to break the child's words into pieces. "Children cannot survive extensive cross-examination, period," one prosecutor said. "And if you have multiple defendants, the problem of cross-examination is exacerbated. If you have seven attorneys, it's not seven times worse, it's two hundred and fifty times worse. It goes up exponentially."

The torture these little moppers go through is unmitigated excitement. Their tears, their impassioned, desperate clutching of favorite stuffed pets, their wet pants, their sobs and terrified pleas for understanding, relief, and warmth. All their being sliced open and exposed; helpless, fucked, and raped and forever useless children who can only grow up bent and even more useless.

And as enjoyable and intensely stimulating as these performances are, they still run only a close second to the incredible actions being remembered. Images of Raymond Buckey cutting into small animals and then commanding the children to lick the blood from his fingers. His same fingers probing the kiddies' flesh, slithering around a bony, flat chest and slowly digging into the little one's tight cunt-hole. Sodomizing. Fucking. Sucking. Spitting. Tasting. Abusing. Genius.

The defense has been accommodating:

The first child to testify was a seven-year-old blond-haired boy. He told the court about unique sex games that he was made to play under the guidance, instruction, and ever-watchful, roaming hands of Raymond and Co.

The first game was called "Cowboys and Indians,"

where the teachers "were the Indians....They would capture us and they'd put us in jail. They'd touch us in jail....Ray and Miss Peggy touched us on the penis."

The little boy said the children played the game while completely naked. He was also naked during three other games:

Alligator: "We would take off our clothes and get on the floor and crawl around, and when we were on the floor they would touch us."

The Tickle Game: "The kids would take off their clothes and the teachers would tickle us in the butt and penis."

The Movie Star Game: "I would take off my clothes and do tricks, and they would take pictures of us." The child then told the court, in a charming sing-song voice, that they were made to sing, "What you see is what you are. You're a naked movie star." He also told the court that it was Ray and Betty that took turns manning the camera.

The boy said that the only defendants that played the games with him were Babette Spittler, Peggy McMartin Buckey, Betty Rider, and Raymond. He was especially frightened of Ray, who, the child said, cut off the ears of rabbits and stabbed pet turtles.

The boy went on to describe a field trip that several of the children took with Raymond to a farm, where Ray constantly thrashed and beat the horses with large sticks. During the outing, Ray threatened to harm the children's parents the same way he was hurting the horses if they ever told what was happening to them. Other field trips, including many visits to "strangers' homes," were detailed. "We got touched there," the boy said, claiming to have been taken to quite a few different houses with a variety of teachers and other classmates.

The defense was later able to completely dismiss the child's entire testimony by citing incidents of undue influence and brainwashing by the child's therapists.

The first girl to testify was as cute as a button. Only eight years old and wearing a delicious red sweater decorated with tiny pandas holding big balloons, the little girl constantly chewed her lip and stared off into space. She tugged and played with her long, dark hair and met most of the lawyer's questions with long bouts of silence.

But her angelic good looks were belied by her sexual revelations. She testified to having her lovely innocence defiled by Ray and told similar stories about naked games and photo sessions. She described the turtle that Raymond slashed open in front of her and his simultaneous contention, "If you

tell your mom and dad, this would happen to you."

The girl, who was only four when she was first initiated into Ray's lustful control, also described times when she was tied up and fondled and otherwise molested by three of the adult defendants.

Ray's finest moments were described by a second little girl. This child, a five-year-old who attended the school from September, 1981, to November, 1983, was more forthcoming than the children before her. However, she was also more problematic. Her tiny five-year-old body was so small that a great deal of court time was spent trying to adjust her chair. She even had to be lifted up and down from the witness stand by the bailiff.

The girl, extremely fidgety and more than a little bratty, chewed a chocolate-chip cookie and clutched a fuzzy yellow toy bear as she recalled her past fucks and gropes. She took frequent sips from a cup of root beer that stood next to the stand. She swiveled around in her chair, stuck her tongue out, and took long stares at the ceiling.

She told the court about being taken to the school's bathroom and then forced to take off her clothes and "dance around" in front of Ray. Ray took photos, of course. The girl said she was ass-fucked by dirty fingers and lead pencils. The District Attorney asked her:

WHEN YOU WERE AT THE SCHOOL, DID RAY BUCKEY EVER TOUCH YOUR BOTTOM?

And her touching, soft-spoken reply: "Yes."
WITH WHAT?

"A pencil."

DID HE EVER PLACE ANY PART OF HIS BODY INSIDE YOUR BOTTOM?

"Yes, his fingernails."

DID HE EVER PLACE ANYTHING INSIDE YOUR VAGINA?

"Yes, a pencil."

DID RAY EVER PLACE HIS PENIS INSIDE YOUR BODY?

"Yes."

WHERE?

"My mouth."

WHAT DID HE TELL YOU?

"He said he would kill my mom and dad."

Picture this little five-year-old girl, licking and sucking Ray's big hard-on. His adult, erect, full cock in her little face. His bulbous, hairy balls against her rosy-red cheeks while her tender, innocent, delicate, and gentle tongue darts out and just brushes the piss hole of that throbbing red knob. Ray puts his swollen pecker into the child's mouth as far as it will fit. Her petite baby lips are barely big enough to get

around the thick meat pole, and a frightened tear rolls down her soft cheek. The more her face stretches, the more she cries. Ray jerks his cock about in the tight mouth and commands the baby to move her tongue around. She tastes the rigid gristle as she, hesitantly, licks the bottom of his pulsing boner with short, scared tongue strokes. Her gorgeous, fresh, five-year-old body so prettily dressed by her loving mommy this morning, stands beneath him as she laps at his big fuck-stick.

Soon, his large, man-sized fingers and dirty fingernails caress her soft, round ass cheeks. He squeezes her baby flesh. His finger rubs the tighter-than-tight pink puckered hole that rests so delicately between those tough flesh packs. Raymond feels her warmth breathing through her tiny asshole. His fat finger pushes in. His big dick presses viciously into her bawling face. Full of blood and cum aching for release, Ray savors the child's pain and terror. His fingernail scratches the insides of her flesh. He rips and scrapes the girl's innards. He enters her body; her warmth and sticky tissue wrap firmly around his digit. Just one of the many child butts that he has befouled and fucked open.

Later Raymond spills his hot cum in her mouth. The greasy white fluid drenches the child's lips, nose, and cheeks. Later still, Raymond introduces a pencil into the child's baby-soft shit-hole.

The girl went on to recall the many naked games that she was made to play, but she added a new twist. She said the children were taken on an airplane, where the adults wore scary costumes (Ray is alleged to have donned a witch outfit) and then dropped off at houses where the adults acted out strange rituals and dances.

The other testimonies have been equally enjoyable. Little children describing their sexual initiations and helplessness at the hands of rabid rapists. The children say they have been sodomized, orally raped, made to view and mutilate dead bodies, forced to eat excrement, vaginally violated, viewed animal tortures, and even murdered. A more recent allegation is the eating of raw, bloody meat and being forced to suck off animals.

And even with the dropping of charges, the McMartin case has refused to die, and if anything, it looks to become greater and more brutal in its scope of violence and sexual ingenuity. Ray Buckey already appears to be the consummate child-sex genius, and we await, with bated breath, further details of his magnificent sexual exploits.

The final testament to Ray's genius is the graffiti

that today stains the permanently closed McMartin Preschool.

Already burned and vandalized, the brick walls of the school have been scrawled with:

RAY IS DEAD

and

RAY WILL DIE.

Stay tuned....

KID KILL

There's not another idea under the sun that's as blatantly stupid as that of parents. Indeed, it is the grotesque idiocy of even being a mother or father that, most times, renders a potentially exciting crime like incest desperate and puny. But it is because of the parents' doeful relationship to their child—that pathetic, insecurity-driven sense of mindless benevolence that controls and rationalizes their entire being—that the crime of child murder, and especially child torture/murder, becomes a thrilling single crime with more than just one victim. The wails of pain, confusion, and longing that replace the doglike mutterings of cooing and coddling from these vulnerable weakling parents is an excitement well-known and celebrated by childflesh fans and voyeurs alike.

These delights were celebrated in the first issue of *PURE*, primarily in the *KIDDIE TORTURE* article. *KIDDIE TORTURE* recalled the crimes of a then-unknown English murderer thought responsible for the brutal deaths of three little girls. The article paid special attention to a little girl who had been missing for seven months: four-year-old Marie Payne, and also, the subsequent warblings and grievous blubberings from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Payne, who missed their tiny offspring like only parents could.

And now, more than a year after the discovery of little Marie's fucked and mutilated body and the sensational apprehension of her killer, we are again reminded of this most eloquent crime. This time, through the actions of a libertine from *PURE*'s home state who, in his enviable wisdom, not only supplied us with an electrifying crime of kid-fuck-death, but also with shining examples of the slow, painful destruction-through-stupidity that parents must live out. *PURE* invites you to a feast on the corpses of three—the charming little girl and her parents who loved, cared, and most of all, needed her:

Little Melissa Ackerman, or "Missy" as she was

known to those who loved her, missed her eighth birthday party. It was to be held at her parents' home in Somonauk, Illinois, on her birthday, June 12, 1985. But darling Missy was still missing on June 12—missing since June 2, when a man pulled her off her bicycle and threw her into the back seat of his car. And she would remain missing until June 17, when Dekalb County Police would find her dead body lying face-down under some rocks in a wet, muddy drainage ditch. Little Missy was already fucked (having lost her virginity to a twenty-eight-year-old man) and stone-dead by the time her birthday rolled around. But her parents didn't know that. They suspected it in their darkest thoughts, but they still hoped and prayed to god that their little baby would be alright. They prayed publicly in neighborhood masses and on TV. They issued statements and pleas to Missy's kidnapper. They cried, complained, and hurt. They slowly fell apart permanently.

Little Melissa and her best friend, seven-year-old Opal, were out enjoying their friendly neighborhood in downstate Illinois. They were riding bikes along a quiet rural road when they were suddenly stopped by a man in a rusted blue compact car. The man shouted out that he needed some directions and pulled the car over to a gravel strip that ran alongside the highway. He stepped out of the car and beckoned the girls over.

Ever helpful and oh-so-innocent, the two little ones quickly rode up to the car.

The man snapped open his car's back door and lunged at Opal. In one fell swoop, the man yanked the girl off of her bike and threw her into the car. Then he turned to Missy, who had started to cry.

But meanwhile, Opal was able to pull down the back car window and, screaming and shouting, she hurriedly scampered out. She hit the pavement and tore across a large field and through an empty lot to safety. Missy was left behind.

The driver tossed the remaining little girl into the back seat, drew up the windows, and slammed on the gas.

Sheree Ackerman, Missy's mother, was distraught when told the news. "I don't know how someone can do this," she said. "She was just out for a bike ride, like any other day. I just don't see how it can happen."

Sheree, the twenty-eight-year-old wife of Michael Ackerman, has lived all her life in the little town of Somonauk, and reality dealt her a harsh slap in the face when her child was stolen from her. Indeed, reality slapped the entire community pretty hard. Gone now are the days of trust in your fellow man—replaced with the dream-shattering knowledge that

real men like little clits and tits and that they like to choke them to death after filling their tiny bodies with gobs of hot cum.

The inhabitants of Somonauk were in an uproar. The police instituted roadblocks and started questioning strangers and searching cars. Mrs. Ackerman placed her hope in her neighbors, but her words leaked an entertaining impotence: "This used to be a good place to bring up a child. Now, I don't know. They've got to keep looking for her. They've got to find her. I keep praying they'll find her."

But the searches, the descriptive handouts, the extra police, the good intentions, and everything else was all in vain. No Missy.

As the days progressed, the townspeople grew sadder and sadder. Melissa's parents grew desperate and started to issue statements to the press and give public interviews. "I am praying and hoping, praying so very hard," Sheree said. "I just wonder if she's cold, if she's hungry."

The neighbors, too, talked to the press. Melissa's school principal remembered Melissa as a "very outgoing, happy little girl, the leader of her class, a mature girl for the second grade. She always had a smile."

Even the chief of the volunteer fire department was depressed: "Well, I've watched that little girl walk home from school at night. I've watched her skip by our lumber yard. I want to find her."

Missy's birthday was dreaded by her parents, and when it finally arrived, it was even more difficult than they thought it would be. Sheree remembered that Missy wanted a Cabbage Patch Kid—what could be more sweet? And Missy's mommy wanted to have her birthday cake decorated with tiny Cabbage Patch Kids as a special surprise. "We were just planning her party when he took her," said Sheree, at this time not even knowing who "he" was. "But now there won't be a party. Now there won't be anything until she comes home." Michael added, "We got her stuff, but she's not here to get it. I don't know why he won't let her go if he's got her."

Sheree Ackerman couldn't stop the constant flow of tears on her daughter's birthday. She couldn't stop the delivery men who brought a bouquet of roses and a giant balloon (emblazoned with "HAPPY BIRTHDAY"), either. "All her friends know that roses are her favorite flower," she said.

Sheree remembered Missy's last—the very last—birthday party. "We always have a big birthday party, and we planned the same for this year." She fought back the tears and added, "Melissa's father is taking it

pretty rough." Sheree had a final thought for Melissa's kidnapper: "I want him to know that he and anyone who knows about this must come forward—bring her home." And then some tender words for her missing child: "I love you very much and want you to come home. Happy birthday, my little girl."

By this time, Melissa was long dead. She'd been fucked in her seven-going-on-eight-year-old cunt and then strangled. Her face lay stinking in mud.

And police already had Melissa's murderer in custody at the time of her birthday.

Brian Dugan, a twenty-eight-year-old machinist from Aurora, Illinois, was arrested just one day after Melissa's abduction but was not formally charged with her murder until June 26, nine days after Missy's body was finally found. Police say that fibers and particles found in Dugan's blue Gremlin positively link him to Somonauk and Melissa. At the time Dugan was charged, he was in custody as a suspect in the attacks of three other women, the youngest of whom was sixteen.

Dugan was arrested on June 3 when a Geneva, Illinois, cop noticed that he looked a lot like a suspect in a May 28 rape attempt on a nineteen-year-old local. Dugan was subsequently placed in a lineup and identified by the victim as her attacker. Brian was officially charged with aggravated battery and unlawful restraint. And his problems were just beginning.

During the days that followed, two more incidents of rape were hung over Brian's shoulders. He was charged with kidnapping, aggravated kidnapping, and two counts of aggravated criminal assault against a sixteen-year-old Aurora girl after this girl, too, identified him in a lineup. This attack occurred on May 29.

Still later, additional charges were filed on behalf of a twenty-one-year-old woman who said Dugan raped her on May 6 in North Aurora. This third attack added three counts of aggravated criminal assault to Dugan's already healthy list of crimes.

All the while that Dugan was in custody, police were pretty sure that he was also responsible for Missy's death, but they were unable to charge him when Missy's lucky friend, Opal, failed to identify him in a lineup.

Melissa's rotting corpse remained unfound for a total of two weeks. During that time, the parents continued to talk to the press. And cry. And hurt. And be weak.

Sheree: "We need all the help we can get. Missy's out there somewhere....I can't think of her out there in the fields. I can't think of anything."

Sheree (as she kissed a wallet-sized photo of

Missy): "I just wish he'd let her go....The hospitals probably let people like this out. Somebody knows him. Somebody knows what he's like, what he'd do....They give people like him psychiatric treatment for a year and then let them walk among children again. It's happened to other parents....Please—just please—let her go."

Exact details of Melissa's death have yet to emerge. Her body was found clothed and buried beneath rocks in a drainage ditch off US Highway 34 in LaSalle County, Illinois. The ditch lies in a large field dotted with clumps of trees.

Melissa still had her necklace around her throat; it was inscribed "MISSY." She was raped. Her body was partly submerged in water.

The exact cause of death was asphyxiation, but investigators are unsure if it was caused by strangulation, poisoning, or drowning.

The officer who found the little corpse noticed that "the legs were sticking out" from under a rock. The water in the ditch was two to three feet deep, and Missy had been held there, beneath the surface, by rocks. "It looked like it (Missy) had been covered all the way, and the water or the weather uncovered it some," the cop finished.

Shortly after his examination of Missy's corpse, the coroner reported that there was the possibility that she was murdered "within an hour or so" of her kidnapping. He also added that Missy met "a violent death" but that she didn't look to have been beaten or stabbed.

Details of Brian Dugan's whereabouts on the day of Melissa's first and last fuck may shed some light on the pleasure that he experienced with her. There seems a very good chance that Brian is a necrophile.

Dugan's landlady, Bernice Larson, said she saw Brian carrying a "small bag" into the house on the day of Melissa's abduction. Later, she said she went up to the second-story bathroom that Dugan used and found it covered with mud. As she stood in the bathroom, Dugan quickly ran in and told her: "Bernice, I'll clean it up. Don't worry about it."

Melissa's casket was closed at her wake. A color 11" x 8" photograph of Missy on roller skates was perched atop her coffin. The coffin was adult-sized and was surrounded by a harvest of pink and white mums and carnations. Michael wore a grey suit, and his wife wore a pink blouse and cream-colored skirt.

Brian was finally charged with five counts of murder, six counts of aggravated criminal assault, and three counts of aggravated kidnapping for Missy's rape and murder. He has pleaded not guilty.

Brian's trial for Missy's demise will begin February 3, 1986. Meanwhile, he faces continuous hearings for his other crimes. Police are also investigating the murder of one Donna Schnorr, a twenty-seven-year-old nurse who was raped and drowned on July 15, 1984, in Geneva, Illinois. Police say they can place Dugan in Geneva at the time of the murder, as well as match paint chips from Schnorr's car to the car that Dugan owned at the time. Donna is said to have been sideswiped off of a road near her home and then raped and knocked unconscious. Her attacker threw her body into a water-filled ditch where she drowned. She had been beaten.

Brian has been denied bond.

Missy's parents, in yet another pathetic, desperate attempt to give their ridiculously paltry lives some sense of meaning, have found a new outlet for their fabulous humanity. "Friends of Melissa Ackerman" is a "kidnap prevention foundation" newly formed by the Ackermans. Its existence is designed to help prevent child abduction as well as provide support to parents of abducted children.

"We're saying...don't think that because you live in a tiny town, it can't happen. It can. It happened here," Michael said at the announcement. The Ackermans plan to speak to parents' groups around the country. Michael is still unemployed but claims to be looking for work.

Further news on Dugan's sex crimes should be available soon. We can only hope that his actions live up to the immense possibilities: The screaming little Missy in the car could have been forced to suck his cock and swallow every drop of his cum. She could have been made to jerk his rod and run her seven-year-old tongue around its coarse skin as he finger-fucked her tight little snatch. He could have rammed his hard cock up her very soft, very young asshole. Shot his cum into her face, up her cunt, on her ass, or on her belly. And then made her lap it off his fingers. Or his cock. Forced to stick her fingers in Brian's asshole and then to lick them clean. He could have pissed on her, made her swallow his garbage. A fuck toy for even an hour.

Or even...Dugan spilled his spunk over her cold, dead body as it lay in his bathtub, her seven-year-old womb scratched and torn from Dugan's cock attack. Her dead, open mouth fills with his piss and shit.

Melissa could have been a very enjoyable rape. Four feet and fifty pounds of childflesh just begging to be used, misused, and destroyed.

It is hoped that Brian Dugan enjoyed little Missy as much as Colin Evans enjoyed Marie Payne....

Colin Evans enjoyed children very much. The forty-five-year-old truck driver from Reading, Berkshire, England, had already served numerous prison sentences due to his special taste for tender flesh, and still his desires couldn't be quelled. Rather, each successive crime grew more violent and grand, more brutal and complete. And now, finally sentenced for murder for what will probably be the rest of his life, Evans can look back on this impressive list of sexual ambitions with a sated smile.

In 1966, Evans was fined thirty pounds in Barking, Essex, for "indecent assaults" against a two-year-old boy and a three-year-old girl.

In 1970, Colin was charged with "gross indecency and indecent assault" for attempted sex attacks on another little girl and boy. He was sentenced to ten years in jail but was released in 1975.

Another count of "indecent assault" was filed against Colin in 1978 for his attack on a nine-year-old girl. Although this crime was considered especially vicious, as the little girl was a spastic, Colin was only sentenced to three years in prison. He was released in 1980.

In 1980, just out of jail, Colin was sentenced to another six months when he pleaded guilty to an assault on a twelve-year-old girl. He was released in early 1981, after which he quickly found a job baby-sitting.

Colin pleaded not guilty to charges of attacking two little girls that he was baby-sitting in 1982. He was acquitted by a jury after a two-day trial because of a technicality.

Colin was also acquitted by a jury in 1983 after he pleaded not guilty to attacking an eight-year-old girl.

Colin killed little Marie Payne in March, 1983, but her body was not found until fourteen months later. Colin confessed to the murder after being questioned as a suspect in an attempted assault on two children just eleven miles from where Marie was abducted. Police were quick to tie Colin to the scene and later found photographs of a dead-and-mutilated Marie in his apartment. Police found photos of other children as well.

Little Marie Payne, a four-year-old, blonde-haired, blue-eyed pixie, was playing with her dog in a park just outside her home in Dagenham, England. Colin Evans was driving by on his way home when he saw Marie all alone. He quickly parked.

Colin knew how to be nice toward little children and was an expert at quickly gaining their trust. It was a skill he learned from his many encounters with the little darlings and from his job as a baby-sitter.

Back home in Reading, he had a swing, sand pit, and paddling pool installed in his garden, and he often invited children to come and play.

He talked to Marie about her dog and started to play games with her. Colin also knew how to make children laugh, and Marie was a bright, bubbly pushover. He asked the tiny girl if she might like to take a ride in his car and go for a treat. Marie thought that would be nice.

Colin must have been tremendously excited when the babe climbed into his car. Certainly, he was beaming as he basked in Marie's innocence and trust. To destroy that immediate and gentle trust, to watch as the child slowly comes to the realization that not everything is fair or for her benefit, to see her extreme pain and fright and confusion—to see her die—that is a pinnacle of pleasure.

Evans and his enchanting baby toy drove to a secluded area in Epping Forest, just nine miles away from Marie's home and mommy and daddy. There, the happy pair played and romped in the grass. Marie skipped and ran and giggled. She listened to "Uncle Colin" tell funny jokes and make funny faces. Soon, however, nature took its delightful course, and Marie whispered to Colin that she had to go pee.

Marie tugged down her tights and squatted among a pile of leaves. Colin watched. His cock pulsed and started to grow in his pants. He watched the little girl's red cheeks and fresh smile as she delicately went about her business. Colin eyed her four-year-old gash and the sporadic drips of yellow that tinkled to the ground. His balls tightened; his cock got thick.

Marie finished and stood up to pull her tights back up—just as Colin moved. His heavy fingers snapped at Marie's little cunt, and he started to rub her. Marie was shocked. She began to scream and cry wildly. She yelled louder and louder that she wanted to go home. Colin still fumbled at the baby's small fuck-hole—so tight and unused.

Colin reached in the grass and wrapped his fist around a huge piece of wood. He brought it up from the dirt with one quick pull and sailed the wood crashing into the side of the little girl's head. Marie's skull was fractured extensively, and she lost consciousness before she even hit the pile of leaves beneath her. Blood poured out of her head and seeped into the earth. Little Marie was dead.

Evans left the bleeding body and ran back to his car where he fetched a small shovel and his camera. Then he returned to the tiny corpse. He stripped off the dead baby's clothes and exposed her lovely limbs. Her pint-sized waist and flat bony chest, her tiny little

pink nipples, her diminutive legs and teeny bald vagina, her fresh, untouched white skin. Her cute little face and dead smile.

He took photos. He snapped shots of Marie's dead, naked body in a pile of leaves and dirt. He most likely yanked out his throbbing cock and fit as much as he could of it in that little flesh-slash. He at least jerked his big meat over the dead baby and riddled the corpse with thick, sticky globules of cum. Spitting his sex-goo over Marie's mother's whelping.

Colin dashed Marie's clothes in a nearby tree and then set about burying the child. Then he drove home, ecstatic.

But Colin was too excited. And he found that his camera hadn't worked right when he tried the next day to develop the photos.

So he returned to Epping Forest and Marie, just thirty-six hours after he had killed her.

Colin dug up Marie's already rotting body and again celebrated his prize. He laid the tiny body out on a black plastic sheet and proceeded to take more photos. But he wanted something more. Something more physical. Once again, Colin grabbed a stick from the ground and once again, he slammed it into Marie's body. He began to beat the little corpse. He started to mutilate her. He jammed the wood up Marie's cunt—up her bald slit. He tore into her body, up into her. He further defiled her flesh by spreading it, slicing it, slashing it, hammering it, and fucking it with a piece of forest wood. Insatiable ghou! Libertine!

Sated, he re-buried Marie and left her forever.

For fourteen months, Marie's parents, Brenda and John Payne, suffered the pain of not knowing what happened to their child. They suspected she was dead. They even prayed for it sometimes. Some days they felt guilty—the days when they would wake up and forget to think about their missing daughter. They'd feel twice as bad when they'd realize.

Mrs. Payne took sleeping pills, and her husband started to drink more. Colin Evans completely controlled their paltry suburban lives.

But then, fourteen months later, the Paynes found out. Their little baby had her head bashed in, had her four-year-old cunt raped, and had her tender body mutilated. The Paynes sunk into despondency once again.

And worse news was on the way. Shortly after Colin's arrest and confession, Reading police searched his home and found a veritable treasure trove of personalized kiddie porn. Colin had taken dozens of photos of sixteen different little children and had carefully hidden them in the back of an old

record player. Included in Colin's flattering collection were the photos of mutilated Marie, as well as salacious shots of the two girls that he had been acquitted of raping back in 1982.

This is an eloquence rarely seen in crime. Now, after fourteen months of mental torture, the Paynes are faced with the prospect of having to view new photos of their dead child. The last pictures ever taken of their darling daughter. And now their sweet memories are destroyed. Every time that Brenda or John decide to look at their scrapbooks, they will be instantaneously reminded of Marie's last photos. A loving photo of a happy child on a swing twists, uncontrollably, into a dead, bloodied child lying limp in a mess of leaves; her naked body of only four summers is captured for eternity by her murderer, who, only seconds before, spilled his filthy sex-seed into her corpse.

"I want him to go through hell," John Payne pronounced the day that Evans was sentenced to a thirty-year prison term for the murder of his daughter. "I want him to suffer every day for the rest of his life. And to endure some of the misery he has brought on us....Hanging would be too good and too quick for him for what he did to my daughter....Whatever I wish on him, it will not bring my daughter back....He has brought a lot of pain to my family."

When John learned that Colin had returned to Marie's dirt grave—just days after killing her—to mutilate her, he shook his head and trembled.

"It's unimaginable to believe that anyone could be so evil....It wasn't until today that I learned the extent of his crimes against little girls....People in general may have read and heard a lot about us, but no one really knows what we've been through....Our Christmases will never be the same without Marie."

Colin Evans jerks himself off in jail remembering little Marie's tiny cunt, naked body, and bloody head. ■

PURIE 3



VOLUME 2

TRIUMPH

Dr. Josef Mengele won. And that his victory is of tremendous and inspirational magnitude is the only fact that is completely irrefutable and obvious.

Because legions of moralistic, humanitarian, and liberal jew-buddy press reporters strive to mask their editorials as fact, the actual details of Mengele's life history get conveniently lost and glossed over. True, unadulterated facts on Mengele's reasons, tastes, interests, and deeds become harder and harder to come by. Mengele's postwar life has been misshapen, beyond rationality and sense, into everything from a dejected, lonely exile to a Satanic émigré. From the moneyed neo-Nazi God in Argentina to the sleepless, demon-haunted nights of a poverty-stricken farmhand in Brazil, Mengele's golden years have come to resemble a one-man Greek tragedy.

And yet it is these very editorials—these tall tales and endless streams of good-vs.-evil invectives—that speak Mengele's genius in a voice louder than even the most sycophantic of eulogies. Because underneath all the spotlight-hogging, chronic complaining, and diatribal "lest we forget" rationales, lies the reason that facts have to be confused and details blurred: Josef Mengele died a free, untried man.

Josef Mengele went to his end on his own. And if his last years were spent hiding from and eluding justice, then it seems that he achieved his goal. Dr. Josef Mengele won.

But the Doctor's victory is much more than that. Mengele has made fools of the jews once again. While millions of dollars were being spent in efforts to capture him and constant promises made that he was just-this-close to being caught, the actual fact was that he was dead for quite some time. The man who tortured, executed, experimented on, and destroyed more than just the flesh of "god's chosen people" and other inferiors had died by a simple stroke during a relaxful morning swim. Hardly the vengeful wrath of god or the justified bullet from the end of Serge Klarsfeld's righteous pistol. The genius that stepped on jewish children and eviscerated jewish sloth died a very free man.

LEAVE THE JEWS ALONE AND THEY'LL HANG THEMSELVES. Serge and Beate Klarsfeld were still combing the globe for Mengele when they learned of his death. A death of over seven years ago. "god pulled him by his feet into the water," Serge announced, desperately trying to sidestep the realization of his and his wife's seven years of utter delusion

and complete impotence. They had spent half their lives searching for a "Demon" that quietly ignored them.

Likewise Simon Wiesenthal, who by virtue of his high-ranking place in jewish reverence not only proved to the world how little he knew, but also how astoundingly empty and weak the entire jewish nature and cause are. In a recent interview with PENTHOUSE magazine, Wiesenthal pretended to know all about Mengele and his whereabouts. Instead, he revealed that he knows nothing more than a clawing sense of his own ineffectuality:

"How can we punish somebody for the deaths of four hundred thousand people? The man is now seventy-one, and when he's caught he'll get life, and he will probably serve only five or six years before he dies. This will end up to be a few seconds served per victim."

Prosecutors in Germany and Israel had been compiling document after document in the hopes of eventually charging Mengele. Among these voluminous pages of condemnation and accusation lie these highlights of Mengele's brutality and genius:

- In the summer of 1944, Mengele shot approximately one hundred children in the back of the head for the purpose of dissection.
- He dissected a one-year-old triplet from Munkacs while the baby was still alive under anesthesia.
- At an undefined point of time, Mengele invited a witness and two pairs of female twins, ten and fifteen years old, for a ride in a car around the compound. Before the trip started, he gave candy to the girls. When everyone left the vehicle for a walk to the crematorium, Mengele is then said to have killed the four twins by shooting them in the back of the neck.
- Mengele is accused of throwing the newborn son of a Viennese prisoner alive into a furnace, whereupon the child perished.
- Mengele is supposed to have taken the baby of a Russian inmate by the head and thrown it onto a pile of corpses.
- Mengele is accused of killing a Polish woman from Poznan with a phenol injection. He is said to have injected her because she had just given birth and didn't want to kill the baby as per Mengele's instructions.
- In October, 1943, in the female camp Block 25, Mengele killed a baby with a phenol injection. The witness was holding the child in her arms.
- In May of 1944, Mengele killed a newborn child by injection. At the time, Mengele pronounced, "This is not a place for infants."

- Around October, 1944, Mengele bludgeoned a fourteen-year-old who was crying during the morning court. The kid collapsed lifelessly, and the accused accepted the death with a shrug. The child, however, may not have been dead.
- In numerous cases, Mengele is accused of forcing pregnant women to lie on the ground, on their backs. Then Mengele would kick the women in the stomach with his heavy boots until the fetus discharged.

It is exciting to know that these charges can never be leveled at Mengele. It is also exciting to know that the weaklings that died beneath the spotless boots of Josef Mengele can never be remembered without the realization of his total victory. No gassing death, no flogging, no burnt, charred, or peeled skin, no rape, no corroding disease will ever be recalled without deference to Mengele and his eventful, glorious triumph of the will.

To celebrate Mengele's deeds is to celebrate PURE logic.

Dr. Josef Mengele's experiments afforded him a rare degree of pleasure. Rude questions asked of naked, swollen-headed women. Bony, howling girls lapsing into comas from that last injection. Dwarves. Twins. Donkey girls. Freaks. Human waste cases greeted with bacterial warfare. Radiation. Sex-charged vivisection. Bodies dissected, identities dismembered. Brain sections removed and casually discarded. Science and lust.

WHEN HE PUNISHED, HE LIKED TO SMILE. HE SAID, "THE MORE WE DO TO YOU, THE LESS YOU SEEM TO BELIEVE WE ARE DOING IT."

It is the lifelong scars and pain of Mengele's victims, made deeper by the indelible stain of impotence and submission, that shall forever attest to Mengele's genius.

The man who welcomed the scum, slaves, and walking dead through the gates and ovens of Auschwitz, Dr. Josef Mengele was often overheard to say: "They come here as Jews and leave as smoke up a chimney."

MENGELE WAS AS SMOOTH, AS CIVILIZED, AS ELEGANT AS YOU CAN IMAGINE—GOOD-LOOKING, EVEN....HE SMELLED OF LIFE AND WE SMELLED OF DEATH.

Recently, surviving Auschwitz victims marked the fortieth anniversary of their liberation from the camp by a series of special events and commemorations. Two of these pageants are especially notable, as particular attention was paid to Mengele. The first event was the formation of mostly Jewish cripples, quasi-cripples, would-be cripples, and the more usual

sort of weeping weaklings into a coalition under the stunningly witty moniker of "C.A.N.D.L.E.S." (Children of Auschwitz Nazi's Deadly Lab Experiment Survivors). And this group took a high place of honor in what became the second memorial: a tribunal whose expressed purpose was "to awaken the world's conscience and to see Dr. Mengele captured." The hearings allowed more than twenty twins to gather in Israel to recount and recall their loathsome submission to Nazi will.

Every sentence, every complaint, every description, indeed, every word uttered by these human rejects and harmed pigs dripped thick with self-deprecating hyperbole and proved a forceful and honest tribute to the masters of the Third Reich. Mengele's image never shone brighter; his ideas were never more important or worthy.

It is then in our interest to also celebrate the fortieth anniversary of Auschwitz's liberation. The next issue of PURE will feature a special remembrance of the genius that was Auschwitz—where Rudolph Hess worked side-by-side with Mengele and the lustful Irma Grese; where thousands of scraps of worthless human garbage died fittingly under the boots of Himmler and Eichmann's manifest vision. PURE will also celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the 1935 Nuremberg Rally and the forty-sixth anniversary of Adolf Hitler's brilliant, prophetic speech to the Berlin Reichstag.

LUSTMORID EDMUND KEMPER

(THE CO-ED KILLER)
born 12/18/48

Kemper: "Sometimes sex was committed either during the death or after, but there were no sexual attacks...before unconsciousness was achieved in any of the cases."

Attacks, 1972-1973:

Mary Ann Pesce, eighteen.

Picked up hitchhiking with her friend Anita. Kemper teased both girls at gunpoint after having driven to a secluded area. He handcuffed Mary Ann to a seat belt and brought Anita around to the trunk. Mary Ann tried repeatedly to talk to Kemper, attempting to calm him down and rationalize with him.

When Edmund came back to Mary Ann, having locked Anita inside the trunk, he re-handcuffed her hands behind her back. He then wrapped a plastic bag around her head. Mary Ann started to yell that she couldn't breathe.

Kemper pulled out a section of rope (a tie for a bathrobe) and strung it around her neck. "I had this nifty idea about suffocating her." As he pulled the rope tight, it gave way and snapped in two. At the same time, Mary Ann started to chew into the bag and quickly tore a large hole around her mouth.

Edmund reacted. He thrust out a jackknife, flipped open the blade, and jammed it into her back.

"I poised the blade over her back, trying to decide where her heart was, and struck and hit her in the middle of the back, and it stuck a little bit; and she said something like 'OW!' or 'OH!' and I pulled it back out."

Kemper continued to stab her back. Mary Ann started to struggle—she tried to pull away from her attacker, but she was restrained by the handcuffs. Kemper started to drive the blade into the girl's back even harder.

"I struck in several places in both sides of the back and noticed as I went further down the back, that she was a little louder and more painful in her cries, but none got really loud."

Mary Ann began to twist her body around and so offered Kemper a new area to stab. The knife entered her side first, and then a second thrust brought the blade into her stomach, puncturing her lower intestine. Kemper was amazed that blood did not gush immediately from the wound.

But it started soon enough.

"She was pretty cognizant of what was going on, and it was getting pretty messy there in the back seat. She turned back over on her stomach, and I continued stabbing. I don't know how many times I stabbed her."

The bloody girl had fallen between the front and back seats and again started to cry, this time a little louder and more desperately.

"She was crying out a little louder, and I kept trying to shut her up, covering her mouth up, and she kept pulling away, and one time, she didn't, and, like, it was a cry, and I could have sworn it came out of her back. There were several holes in the lung area and bubbles and things coming out, and the sounds shook me up, and I think I backed off; at that point, she turned her head to the back of the seat and she called her friend's name, her first name. It was slow and it was not loud. That was the last thing that she said."

Blood was dripping and running all over the back seat as it poured out of Pesce's wounds. Kemper reached up to the girl's face and grabbed her chin. He

yanked Mary Ann's head back toward him and dragged the blade across her throat. The knife cut into the flesh at one end and was pulled straight through to the other.

"I made a very definite effort at it, and it was extremely deep on both sides."

Mary Ann died, her throat slashed open. Kemper had liked the way the girl looked—he later mentioned that she was pretty.

Kemper later returned to his apartment with the dead Mary Ann still in his back seat. He wrapped her in a sheet and carried her to his room, where he enjoyed her even more.

He raped her dead and bloody body. He felt and grabbed and groped and poked the corpse. He fucked it. He fucked it in its mouth and cunt. Then he mutilated it. Kemper used a large hunting knife to decapitate Mary Ann. He also took photos.

Edmund tossed Mary Ann's headless, necrophilously raped body down a ravine several days later. Her head followed.

Anita Luchessa, eighteen.

After slaughtering Mary Ann in his back seat, Kemper returned to Anita. She was locked in the trunk and shaking from fear. She had heard everything that went on in the back seat. When Kemper raised the trunk lid, the first thing Anita saw was his blood-covered hands.

"Her lip was really quivering, and she was really scared."

Anita started to mumble and ask questions. Kemper told her that he only broke Mary Ann's nose.

Kemper allowed the girl to climb out of the trunk. As she was stepping out, Edmund reached into the side of the trunk and produced a knife that was even larger than the one he used on Mary Ann.

Anita was half out of the trunk when Edmund stabbed her for the first time. However, the girl was wearing heavy overalls, and the blade failed to penetrate. Anita screamed and threw herself back into the trunk like a scared mouse burrowing back into its hole.

Kemper stabbed again and again. Anita continued to struggle and move deeper into the trunk. She was shrieking, "OH GOD, GOD" as Kemper pushed the knife into her chest.

He decided to go for the throat and again was thwarted.

The large knife cut into his own hand, and he became enraged.

Anita tried to cover her throat with her hands, but Kemper stabbed straight through. He cut into the fingers and deep into her neck.

Kemper next stabbed Anita's breast, aiming for her heart.

"I was thrusting and the knife was going very deep, and it amazed me that she was stabbed three times and she was still going at it. I tried stabbing her in the front again, or towards the throat area, and she was making quite a bit of noise and was trying to fight me off, and I stabbed her in the forearms. One [cut] was so bad you could see both bones, and she saw it, when I hit, I didn't think it really hurt so much, as it was the shock of everything happening so fast. She looked at it, and I could see the expression on her face of shock."

Anita kept on fighting—moving her hands in every direction and yelling and screaming. Kemper tried to stab out her left eye. The knife knocked her glasses off and cut into her face but, again, it failed to penetrate completely.

After yet more stabs and slashes, Anita slowly began to die. Her actions became sluggish; her voice started to gurgle and moan. She ended up fighting the empty air like a slow-motion puppet.

Kemper closed the lid of the trunk and let her bleed to death in delirium.

After arriving at his apartment and subsequently fucking and mutilating Mary Ann, Kemper returned to his car and the rotting corpse of Anita. There, in his garage, while Anita lie dead in his trunk, Edmund decapitated the dead girl. He pulled her head from her body and stuck it into a camera bag that the girl had been carrying. He then brought the head back up to his apartment. He photographed it and stuck his dick in it.

"There was satisfaction gained in the removal of the head. In fact, the first head I ever removed was that of Anita in the trunk of the car with the knife that killed Mary Ann, and I remembered it was very exciting, removing Anita's head. There was actually a sexual thrill. And, in fact, there was almost a climax to it. It was kind of an exalted, triumphant-type thing, like taking the head of a deer or an elk or something would be to a hunter."

Anita's body and head have never been found. Kemper buried them somewhere.

Aiko Koo, fifteen.

The teenager was on her way to a ballet class when she hitched a ride with Edmund.

"After [missing] her off-ramp and making it sound like an accident, I said, 'whoops,' and she said, 'whoops.' I think it was slightly cutting."

Aiko was a little girl, small for her age. She immediately began to cry and beg Edmund not to kill her.

Edmund told her that she was probably going to miss her class.

He pulled out a .357 Magnum and shoved it into the girl's ribs. He told her he only wanted to talk to her.

Kemper drove into the mountains and found an isolated spot near an old wire fence. Aiko was whimpering.

Edmund stretched a strip of medical tape over Aiko's mouth and made her help apply it. The girl was scared but cooperative.

That soon changed, however, when Kemper laid down on her petite body. He stuffed his thumb and index finger into her nostrils in an attempt to suffocate her. Aiko began to squirm underneath his huge (six-foot-nine, two hundred and eighty pounds) weight and even tried to grab his balls. She kicked at the car window and punched at his side. He laid on her, with his fingers up her nose, until he thought she was dead.

He yanked his fingers out of her nose when she finally stopped thrashing beneath him. But as he lifted her eyelids to check how dead she was, Aiko suddenly started to fight again.

Ed stuffed his fingers back into the girl's nose and resumed the suffocation process all over again. He squeezed her little nose completely shut, and Aiko's breathing soon became violent. Her back arched and her lungs heaved; deep gasps emerged from the lower regions of her chest. The gasps came farther apart, and the teenager finally fell unconscious.

Kemper seized the opportunity. He dragged the girl out of the car and threw her to the ground. Then he violently stripped off Aiko's pants and underwear, exposing her teenage cunt and dark brown pubic hair. He reached in his pants, pulled out his hard prick, and rammed it up the dying girl's vagina. Kemper fucked her as she lie unconscious—still breathing but only sporadically.

"And I reached orgasm—I guess it was only fifteen to twenty seconds. It was very quick. At that time I noticed her hair falling over her face and nose. She was still breathing, starting to breathe again. I took the muffler that she had around her neck still and just wrapped it very tight and tied a knot in it and...I even choked her around the throat for a moment, but by that time I was convinced that she was dead. Picked her up by the shoulders, and she wasn't a heavy girl. I think she told me she weighed a hundred and four pounds."

Kemper placed the dead Aiko in his trunk and then drove away.

After numerous stops and delays, Kemper finally brought the dead body up to his apartment.

He tossed the girl on his bed and removed the rest of her clothes. He ran his hands over the small, dead body.

It had already begun to go cold in places. He fucked her again. Orally and vaginally.

He dissected, then mutilated, the corpse. He cut chunks of flesh out of the body and then cooked and ate them. He severed her head and hands and arms and legs.

Kemper threw the limbs and head down a ravine and buried Aiko's torso in back of a friend's house.

Cindy Schall, seventeen.

A hitchhiker in the rain.

"A large girl. She was, I think, five-foot-four inches, maybe a hundred and sixty pounds, straight, medium-long blonde hair, and very large-chested—uh, breasted, I should say."

Kemper teased this one. He drove for quite awhile with Cindy locked in his car. He had made a special latch that couldn't be opened on the passenger's side.

He took turns pointing a gun at her and then quickly putting it away; each time he would reassure her that he wouldn't kill her. She kept begging him not to.

"Several times she asked me not to kill her and it got to the point later on it was very nonchalant...lying through my teeth."

Edmund told her to get into the trunk. She did. She stuck her ass toward the back of the trunk and looked up at Kemper. Kemper pulled out the gun again and fired one shot directly into her face. The bullet entered her forehead and lodged in her brain. She died instantly.

"There was no jerk. Every other case there had always been at least, you know, a jerk, a little reflex. There was absolutely nothing....She followed through with the motion.

"Just like, it amazed me so much because one second she's animated and the next second she's not, and there was absolutely nothing between. Just a noise and absolute, absolute stillness."

He brought Cindy's dead body back to his mother's house (where he'd been staying recently) and carried her up to his bedroom. He put the corpse into his closet and left her there for the night.

The next morning, Kemper dragged the chubby cadaver out of the closet and threw it on his bed. He climbed on top and fucked it. He enjoyed feeling and grabbing the dead bodies he fucked, and he often compared the reality to his fantasies and memories.

He next stuck the naked body into his bathtub and started to dissect her. He peeled off strips of her skin and cut off her head, hands, and feet. Then he severed her arms and legs. He sliced open Cindy's chest and pulled out her rib cage. Blood covered the tub and floor tile.

Kemper even chopped up the already severed limbs.

He wrapped the pieces in plastic bags and threw them off the shore near Santa Cruz. There is a good chance that he consumed some of the flesh before he disposed of it.

He buried Cindy's head in his mother's backyard. He placed the head in the dirt so that it faced his bedroom.

"I talked to it. I said affectionate things...like you would say to a girlfriend or a wife."

Rosalind Thorpe, twenty-three.

Alice Lin, age unavailable.

Kemper picked up Rosalind near her school campus.

They drove awhile, chatting amiably, until Kemper spotted another hitchhiking female, Alice Lin. Kemper stopped and offered the girl a ride. She smiled and climbed into the back seat.

Kemper continued talking with Rosalind while Alice listened quietly in the back. As the trio descended down a peaceful hill, Kemper suddenly pulled out a pistol and fired at Rosalind.

"She had a rather large forehead and I was imagining what her brain looked like inside, and I just wanted to put it right in the middle of that."

Kemper then turned and shot Alice.

He drove down the hill and stopped a ways up. He then put both girls' bodies into his trunk. He continued back home to his mother's house.

Later, after having been home awhile, Kemper returned to his car and removed the bodies from his trunk. He laid each one down in the grass just outside his mother's large front-room picture window, and there, in the dark of night, he cut off the girls' heads.

He put both corpses and the severed heads back into his trunk and went to bed.

The next morning, he carried Rosalind's blood-spattered head up to his room. He carved the bullet out of her forehead. He didn't touch her body again until he disposed of it by tossing it off a cliff.

After he shot Rosalind, Kemper turned and fired at Alice. He fired three times. The first bullet went through her hands and buried into the car seat. Alice tried to scrunch herself into a ball in the corner of the car. She started to cry. The second shot grazed her head and then ricocheted out of the back seat. The third and final shot hit her straight in the temple.

There was an incredible amount of blood pouring from both girls' wounds. Alice fell unconscious and started to moan and sigh uncontrollably. A long, raspy death rattle.

"Yeah, it was a sigh, a very strange sigh. It would start out very sharp, almost like a snuffle, and then it would taper off and become a little bit more like a masculine sigh than from a fine girl, a petite-type girl like she was. It wasn't low or anything, but it was very disconcerting and it was constant."

Kemper chopped off Alice's head at the same time as Rosalind's. But Kemper liked Alice more—and he enjoyed her more.

"It surprised me, her being an Oriental, that she was built like she was. Nothing fantastic, I mean, but you know, very nice build. Anyway, she had long, black hair, rather coarse, and very square sort of a face, very wide, high cheekbones."

The morning after the decapitations, Kemper carried Alice's headless body into his bathroom. He stripped off her clothes and then cleaned and rinsed her body of all the blood. He then fucked it on the floor. After he came, Kemper cleaned the corpse once again. This time he paid special attention to getting his sperm out of her Oriental snatch.

Before he threw her body and head off the cliff with Rosalind, Kemper cut off her hands.

Clarnell Strandberg (Kemper's mother).

"What's good for my victims was good for my mother."

Edmund entered his mother's bedroom carrying a claw hammer and a pocket knife. His mother, a little drunk, was sitting up in bed and reading a paperback. "Oh, I suppose you want to stay up all night and talk now" were her last words to her son.

Kemper left the room and waited for her to fall asleep.

Later on, Kemper went back to his mother's room and stared at her. She was sleeping. He hit her just above the temple on the right side of her head with the hammer. It was a cruel, vicious blow, aimed with hate and power.

"Immediately after striking that blow I looked for a reaction, and there really wasn't one. Blood started running down her face from the wound, and she was still breathing. And I heard blood running into her; I guess it was her windpipe. It was obvious I had done severe damage to her, because in other cases where I had shot people in the head I heard the same—or it had the same effect—blood running into the breathing passages. And all this happened in a few seconds."

He turned his mother over on her back, grabbed her chin and held her head up and then slashed her throat. He stabbed the blade further into the woman's neck and started to cut straight through. He decapitated her. Blood spilled all over the carpet

and bed and splashed the ceiling and walls.

He threw his dead mother's head around the room. Then he stuck it on top of the mantelpiece. Blood from the head slopped all over. Kemper screamed and yelled at the head.

He grabbed a handful of darts and started to throw them, one by one, into the dead face and head.

He took out his pocket knife and carved out the woman's larynx. This he pushed down the garbage disposal. Then he went back to the body and cut off the left hand.

He hid the whole bloody mess in the woman's own closet and set about cleaning the rooms.

Sally Hallett.

Edmund decided that he wanted to kill one of his mother's friends. So he invited Mrs. Hallett over for a visit.

Edmund told her that his mother wanted to see her and would be home later.

Edmund was cordial to the woman at first. Then he started to punch her. She stumbled away and Edmund grabbed her. He threw her into a choke hold and began to strangle her. Edmund picked her up off the floor as he choked her, and she dangled in front of him as she struggled for air.

"I didn't really think that I had cut her wind off so completely that not even a little squeak or any gasp or anything had come out.

"So I pulled her back farther and looked down into her face, and her eyes were bulging badly. Her face was turning black at that point, and this was moments after I grabbed her. Her face was turning from a bright red to a black, and I realized I was actually cutting her wind off completely. Later on I realized I had crushed her larynx or at least dislocated it to where she couldn't breathe."

He noticed that Mrs. Hallett's chest was still heaving, but not regularly, and so he let her down. As the woman dropped to the floor, Edmund grabbed a nearby plastic bag.

He pulled it over her head and tied a cord around the bag at her neck. He stood up, placed one foot on Mrs. Hallett's head, yanked the cord up with his hands, and pulled tight.

He pulled against the woman's neck while his foot pushed her head into the floor. The bag soon tore.

Kemper ran and got Aiko's muffler (the one he killed her with) and wrapped it around the woman's throat. He yanked it tightly, finally succeeding in convincing himself that she was dead. The first choke hold had done the trick, but Edmund hadn't been sure.

"I came up behind her and crooked my arm around her neck, like this. I squeezed and just lifted her off the

floor. She just lay there, and for a moment, I didn't realize she was dead....I had broken her neck and her head was just wobbling around with the bones of her neck disconnected in the skin sac of her neck."

He carried Sally to his mother's bed and removed all her clothes. He mounted the dead body, undid his pants, and stuffed his cock into her corpse. He fucked her, got up, and left.

"The only time I actually noticed an ejaculation was as I was killing Mrs. Hallett on Saturday night. As she was dying, it was a great physical effort on my part, very restraining, very difficult....I went into a full, complete spasm....I just completely put myself out on it, and as she died, I felt myself reaching orgasm. In the other cases, the physical effort was less."

WHORE DEATH

Prostitutes can't help but provide a good time. In fact, most times, just a casual glance at the loathsome street pigs can be more than enough to provide us with a simple, exciting chill of reality or, at the very least, a warm laugh.

All females are either old whores or old maids. And the garish, used slugs that stand on garbage-strewn street corners and dogshit-stinking alleys—the slimy, smelly cunts that suck cock, lick balls, and spit cum into McDonald's napkins for fifteen to twenty dollars a crack—are as honest and as desperate and as disgusting as only females can be.

Thick-browed, stretch-marked, flabby niggers. Creasy, pockmarked, blank-faced whites. Yellow-eyed spics with stunted fat tits and hairy brown puckered nipples—all eloquent examples of the instinctual weakness that is female. Rejects; stupid and pathetic from years of loss and abuse; passive cunts whose every movement, every come-on and ugly, nauseating flash of sick skin is a glorious monument to their defeat under life's crushing thumb.

Every thought that seeps through their twisted, confused, feeble minds and every word that slithers out of their diseased, cocksucking mouths is a veritable lecture in failure. "C'mon honey, don't you want to suck and fuck and have some fun?"

Fucked-out cunts just begging for it.

And, perhaps, no one knows the sublime pleasures offered by whores better than Washington's powerful

and mysterious "Green River Killer." Named after an area in south King County where investigators first found the remains of some of his victims, this elusive and lustful murderer is suspected of well over sixty-one prostitute deaths.

Press and police have kept a running score sheet—a flattering testament of brilliance for this magnificent man. The sheet boasts two figures—one for the missing, suspected victims and one for the confirmed dead. At last check the total for the presumed dead was eleven, the definitely dead thirty-two. However, an unofficial police-desk tally sheet has also been made public, and it lists sixty-one victims both missing and murdered.

Top investigators have been quoted countless times saying that they're sure all the lists are wrong and that there are many, many more victims—easily in the hundreds.

The killer is an obvious genius. He never ceases to amaze. When some worthless cunt is scratched off the missing list and added to the dead list, only to be replaced on the missing list by some other slug that didn't show up at her halfway house—your respect and appreciative awe for this passionate, studied individual just can't help but build.

And the killer is cunning. He's changed his M.O.s numerous times. At first, police found his victims' bodies (their skeletons actually, as they have always been well behind in tracking his trail) in clusters. Two or three, even five and six skeletons at a time, hidden in isolated areas near the Green River and secluded rural roads close to the Seattle-Tacoma airport. Animals had often ravaged the prostitutes' remains—chewed and gnawed bones have been found mixed in with different skeletons, hidden far away, even buried.

Then a layoff. Police found no new bodies or recent burial sites and began to assume that the killer had stopped. The only bodies that were found were old, most from 1983. The press began to speculate that the killer was dead.

But then new twists came to light. The killer's thirtieth and thirty-first victims were found in Tigard, Oregon. This meant that the killer had either picked the cunts up in Seattle and simply dumped their used, dead bodies in a hiding place, or that he decided to look elsewhere for his whore meat. It also meant that the investigators had to greatly widen their scope.

These two victims, found on June 12, 1985, had been on the missing list since October, 1982. And in further compliment, the trollops' remains were found just twelve miles from an area where Oregon police had earlier found the bones of two as-yet-unidentified women. And to top it off, area police are currently

investigating another eleven recent whore murders and disappearances.

But it is the latest news that is cause for celebration.

On September 9, 1985, Washington investigators found the killer's thirty-second confirmed victim: a sixteen-year-old slut named Mary West, last seen on February 6, 1984. This proves that this preternatural being is still very much active...and that the investigation is still almost two years behind him! Cunt #32 is also the first body to be found directly in Seattle. Her rotten corpse was hidden in a clump of trees in a public park.

So far, a task force made up of more than forty-five men and spending an approximate \$2.4 million a year has been completely unable to stop the killer's lust. The force, running for three years now and featuring luminaries from the Ted Bundy investigation as well as psychics, computers, and lately, out-of-retirement case-breaking sleuths, has been proven impotent. They've checked over ten thousand tip sheets and gathered over a hundred thousand pages of records, and the filthy cunt-corpses still continue to mount. All the force can do is wait. Wait for another body, another skeleton, and even then...still nothing.

The task force and local media have carefully guarded the finer details of the murders in an effort to quell copycat killers and curb false confessions. Henry Lee Lucas, of course, has already confessed to many of the Green River murders, even though he was nowhere near any of the areas at the right times.

The only murder facts that are known are: Many of the whores were beaten BEFORE they died—evidenced by bruises and cuts on the bones and decomposed remains. They died by strangulation, and it has been reported that at least the first victims were manually strangled. Most of the sluts were raped.

The killer's first victim was pulled from the river covered in a mass of dark black bruises and deep cuts.

The killer's got good taste. Only ten of the Washington victims killed so far had actual prostitution records, but nearly all had known contacts with whorish areas, or at least, more-than-easy reputations. Most of the girls frequented an area known as "The Strip," a sleazy meat market of prostitutes, topless bars, massage parlors, and cheap motels. Most of the whores were known as "car hops," which means that they offer a quick cock-suck in the john's car.

Some unfortunate girls seem to have been luckless hitchhikers.

The killer seems rather easy to please. In the past he has nailed whites, blacks, Asians, and other ethnic mistakes. And although he seems to prefer whore meat in its teens, he has been known to sample older and riper fare.

Many of Seattle's sluts, in an effort to escape the killer's omnipotent grasp, moved downtown to practice their trade. But it was a fruitless and desperate move, because given the killer's quick mind and relentless drive, he simply moved as well. Now, more than a few of the downtown whores have turned up dead or missing.

Police sketches are released to the public at regular intervals and each greatly contradicts the one previous.

The latest description is that of a twenty-seven to thirty-year-old white man with greasy, dark hair, six feet tall and a slender one hundred and sixty pounds. He is said to drive a dark-colored 70s Ford pickup. The task force says that they currently have eleven prime suspects and twenty-one suspected vehicles, but no direct evidence.

They are also looking into the possibility of two murderers working together (à la Ken Bianchi and Angelo Buono).

Some very entertaining facts have surfaced regarding the killer's prey, the most prominent being the tremendous multitudes of female failure and easy killer bait that exist. The voluminous details about these sick cunt-for-sale's lives read like torture records:

Joanne Hovland, a sixteen-year-old whore, was last seen at a youth center for prostitutes before her decomposed body turned up in some woods near an old logging road.

Seventeen-year-old cunt Sandra Gabbert was last seen by her mother when she told mom she was going out "to make some money." Sandra's mother said that she knew her daughter was a prostitute. Sandra dropped out of school so she could move in with a sixteen-year-old boy. The loving couple were soon indigent, and Sandra was forced to suck Seattle sperm in cars for a dirt-level living.

"They were out on the street alone and with no money," Sandra's mother said. "There were a lot of girls out there doing it. She tried it, and it worked. It was a way to get a motel room and eat and stay together." Still, the woman worried about her daughter: "But there was no way I could stop her from doing what she wanted to do."

Terri Rene Milligan was a sixteen-year-old whore. Her mother remembers: "Terri was a bright, intelligent child who loved to read. Even when she was missing, I could imagine her somewhere reading." Terri's mother contends that the young girl ended up as an open teen cunt because "she got in with the wrong peers."

Becky Marrero was a twenty-year-old Mexican sleaze whore who even whelped a former john's child.

The child was three years old when Becky disappeared. Becky left the baby with her mother when she went out whoring. She has not been found.

April Dawn Buttram was a seventeen-year-old cocksucker. This teenage pig had a prostitution record long before her disappearance. Her fat, naked, dead slut's body has not been found yet.

Nigger whore Martina Theresa Authorlee was nineteen when the killer gave Martina her last fuck. She was missing since May, 1983, and found in November, 1984. Her mother was unhappy with the news of her daughter's disgusting life: "Knowing what happened to her doesn't bring relief...It's not over. It will never be over. It will never be over until they catch whoever did this. It will never be over because of the thought that she was murdered. If it had been natural....It will never be over because I will always think of how anybody can be so cruel. Thinking of how anybody can think they can take somebody's life is the hardest part."

Martina's typically black and stupid parents insist that they didn't know that their daughter was fucking and sucking cock for a living. They say they were told by the police only when they first reported their daughter as missing. The last time Martina was seen alive was when she was released from a Seattle jail for prostitution. Her parents finally reported her missing because, Mrs. Authorlee said, "Anytime Martina did not get in touch with me, there was something wrong. When she never sent her daddy a Father's Day and birthday card. When Christmas passed without hearing from her, I just knew something was wrong."

The Authorlees remember their daughter as loving sports and athletics. "And don't leave out swimming," they beam.

They also remember her as depressed and lackadaisical. The last time the nigger street whore visited her mother, they had a grand old time. "She stayed a couple of days. We went and had lunch. I gave her some money. I asked her whether she needed any more and she said, 'No, I'm working.'"

And the murders keep happening. In April, 1984, the captain of the task force, Frank Adamson, said, "I'm not optimistic that there won't be any more (killings) if we don't catch him sometime soon. I feel that whoever it is will continue to kill until he's caught." The force now assumes that the killer is active; they can only guess that he hides his corpses more carefully. They can figure on picking up the bones of yet another worthless female joke. They're always a few steps behind the genius.

At one time, the task force was planning to move to Tampa, Florida, where a string of similar strangling

murders were occurring. However, soon after that news came the news that Robert Long, a Tampa resident and unemployed machinist, was responsible for the area crimes.

Long has since been charged with the murders of nine Tampa whores and presently awaits trial. He has already been sentenced to death for one cunt's murder and will be tried for each of the eight other whores separately.

Long was a skillful and brutal killer, and we can only hope that when the complete details of the Green River murders become known, they will be equal in terms of violent personal satisfaction and lustfulness.

Robert Long enjoyed what Florida police believe to have been a six-month feast of female whoreflesh. He preyed on Tampa prostitutes and go-go girls and selected mostly white ones. Investigators have intimated that there may very well be more bodies than just the nine they know about.

Long enjoyed choking the sluts. He tied most of them up, fucked them, beat them, and then destroyed them. Some were stabbed and butchered, some shot. Most of the dead trollops were found naked or partially clothed, and often their clothes were found heaped in a pile nearby their corpse:

Ngeum Thi Long—nineteen, strangled.

Michelle Denise Simms—twenty-seven, tied up and stabbed to death.

Chanel Devon Williams—eighteen, stripped and shot.

Karen Beth Dinsfried—twenty-eight, found asphyxiated, bound, and partly nude.

Keep reading for more glorious slattern torture with some of the greatest cunt-stranglers ever—BIANCHI and BUONO!!!



Of course, whenever we consider whore death—and especially whore strangulation, we cannot help but think of Ken Bianchi and Angelo Buono.

Ken Bianchi loves life. His respect and affection for it are clearly evident in all his carefully planned and expertly executed murders. And it is this tremendous love of life, and his masterful lust and control of it, that fill his willful deeds with unmistakable genius.

Ken considered all the angles when contemplating his crimes. He was fully aware of what he always wanted to do and thus was able to channel his every waking moment, action, and thought toward that lustful end. He succeeded in murdering at least seventeen females before he was stopped, and that figure is most probably far short of the true body count.

This young man from Rochester, NY, was able to satisfy himself over seventeen times with female flesh-abuse before he was thirty. And even when he was stopped, even when he was forced to cease his physical pleasures, his genius allowed him a most rare and brilliant bargaining position that enabled him, finally, to live his life relatively untouched and unscarred.

Bianchi, after capture by the police in Bellingham, Washington, started to spew forth a carefully constructed ruse based on psychosomatic disorders and schizophrenic personalities. He concocted a scheme that attempted to diminish his personal responsibility by laying the blame on his alter ego/split personality "Steve Walker." The case that surrounded Ken/Steve—and later, "Billy" (a younger, more innocent version of Ken, who hated the evil and murderous "Steve")—is still a much-celebrated and hotly argued section of law banter. While pretending to be hypnotized, Ken claimed that Steve committed the murders out of hatred for Ken's mother and other abusive women. Ken drew on his studies of psychology books and was eminently successful in creating a realistic phantasm that doctors and lawyers fell for immediately. It was through the vicious, swearing, and hateful guise of Steve Walker that Ken admitted to the "Hillside Strangler" crimes in Los Angeles as well as the murder of two coeds in Bellingham, Washington.

Ken knew he had a history that could support his claims of psychosis. He was a chronic bedwetter (most probably a genetic problem rather than a psychological one) and had an extremely dominant mother that dragged him to a doctor for what seemed like every week for years. Thus, his childhood looked like a series of traumas and abuses that could only help to produce other personalities. The more Ken confessed and the more doctors and lawyers dug into his past, the more Ken looked like a true maniac.

But finally, and due in very large part to some expert detective work, Ken was discovered as the careful manipulator he truly is. Police unearthed file after file of falsified psychology diplomas, degrees, affidavits, and facts (even the real Steve Walker was located—a psychology student who was tricked into providing Ken with phony grade transcripts and a diploma) that proved to judge, jury, and public that Ken Bianchi was faking mental disorder and was instead a very, very clever man.

However, the last laugh was not to be justice's. During his confessions, Ken opened up that his cousin, Angelo Buono, had helped in nearly all the murders. Police were desperate to nail Buono but had little real evidence to tie him to any of the stranglings.

Buono was already being prosecuted for an extortion/prostitution ring that he ran with Ken, but the police wanted him to pay big-time for the murders. Ken offered, in exchange for a repeal of the death sentence, to testify against Angelo in court. The law quickly accepted and then, because of a law that forbids the exchange of one death sentence for another, Angelo was also allowed to escape the chair. Even further, Bianchi had the last laugh—he proved to be an irritable and completely unreliable witness when he finally hit the stand against Buono. He vacillated between stories, denied previous statements, bragged, claimed memory loss, and generally threw the case against his cousin straight out the window.

When the dust finally cleared, Ken Bianchi and Angelo Buono had created California's longest-ever murder trial and were sentenced to life imprisonment for only five murders each. Bianchi was additionally sentenced for the two Washington murders. Police, however, closed the books on seventeen murders.

They didn't have enough evidence, so clean and thorough were the whore killings, to convict both men on all the crimes.

As far as can be discerned, Ken Bianchi's baptism into murder occurred on November 16, 1971, when he still lived in Rochester. Carmen Colon, a ten-year-old, near-retarded Puerto Rican girl, was raped, strangled, and brutally beaten on that day. Ken was never charged with the crime, but in retrospect, all the details and coincidences seem to conclusively point to his unique brand of fun. The car he was driving at the time was the exact make, model, and color of the one spotted at the area of the crime, and the M.O. is certainly his. The little girl was viciously beaten before her death, and her skull was fractured.

A year-and-a-half later, a similar crime occurred. This time an eleven-year-old girl, Wanda Walkowicz, was murdered. Her dead body was found, fully clothed, on a hillside just outside of Rochester. She, too, had been raped and strangled.

Finally, almost two years after the death-fuck of li'l retard Carmen, Ken apparently struck again. Michelle Maenza's dead body was found, also fully clothed, on November 26, 1973. Michelle was a fat fifth-grader who was almost universally hated at her school. Ken probably did her a favor as he fucked her virgin cunt then snuffed out her little loathsome life.

These three killings came to be known as the "Alphabet Murders" because of the odd similarity in the victims' initials—C.C., W.W., and M.M. Rochester law officials decided to officially close the books on these killings after Ken's imprisonment, even though he can never be tried for them.

Once again, the murder scenes were too clean and almost entirely devoid of usable, damnable evidence.

In 1975, when Ken was twenty-six, he decided to move to Los Angeles. There he was able to participate in many of his fave personal enjoyments and did so in the unique company of his forty-year-old cousin, Angelo Buono. Angelo already liked young girls—teen fucks and sadistic sex were favorite pastimes, and it took Ken no time at all to convince Angelo of what he was really missing.

Ken (as "Steve"): "I don't know, man. You know, he just, ah, he was just an easy guy to get with the program, you know? I gave him the idea and he went with it all the way, you know. He's my kind of person."

Then later, simply as Ken: "In regards to the killings, there was never any socializing. It was just go over and let's go out tonight and try to pick somebody up and he'd say, 'OK,' and he'd go get his stuff and change his shirt and out we'd go."

Ken had earlier been helping Angelo run a prostitution/extortion ring. Angelo and Ken hired teenage whores (some as young as fourteen) and sold their favors to high-ranking businessmen and former city officials. Later they would blackmail the customers and make out doubly. Angelo ran the business and Ken ran the girls.

Ken often let his sadistic streak show while beating the girls. During one particular time of note, Ken is said to have used a knotted, wet towel—so as not to leave any dark bruises that might offend customers—to thrash a teenager that stepped out of line.

The outfit had to fold after a blackmailed lawyer hired a motorcycle gang to reap revenge on Ken and Angelo. Tiny Boyles, the four-hundred-and-forty-pound, six-foot-tall leader of the gang, remembers Ken:

"Bianchi's a sniveling poo-butt. But he was what you call the Doc...the...what we call the perverted Doc. His job was, if the girls were scared of snakes, he put snakes on 'em. He done that to make sure they brought the money home, he worked on their morbid fears. And he run behind his security door when he already knew who we were, what we were, and hid behind his door, holding the security door, sniveling: 'Please don't hurt me, please don't hurt me.' Well, we knew they were into something heavy, but we didn't know what. But if I'd a known he was killing those little, young girls—one of those girls was—what—thirteen to fourteen years old? If I'd a known it—I got four daughters of my own—I'd a snapped their neck like a twig and not had no remorse for it."

Ken always knew what females were for. First, he used them for mean sex and money; always under his thumb. Secondly, he used them for rape-murder.

He understood when to act and when to cool down, what he could get away with and what he couldn't. He enjoyed a brief respite of torturing and controlling teenage flesh and then decided to move on to the ultimate orgasm. His drive was insatiable—he had always been a frequent masturbator and action fan. He joined the Sheriff's Reserve and learned the ins and outs of law enforcement. He quickly adapted his knowledge to fit his more eloquent plans. He "arrested" prostitutes:

"I killed the first broad....Some black broad. I don't remember her name. Fuckin' names aren't important....She was a hooker. Angelo went and picked her up. I was waiting on the street. He drove her around to where I was. I got in the car. We got on the freeway. I fucked her and killed her. We dumped her body off, and that was it. Nothin' to it."

Ken owned a fake policeman's badge, and he and Angelo developed a smooth technique for coming off as plainclothes cops. They easily convinced most of their victims with authoritative airs, law terminology, tough street sense, and, of course, the badge.

Yolanda Washington, a black hooker with a small nigger son, died on October 17, 1977. She was offering quick suck-offs in cars for twenty-five dollars. Ken and Angelo arrested her for prostitution and, like a lamb to the slaughter, the ugly cocksucker climbed into their car. Angelo drove.

Ken fucked her sick, black-afro'd, shit-brown-skinned cunt, right there, in the back seat. He spilled his cum into her whore's hole—it was the last she'd ever receive.

Angelo drove onto a nearby freeway while Ken started to pull off the nigger's blouse. He tugged at her exposed tits. His cock was full of her whorish nigger stink. He wrapped the blouse around his fists, pulled it tight, and wrung it around the cunt's neck. He pulled it tighter.

Yolanda Washington, black scum slut, died, naked and pathetic, in the back seat of Angelo's car after tasting Ken Bianchi's thick cum. Ken was satisfied.

Angelo drove the car to a hillside near Forest Lawn Cemetery and stopped. They tossed the coon corpse out of the back seat and watched her roll down the incline. It landed face-up, midway down the hill—the sleazy-colored skin tore and cut on the way down and left the corpse a mass of welts, scrapes, and blood marks. The dead body rested among garbage, dirt, and ground. So much garbage, so much dirt, so much shit—nigger dirt, female shit.

Yolanda was the only street pig that Bianchi and Buono nailed in their car. The rest were taken to Angelo's house.

Judith Ann Miller died on October 31, 1977. She was

only fifteen. Angelo killed her.

"He did a nice job doing it, too," Ken remembered later, still pretending to be Steve.

Ken arrested little Judy and handcuffed her. The "charge" was prostitution. Ken sat in the back with the intimidated cunt while Angelo drove home.

Inside, Judy was immediately gagged. A thick strip of adhesive tape was stretched over her mouth as she was told to undress. Ken and Angelo sat back and watched. Judy was shaking. The fifteen-year-old slut understood she wasn't performing for money or fun this time.

Angelo fucked her first. In the cunt, on the floor of a spare bedroom in Angelo's house. He removed the gag and forced his cunt-smelling cock into the whore's mouth. He told her to suck it. Judy had tasted a lot of dick in her fifteen years; she had swallowed more than her fair share of cum. And this was to be her last. In and out of her wet, slippery mouth with her tongue sloshing against the hard, red head of Angelo's hard-on. He rammed his meat down her throat and stuffed his fat, hairy balls into her fuck-face. Pushed his hot cock in and out of her mouth as she choked and gasped. Only Angelo's pleasure mattered here.

And he soaked her worthless throat in smelly sperm. His quaking boner spit its sex-shit straight down her neck.

Judy ate the cum as Angelo wrenched himself out of the teenager's mouth. Angelo next fucked her up her young ass.

Then it was time for Ken.

Ken slammed his dick into her cunt. Judy was going to die after this—it was her last fuck. The last dick that would ever enter her disgusting female gutter hole. Ken came inside her. Judy didn't move underneath Ken's pounding—she was used to being bored while strangers banged her cunt, but this time it wasn't boredom that held her still.

It was fear. And pain.

"I don't remember any struggling—passive, it seems like; not real cooperation, but just lying there."

During the course of Ken's sheriff training he had the opportunity to view pictures of prisoners waiting to die in the electric chair. He compared the look in the prisoners' eyes to the look in Judy's:

"She saw that—what was coming—and when I saw the sketches of this guy and his eyes were like this big, because he knew it was going to be the end...it—it happened, you know, it looked almost identical to her and that—I saw that and that clicked something in my head, and it just really—left a really bad—effect on me on top of everything else."

Ken and Angelo tied Judith's hands and legs with a white rope. They stuck the gag back around her face.

The handcuffs were put back on and sliced into her wrists. She struggled against the ties and forced the rope to burn into her skin. Adhesive glue would still be on her face when she was found dead.

Angelo strangled her with the cords.

Lissa Teresa Kastin was what was known as a "good girl."

Which is to say that when Ken Bianchi and Angelo Buono raped and murdered her, she wasn't fucking and sucking men on the street for money. So, in the public eye, Lissa Teresa Kastin was a good girl. She was really a waitress who stopped go-go dancing because she got too fat. And horny men don't like flabby tits and saggy asses on go-go dancers, just like they don't like them on whores, so Lisa quickly became a good girl and started to fulfill her promising destiny as a food server and table wiper.

On November 6, 1977, Angelo and Ken stopped Lissa on the street. They questioned her regarding a burglary which was supposed to have just happened nearby. They decided to arrest her.

Lissa Teresa, the good girl, was taken back to Angelo's house, handcuffed, and force-fucked like a bad girl. Ken fucked her. Angelo thought she was a dog—she hadn't shaved her legs in a long while, so he decided to just watch his cousin. Angelo strangled her slowly, however, by tying and retying the cord around Lissa's neck. She was allowed to catch her breath again and again, only to have it cut off again and again.

Jill Barcomb's corpse was found only four days after Lissa's murder. Jill was an eighteen-year-old street whore. She had been fucked and strangled just like the other meat. However, Ken and Angelo were never charged with Jill's death because of the lack of evidence. Ken never confessed to killing this slut, and it is widely speculated that Ken fucked and killed her all on his own.

It is again possible that Ken acted alone in the murder of the next victim, Kathleen Robinson. She was another harlot that was picked from the street, cunt-slammed, and then destroyed. Kathleen was strangled with a cord. Her body was dumped on a hillside and left partially clothed.

On November 20, 1977, Los Angeles police found the naked corpse of Kristine Weckler. Ken and Angelo had tortured the girl, a twenty-year-old art student, to death.

Ken was familiar to Kristine because they lived in the same apartment building for a while. They were only passing acquaintances but nevertheless friendly.

On the day of her death, Ken met Kristine in front of her apartment and told her that someone had smashed into her car, which was parked outside the

building. Ken explained that he was in the Sheriff's Reserve and offered to write up an accident report for her. He suggested that they go out to his car. Angelo, of course, was outside waiting for her.

Ken was questioned extensively about this crime because of the variation in style, procedure, and taste. And Ken was understandably reticent at giving explicit details—as he was arguing for insanity, he play-acted guilt and horror and attempted to mask his pleasure during the recap. He paused at the exciting bits—effectively building the intensity but yet arguing in his defense. Pure brilliance.

Interviewer: OK, AND SO YOU PICKED HER UP BUT ANGELO WAS WITH YOU?

Ken: "Yes, he was waiting in the car."

DID SHE—WHEN SHE SAW HIM, DID SHE—WHAT DID SHE SAY?

"...When she got in the car, we immediately went over to Angelo's house and...she went in and when she got in...I grabbed one arm and Angelo grabbed the other and we escorted her to the chair and told her to keep her mouth shut and she was gagged and blindfolded."

HAD SHE BEEN...HANDCUFFED IN THE CAR?

"No, she wasn't handcuffed at all—until she got to Angelo's....They said that they didn't make any sense at the time, so I thought I'd really think about it. They found needle marks on her. That was—there was a variation. What happened was Angelo had an idea to kill her other than strangling. So what he did was, he came out of nowhere with a needle—a syringe. He—"

WHAT WAS IN IT?

"He—I—I think he mentioned...his mother was in the hospital at the time and I think he may have robbed it from—stolen it from the hospital. And I'm not even really sure what he filled it with....I could just see fluid in it and—"

DIDN'T WORK?

"No."

WELL, THAT EXPLAINS THE NEEDLE MARKS.

"And also, I think it was her—I'm not sure—exactly sure who—I think it was her that—that she really didn't die of strangulation. She didn't die—die of—of manual strangulation. She died of gas asphyxiation."

HOW? HOW SO? HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

"Oh god, do I have to? She—she was brought out to the kitchen and put on the floor and her head was covered with a bag and the—the pipe from the newly installed stove, which wasn't fully installed yet, was disconnected, put into the bag and then turned on. Ah—there may have been marks on her neck, because there was a cord put around her neck with a bag and tied to make a more complete sealing."

I WONDER, HOW LONG DID THAT TAKE THEN, I

MEAN MAYBE—

"I don't—"

—HOURS?

"Quite awhile, probably—probably about an hour, hour-and-a-half."

One of the most eloquent, most ingenious, most enjoyable tortures ever! Angelo filled the syringe with Windex and jammed the needle into Kristine's neck and arms. This, of course, after both men fucked her cunt AND asshole in quick, relentless succession. The glass-cleaning solution streamed through Kristine's veins and caused her to fall to the floor in violent convulsions. Ken and Angelo watched the girl writhe and flip-flop in incredible pain. Then, as her body threw itself uncontrollably around the floor, Kristine was affixed to the stovepipe. Angelo manned the cord around the wretched female's neck and, once again, alternately tightened and untightened his pull.

Kristine could only gasp desperately when Angelo would loosen the cord and then, she could only swallow thick gulps of gas. Her body became a sick mess of raped pain, contaminated blood amid burning, perverted air. To top it off, Kristine's corpse was found covered with bruises—especially on her breasts. Genius, absolute genius.

On the same day that Kristine's body was found, LA police also found two more corpses—littler corpses. The naked, raped, and strangled bodies of fourteen-year-old Sonja Johnson and twelve-year-old Dollie Cepeda were dumped behind a trash pile.

Dollie and Sonja were shoplifting cheap jewelry at a nearby mall when Ken and Angelo, acting as police officers, arrested them for being out so late. They told the girls that they would only take them home and instructed them to get into the car.

At Angelo's house, both little girls were fucked for the first and last time—twice. Ken and Angelo stuck their big dicks into each girl's tight snatch and switched partners as soon as they shot their respective loads. After the encounters, Angelo and Ken switched partners once again and then stuffed their hard cocks up the girls' virgin buttoholes. It's a glorious notion that the last thing the children will ever know is rape—the last thing they ever feel is hot male cum being jettisoned deep into their bloodied, brutalized assholes. Each man enjoyed both of the nubile.

Ken, no doubt, enjoyed the little girls' flesh, pain, and fright even more than Angelo did. Certainly, it brought back fresh memories from his Rochester days—the times he spent screwing, beating, and murdering three other young girls. Sonja was the first to die, strangled with a cord around her neck and a bag over her head.

"When she was dead, her body was put aside. And

the other girl was brought in blindfolded asking for her girlfriend. And she was told that she would be seeing her girlfriend pretty soon."

Jane King's dead body was found on November 23, 1977.

She had been trying to get work as an actress and worked regularly as a model. She looked much younger than her twenty-eight years, and she used to shave her pussy.

Ken and Angelo used the police ruse on her, but, as she was not a street whore, they only suggested that they give her a ride home. Jane agreed and felt confident that she was safe until Angelo decided that he had to stop home first.

"I can remember what happened after that was, Angelo said something about, excuse me, he had to get home....And home was over at Angelo's. When we got to Angelo's...naturally she was sitting in the middle of the two of us...and...I grabbed one arm and Angelo grabbed the other and she was handcuffed and told not to say a word, and she was escorted out of the car and into the house."

Jane was fucked in her bald cunt by both men, one immediately after the other. Ken went first and wanted more after Angelo was finished. As soon as Angelo pulled his prick out of Jane's vagina and shot his wad, he quickly set about hog-tying her. Her wrists and ankles were tied tightly together as Ken's cock grew hard and rigid once more. Ken worked his cock up into the girl's tight bottom and started to pump. In and out his cum-slick cock pounded into Jane's abused flesh. And as Ken fucked her, Angelo wrapped the cord around Jane's throat. He started to pull the cord tightly. Jane's air was cut off completely as Ken kept on ramming his dick up into her body. Angelo pulled tighter and Ken fucked harder. Jane was helpless under Angelo's will and Ken's cock. Angelo loosened his pull on the cord and allowed the girl to breathe. Ken still slammed his meat inside her. Then Angelo tightened the cord again, then loosened it, then tightened it, again and again and again. Ken finally came after Jane King was dead. He fucked her corpse and spilled his sperm inside her twenty-eight-year-old dead shaved pussy. The pair later dumped Jane into some bushes.

Lauren Wagner was next. She was almost in front of her parents' house when Angelo and Ken pulled her car over for questioning. Ken and Angelo had to drag the woman off of the street and throw her into their car. She didn't believe the cop story.

Back at Angelo's house, Lauren proved to be wonderful entertainment. She begged the men not to kill or hurt her and told them that she would enjoy having sex with them.

She even pretended to like it when Angelo forced his dick into her mouth and Ken fucked her ass. She moved along with the men's pumping and moaned and writhed appropriately.

But Lauren wasn't going to get off that easy. Angelo went to his garage and got an old electrical cord that had its insulation pared away at the end. By plugging the cord into the wall socket and placing the other end into Lauren's hand, the men caused violent electric shocks to jolt through the girl's worthless body. Angelo and Ken took turns plugging, unplugging, and replugging. They watched as Lauren shook and jumped and spit up. After they were through torturing her, they strangled her with a tight cord around her neck.

Ken and Angelo changed their pattern once again and allowed themselves the excitement of new game. On December 13, 1977, Ken made a phone call to a nude modeling agency.

He requested a "pretty blonde model wearing black stockings and a dress" for a quick photo session. He was told the price was forty dollars, payable in advance, for fifteen minutes.

Kimberly Diane Martin, a seventeen-year-old street prostitute, had only days before begun working with the modeling agency. She thought, what with the Strangler still loose and picking on whores, that she would be safer working for a company.

Ken had called the agency from a library pay phone and gave the address of his apartment building. However, the apartment number he gave was a room he knew to be vacant.

Ken and Angelo then broke into the apartment and waited for Kim to arrive.

Kimberly started to fight with Ken as soon as she saw the empty apartment. She lost. Ken beat her mercilessly—he even smashed her head against the wall. Kim's skull was fractured, and blood poured from her ear. She was forced to take her clothes off. This time, she wouldn't get paid.

This time there was no moronic middle-aged man jerking himself off looking at her tits. This time was for real. Ken gagged and bound the girl's body. Angelo and Ken fucked her in the cunt and sodomized her ass. Angelo strangled her.

Another dead slut. Both men came inside her.

Twenty-year-old Cindy Lee Hudspeth asked for it. She went to Angelo's car reupholstery shop.

"...It was late in the day. 'Steve' came over, late, this was like after dinner. And Angelo was in the house talking to the girl. Apparently she'd been looking for a job and he says he can help her....I came in....I grabbed her....I came in and grabbed...but there's nothing said...there...there...grabbed her around the

throat....Angelo got up...went and got some rope...tied her, gagged her.

"After she was gagged and blindfolded, her hands were untied and she was told to get undressed, which she did. It was done with all the girls, all their clothes and possessions were gathered together. They were put into a bag and dumped in Angelo's trash bin. All the girls were, with the exception of the first girl, all the girls were raped....After—after both Steve and Angelo, myself and Angelo—my body and Angelo—got through having intercourse with her, she was then...her hands had been previously untied, and her hands were tied and her—her legs were tied....There was a rope put around her neck and she was—she was strangled. Then she was untied."

Cindy's double-fuck was the last one Ken and Angelo would enjoy together. She was tied, spread-eagled, to the four corner bedposts and raped for a solid two hours.

Shortly after Cindy's death and disposal, Ken moved to Bellingham, Washington. For awhile he remained quiet—he landed a job with a security agency and was studying in the Sheriff's Reserve. Finally, the quiet got too much and Ken got too hot. He decided to return to his old favors and this time decided to use his high-ranking position at the agency to help him do it.

He offered a house-sitting job to Karen Mandic, a twenty-two-year-old Bellingham resident who had previously worked with deaf, blind, and retarded children. Ken offered her one hundred dollars for a simple two-hour do-nothing-but-sit job and invited her to maybe bring a friend along. She did—Diane Wilder, age twenty-seven.

Ken later met the girls at the house and started to show them around. When the happy trio got down to the basement, Ken pulled his gun from his holster (as a security agent, he always carried a gun) and told the girls to lie down on the floor. He tied both of them up separately. They started to cry. He gagged them. Ken stuck Diane in the downstairs bathroom and locked the door. He took Karen upstairs to the bedroom.

Ken untied the blubbing Karen and commanded her to strip. He made her lie down on the bedroom carpet beneath him. He undid his pants, pulled out his hard-on, and slipped it into a greased rubber. He fucked Karen's quivering, naked flesh there on the floor. He came and later flushed the cum-filled, cunt-rank sheath down the toilet. He told Karen to get dressed. Then he tied her up again and left her lying face-down on the carpet.

Ken followed the same procedure with Diane. She meant no more to him than just another piece of cunt-flesh and was treated accordingly. She was nailed just

like Ken wanted to—her personality, her feelings, her dreams and thoughts mattered not the least to him. She was fucked like a cunt.

Like a female. And she was fucked, destroyed, and dumped just like all his females. Like they should be.

Diane was having her period and bled on Ken's dick.

Police would eventually find Ken's underwear stained with cum and blood. Ken told the girl to get dressed. Then he marched her down the basement stairs.

Ken strangled Diane as she walked down in front of him. He swung the cord around her neck and pulled tighter than he ever had before. It was almost like he was hanging her. The cord was pulled with so much force that it actually cut into the girl's throat. Deeply.

Karen was murdered the same way—on the stairs with Ken behind her and slightly above. The strangling was again violent—the cord pulled as tight as Ken's muscles.

"Brutal because both my hands were just—I mean, shaking and—it seems like I—I can see my knuckles getting whiter and whiter and, you know, I had the cord wrapped around my hand, and it was just pulling tighter and tighter."

Ken pulled his prick out once again and masturbated over the dead body. His cum stains were found on Diane's clothes.

Ken stuck the girls' corpses in their car and left them in a cul-de-sac where they were quickly found. Too many leads pointed to Bianchi this time. He hadn't been careful enough, and he was finally arrested. It didn't take long for the Bellingham police to link up with the LA police.

The long, long trial that Ken caused was a showcase for his genius. He actually convinced a jail groupie to try a similar strangling murder in an attempt to show authorities that the real killer was still on the loose. He also tried to get past acquaintances and friends to write phony alibis.

He used his past to convince doctors that he was crazy and invented other personalities to pretend he wasn't responsible.

He cried and shook his head in mock disbelief during his sentencing. He never gave up.

Ken loves life, and he won the final match—he is still alive. His recent appearances in court show him to be fat and content. And even the judge at his trial knew Ken would enjoy his later life.

Judge Ronald George (during sentencing and final summation): "I'm sure, Mr. Buono and Mr. Bianchi, that you will both probably only get your thrills reliving over and over again the tortures and murders of your victims, being incapable, as I believe you to be, of ever feeling any remorse." ■



TOOL.

SEVERAL TIMES DURING THE RECORDING, BOTH BRADY AND HINDLEY COULD BE HEARD ORDERING THE CHILD TO PUT SOMETHING—A GAG, PERHAPS—IN HER MOUTH.

—THE TRIAL OF IAN BRADY & MYRA HINDLEY, JONATHAN GOODMAN

THERE IS NOT MUCH DOUBT THAT THE CHILD WAS SUBMITTED TO GROSS INDIGNITIES AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN AND, PRESUMABLY, BETWEEN THE TWO PERIODS WHEN SHE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN GAGGED. THE TRANSCRIPT MAY BE READ IN MORE THAN ONE WAY, BUT ONLY ONE OF THEM REALLY MAKES SENSE.

—ON INIQUITY, PAMELA HANFORD JOHNSON

AND WHEN IT IS REALIZED THAT LESLEY ANN DOWNEY HAD BEEN CALMED DOWN ENOUGH TO OBEY NINE DETAILED ORDERS, AND SO WAS UNLIKELY SUDDENLY TO UTTER A HYSTERICAL CRY, IT BECOMES CLEAR THAT THERE WAS NO PRACTICAL NEED TO USE A SCARF AT ALL. A CHILDISH SYMBOL OF CRUELTY, VENTED ON A CHILD.

—MYRA HINDLEY: INSIDE THE MIND OF A MURDERESS, JEAN RITCHIE

OR IS IT NOT MORE FEASIBLE, AS MANY WHO LISTENED TO THE TAPE BELIEVE, THAT THIS EVIL COUPLE WERE HAVING A LAST LITTLE SEXUAL GIGGLE WITH THIS WRETCHED LITTLE GIRL? WAS IT NOT MORE LIKELY THAT MYRA WAS GLOATINGLY INSISTING THAT LESLEY TAKE BRADY'S PENIS INTO HER MOUTH—AT LEAST IN THE EARLY STAGES OF THE TAPE?

—THE MONSTERS OF THE MOORS, JOHN DEANE POTTER

SEVEN PHOTOGRAPHS AND I HAD SEEN ONLY TWO. SEVENTEEN MINUTES OF TAPE AND I HAD HEARD ONLY A MINUTE OR LESS. WHAT UNIMAGINABLE MONSTROSITIES REMAIN HIDDEN FROM ME? THEY DO NOT REMAIN UNIMAGINED. THROUGH THE SLEEPING TABLETS AND TRANQUILIZERS THE IMAGES INSIST ON SMEARING THEMSELVES ACROSS MY BRAIN. MAYBE THE IMAGINED HORRORS ARE WORSE THAN LESLEY HAD TO SUFFER....BUT WHAT IF THEY ARE NOT? WHAT IF BRADY AND HINDLEY'S SICK IMAGINATION DREAMED UP MORE THAN I COULD TO FUEL THEIR FOUL, DEADLY GAMES?

—FOR THE LOVE OF LESLEY, ANN WEST

My probation officer insisted on me seeing a psychiatrist, as was her option as part of my sentencing.

The moron she hooked me up with had his office walls splattered with these incredible drawings by sexually abused kids. Big circle faces crying blue tears. Angry, crayon-scratched houses. Sad eyes and mean mouths. But also cheesy flowers and sailboats and parks and green footballs.

As clearly damaged as the Customs agent who sat in on my questioning, this closet case rolls up his sleeves, just like his college professor told him to, and asks me how often I jerk off.

ONE.

You're such a pretty girl. You shouldn't cry. Such a dear. Those tears aren't pretty, are they? Look at me, stupid. Now—Are...Those...Fucking...Tears...Pretty?...Cunt?

Do you like making your mommy cry? Do you like that? Huh? The poor fucking woman. You selfish little brat; you cunt. How do you think she feels, huh? Huh, cunt? How terrible you are. How mean. How mean and cruel to your mother you are. Don't you feel

horrible? Making her cry. Making her hurt so badly. I think you're absolutely terrible. A fucking brat. Fucking horrible cunt. Shame on you.

Now there, there. Crying won't help. You already made your mommy cry. Nothing can help your mom now. She feels very, very bad, and you did it. You can't change that...cunt. You're a cunt, and mama's gonna cry for-fucking-ever. Your mama's gonna miss you something awful. She will never get over you leaving her and never coming back. You're killing her.

It's all your fault.

Do you think mommy's out looking for you? Do you think she's worried about you? Can't you just see her?...Walking through your once-happy home, her eyes swollen almost shut from the continuous stream of tears, hands clamped to the sides of her head as she mumbles....She's yattering your name over and over and over. Can't you just see her? Her blotchy, middle-aged face covered with scratches and her dress all mussed and caked with the makeup and mascara that slipped and slid from her wrinkles and crow's fucking feet. You're driving your mother crazy. She's losing her mind from worry and fear. All because of you. She's pulling her hair out. She's tugging at her cheeks. Poking at her eyes. 'Cause she misses you. She's afraid for you. She wants her little baby back. Her darling daughter. She wants to hold you. She wants to press your head against her chest and kiss your forehead. Do you like it when mommy hugs you? Do you feel safe then? You love your mama, don't you? Do you like to kiss her and feel her warmth next to you? No one can hold you like mama, right? Don't you wish you were there right now? Mmm. You'll never see her again, you know. That's right. You'll never see your beautiful mother again. Ever. Never, ever.

Nope. No more hugs from mommy. No more love. From anyone. No one loves you anymore. No one cares if you live or die. Your mom cares, I guess. So, I'm sorry—I made a mistake. No one but your mom cares. But you'll never see your mom again...so... I guess...no one fucking cares for this poor fucking little fucking cunt who sits in front of me, crying like a big fucking baby. Cry, cry. Crybaby. Fucking cunt crybaby. Cunt. Bitch. Fucking pig. Fucking pussy.

You really are disgusting. You really are.

I want to hurt you so fucking bad.

I'm really gonna make you cry. You're going to cry so much more, you'll think your eyes are going to melt. Those crybaby tears are going to burst open your eyes and rip deep, red streaks straight through your face. You are absolutely doomed, my sweet thing. I'm gonna hurt you so much.

I'm going to see you dead. I'm gonna look down at

your pale, bruised, and bloodied corpse and masturbate. I'm going to run my fingers through your matted hair—I'm going to let my calloused fingers get caught and tangled in the blood and sweat and grease. I'm going to pry your wounds further apart and peel off the dried blood and carve new holes in your corpse so I can fuck your entire ten-year-old being.

Dear, I will watch you die a horrible death. But then, that's the last thing you'll know—death will be a relief. Because I'm going to hurt you so much. 'Cause I love to hurt you. I want to hurt you and other little girls. And you'll be dead and gone, but I'll still be around to hurt your friends.

I like to watch you cry. It gives me such a hard-on. Do you know what a hard-on is? Cunt? Have you ever heard of a boner? An erection? A blood-engorged penis? No? A hard-on is for you. That's right. Just for you. It's what defines your entire existence. It's what made you. It's what drove your stupid fucking father to plug your disgusting pig-slut of a mother and produce you. But it's more than that. Because, really, your father's imbecility and your mother's greed are hardly worth dwelling on here. An erection, which is another name for a big fucking hard-on, is what forces men—lesser men—to lower themselves to even consider women. You didn't know that, did you? You see, men and women are very different, and yours is a rather sorry lot.

OK. A quick sex lesson. A quick sex-education class for a pretty little girl whose destiny hardly demands such an education, but whose innocence and puffy, wide eyes tell me she deserves it. But be forewarned, my sweet pupil—your concerned parent or guardian would want me to be sure I told you this—certain graphic details may be offensive to more sensitive and, um, vulnerable individuals.

Let me show you something. Let me show you...this. You wanna kiss it, cunt? Feel my balls? Wanna suck the head? You wanna lick it like a lollipop? How 'bout my piss, cunt...you wanna drink my piss, cunt? You want to get down on your knees and pray to it? Get down on your knees! Get down on your knees and thank your God that this cock will soon be spewing cum all over your child's body. Pray thanks to God for bringing you here.

I like to rub my dick when you cry. I like to put my hand here—just at the base of the shaft and massage up and down like this. Slowly. Slowly. Just like this. I want you to cry now. Cry harder, before I slap your baby-fat flesh off your fucking face. And then I'm going to make you lick this shit that shoots out the end of this monster.

See that hole there? See it? Stick your tongue out. Stick it out further, you brain-dead cunt. Little Miss

Brain-Damaged. Stick it out and taste the tip of my sweaty dick. I'm going to fuck you so hard and so bad. Oh, dear, my little dear. My little sweetheart—you're going to pray to die.

Mmm-hmm.

Oh, fuck off—I am terribly sorry. I was about to give you an education. Please do forgive me. You'll see my little digression was understandable under the circumstances. In fact, I think that you'll find it an aid to better understanding the following concepts: Men, you see, tend to give themselves over to their erections, and, often, they think of nothing else but satisfying the urge to cum. Thoughtless, yes, I think we can agree.

Allow me to continue. Women, one of which you'll be quite lucky not to evolve into, thank you, are fairly worthless. Honestly, I can't think of a single thing they're good for in this day and age. I'm in the minority with this line of thinking, unfortunately, and my fellow man has allowed pigs like your mothers and sisters a sad degree of attention, which, of course, they wield as power. Men have surrendered this power because they lack the personal strength to step in front of this—the thing most men view as their sole reason for existing. Their instinctual responsibility, if you will. That's right—this red bastard, which is just the perfect size for your mouth, cunt, and asshole, is the be-all and end-all of most men's lives. Just like your father's.

Pathetic, isn't it?

Now, don't get me wrong. I don't want to sound bitter or deluded—I mean, I'm sure that somewhere, somehow, there is a reason for animals such as yourself, be it biological or otherwise. But just now—you know, today, this year, this generation—I just can't see it. And given that there's no such thing as Santa Claus, you girls really make no sense at all.

You don't believe in Santa, do you?

You see, my dear, trusting student, this is reality. This is what makes sense. Your situation right at this very moment. This is the way it is.

Dog.

You can imagine huge piles of women—rows and rows of dead female bodies all deposited amongst stinking garbage heaps and dirt-filled burial pits—and no one would be the poorer. No one would mind. There are too many of you things. You've never been something to worry about individually.

And, honestly, you're all as stupid as shit.

Though, still, I'm quite looking forward to fucking you up.

Tell me, do all worldly things have one purpose? One reason for being? Just like they tell you in church? Do you go to church, you hypocritical pile of

cunt-spew? Did your mother and father bundle you up and parade you down to that fucking hole where everyone pretends to care? How sweet. Truly, how sweet.

But you know there's no real truth there, don't you? What, can you tell me, is the sole reason for being? Is it god? Power? Money? Is it possible to do unto others as you would have others do unto you? What makes sense to you? What is the sole reason for being, cunt? What is it, cunt? Do you know, cunt? Do you want me to tell you, cunt? Huh, cunt?

It is to serve me.

I am God.

And I bring you reality. This is everything you will ever know. You've reached the absolute. You've arrived at the pinnacle of being and purpose. Lucky girl. I bring you, and you're a most unworthy piece of filth, the most pure of all philosophies. The knowledge that will ultimately set you free. The only existing truth.

You get to have your body cut and bruised by my punches. Have your tiny nipples ripped off by my teeth. Have a yellow holy-water shower and bathe resplendent in the ascendant social allegories contained in a heady stream of hot piss. Yes, imagine your deep sense of pride and honor as you lovingly lick out the inside of my asshole.

Imagine the nobility—the ascetic delight—that lights your face as I bust your cherry during your first and last sexual experience.

Such a lucky girl.

Now, I'd like to see you cry again.

And don't worry, dear, I'm just being facetious. The truth is, I'm certainly not so stupid to think that there's only one reason to our existence. But you knew that, didn't you? It's just that, now as always, I'm not bothered at all by your purpose or, indeed, your sense of self.

It doesn't matter in the slightest.

And, if I may be so bold, your present situation seems to suggest that it can't mean much to anyone else.

Being forever female, you're just too easy to understand. However, I'll admit to musing over your psychology as far as it concerns enjoying my day. That's all the flattery you're allowed, sweetness.

What do you know about...convenience?

...love?

What do you know about compromise?

What do you know about humiliation?

I think your God wants you to suffer. I think your God, and remember that's me, wants you to stop involving him in your filth.

Your innocence is very exciting, my dear. You cunt.

You are just a cunt.

And I think it's very important for you to know that, if you were allowed to grow into a woman—but don't worry, as you won't—but if you were allowed, then along with the sweating and moaning and licking and fondling and groping and sucking and spitting—arm-in-arm with all that passes for, um, sharing—somewhere amongst all that—there is love. And respect. Mustn't forget respect.

Do you believe me? Are you so innocent?

No, of course not. I'm teasing you, aren't I? You know it as well. There is no such thing as love or respect, is there?

If there is none, then what have we? Do you know?

There is pain.

That we know.

For sure.

There can be unbelievable amounts of pain.

Physical pain.

And suffering.

And brutality.

And satisfaction.

Now ask yourself this question: What do I know, and what have I been through tonight? And tell me—do you think your god has deserted you? Your money? Santa?

You're so young. Your mind is so full of yourself that you barely compare to a bowl of Jell-O. But your innocence is slowly starting to annoy me. Fuck's sake—you, just like your mother and all of her pig kind, are so easily fooled. The fairy tales only work up to a certain point. And it's nice to know that your mother's bubble will burst at about the same time as yours.

Yes, dear. Oh, yes, ma'am, I believe in love. And in forgiveness. And respect.

Think now—of how painful the rest of your mommy's life is going to be. How she'll hurt from the moment she notices you're gone 'til the day she dies. How she'll never be able to think of anything else. How nothing else will ever matter. How no other thoughts will be able to push the images of your pain and torture and desperate death out of her mind. You will always be there—like a Catholic's bleeding and crying christ on a cross—in the forefront of her mind. Everything she does from now on will be controlled by images of you laughing in your crib...turning into images of you silent in your casket.

Maybe you should beg for mercy.

Remember this—and this'll be the last word on the subject, I promise—the pain felt by others is never as bad as the pain you feel.

Can you, for example, imagine anything as fucking stupid as the efforts designed to save the fucking

African hippo or North American lab hamster? Can you imagine? Don't tell me about the chain—the food chain, the ecological chain, or the great karma chain. I don't know any fucking hippos. Fucking morons. Quite honestly, I get a fair charge from vivisection.

Do you have a dog, dear?

A cat?

A fucking parakeet? Favorite squirrel? Fish? Roach? A head louse you've grown particularly fond of?

Well, then—it's all the same to us, isn't it? People who want to save animals are the same people who can't even talk to other people. You see, animals, being stupid and instinctual, are rather safe company for these loathsome ne'er-do-wells who like to worry about the planet. Vegetarians worried about the treatment of fucking cows and pigs—fuck's sake, it's enough to put you off your supper.

I've seen some wonderful footage of animal pain. I like it a lot. It's a damned good source of amusement. But I am always left a bit empty afterwards, I'm afraid. Animals don't provide quite the right kick—it's OK for awhile. Good fun watching dogs and cats and pigs and monkeys howl and shriek. But there's just not enough—pardon the pun—meat. When one enjoys the torture of another, one wants to feel the full reality of the situation. You want the baggage that comes with the person. You'll see what I mean, first-hand, soon enough. You do like to know that the person has some degree of humanity. For example, if they're homosexual or Republican. Generally happy or sad, the way they dress and the reason they picked that particular look for that particular day. You like to feel their conscience. Gives their pain a resonance.

What else are animals good for? Did I ever tell you 'bout the time me and a couple of friends shot to death a possum with our BB guns? Great fun—we were pretty young, and the fucking thing seemed huge. Fuck knows what the bastard was doing in our neighborhood. It took forever to die, and no one believes me when I say this, but I guarantee you—that beast, who was bleeding from everywhere, cried. I saw tears drop from those eyes. 'Course, we were aiming for the eyes but never seemed to hit 'em, I think, until it was already dead. Stupid thing ran into a corner somewhere in an alley and just shook from fear. It didn't fight—just took each shot, one after another, and pushed itself tighter into the corner. Screamed, of course. Good fun, good times—and it all seemed pleasantly natural.

But it's all like looking at photos or TV footage of thousands killed by hurricanes or gas attacks in Iraq. It has little effect. Those people have no personalities. They're just dead meat. Their only reason for existing is to be there on my TV screen while I eat my dinner.

There is no feeling there. None at all.

Cancer is a much more personal death. I love shows on cancer. The victims and their families are so pathetic. Honestly—mothers and relatives and friends all gathered around some dumb sap's bed, holding hands and rubbing the soon-to-be-deceased's arms and legs. I like when people cry. I like to watch. And there's a world of difference between watching someone, say, a sister, bawl over her brother as he rots away from the inside, and a fat, hooded female covered in warts and burlap cry over her son who's died of dysentery as part of some ridiculous mass epidemic. Give me a break. They're not people—they're not even entertainment. Barely a diversion. It's OK as TV, but nothing more.

Your predicament is much more special. I certainly don't mean to lump you in with all the rest. My sweet little beatific doll. You are special. Extremely special. Why, after all, you're the most important thing on earth, aren't you? Yes, of course you are. You deserve all this attention. Don't all little girls feel that way? Isn't that unique to your way of thinking? No. I don't think so, either. It's just that you're here now. Waiting for things to be done for you. To you.

Do you want to go home?

Yes?

Do you want to see mommy again? And your father? Are you lucky enough to have a little baby brother? Or sister? Do you want to be safe in bed at home and nestled tightly, securely, in mommy's arms? I know you do. But you can't. You'll never see anyone you like—love—again. You're going to die.

And it's going to hurt very much.

Would you like to know how I'm going to hurt you? Where I'm gonna ram that hard-on I showed you? Would you like to see it again? Taste it some more? Huh, slut? You want me to grind it so deep into your very being that you pass fucking out? Completely unconscious—just because your tender, lithe li'l body can't handle the extreme, um, sensations.

I want to see you naked. NOW! I want you to get undressed. I want you to take off your clothes. The way mommy taught you. Pull your top off over your head and shimmy out of those pants.

Do you know what kiddie porn is?

You have such a beautiful body.

Yeah, don't believe it.

Do you know what these are?

Have you ever seen your daddy shave his face? In the morning—have you ever watched him in front of the mirror with cream all over his face? When he looks just like Santa Claus?

These are toys. Fun toys. Here. Sharp, isn't it? Be careful, dear. Hold it in your palm. Give it back now.

There's a good girl.

There's a good girl. Not a terribly bright girl—but a good girl.

Mommy told you to be careful with sharp things, didn't she?

Didn't she?

Answer...

What?

Pardon?

Excuse me?

Answer me, now, cunt...

SHUT UP!

Cunt.

Why does mommy want you to be careful?

Why?

Because sharp things can cut us. Right? They hurt us.

If we're not careful.

Never eat sharp things.

Put this in your mouth.

Open up.

Open up. Wide.

This won't hurt. I was only kidding. See? It's just a toy. It's just pretend. It's not really sharp. Now open your mouth and see.

Open your fucking mouth, or I'll smash it open.

Now.

Cunt.

Stick this in.

...

...

...

Shut up.

Quit your crying.

And stop your yelling.

You're giving me a headache.

Shut the fuck up.

You're getting blood all over the fucking place.

Wipe yourself.

Clean yourself up.

Hurts, doesn't it?

Yes, I know, baby. There, there...

Shhhh...

Shut the fuck up before I fucking rip your head off. You stupid little baby. You wanna chew on another razor blade? Then shut up. Stop crying and yelling and drooling and bleeding and...jesus fuck, you're a fucking mess. Fucking pig. You really should have known better. Shut your trap or I'll hit you again.

I'll cut your lip again.

You want me to yank your teeth out?

I'll slice your lips up all over again if you don't stop crying.

This is not going to end, dear. You're going to be

like this for a long time. This isn't going to be any fun—not for you, anyway—so be quiet, starting now. You really are giving me a headache.

You see, this is a real lesson in life for you. A lot of good it's going to do you. But, just for the sake of letting you know, here's some of the very female fun you're going to be missing. After men cum—and that's what you call it, like when I had that icky stuff shoot out of my penis—after we cum, we really don't want to be bothered with your type. You know, you've served your purpose and, really, women have absolutely nothing to offer after that. You're a bucket. So, thank you, it was a magnificent cum, and I do appreciate your bleeding and crying, but I'm rather tired of it now.

So do us both a favor, alright? Shut it.

Look—you're getting blood all over your tiny tits and all over your face and in your hair and...look—look what's happening. You're about to get me hard again. I can feel it in my balls. It's that combination of tears and blood. Honestly, a better cocktail I couldn't imagine.

C'mere and let me see those cuts in your mouth. C'mere and let me see those slashes in your cheeks and lips. Does it hurt? Does it hurt when I fucking squeeze it, you little fucking cunt? Huh? You slimy fuck. You cunt. Cry harder, you bitch. Cry for me. Scream louder. You cunt. You baby fucking cunt. Scream. Keep crying. OK? OK? Huh, cunt? Can't you fucking scream any louder? You like that? Do ya, you fuck? Huh? You bucket. You hole. You filth.

Y'know, it's a good thing you don't have much longer to live, dear—you'd rather not suffer the rest of your life with those scars.

Imagine how hard it would be to get a boyfriend. No one would want you, my dear. Don't believe that shit about personalities—I know way too many lonely fat people. These scars would put you right up there with dwarves in the eligibility department.

C'mere and wipe your mouth off on my cock.

I want my cock soaked with your blood and baby tears.

Tell me what's sweeter—my cum or your blood? What's warmer? Your blood running down your throat, or my cum sliding down it? What feels worse? Do the muscles in my cock make the rips in your mouth ache even worse? Yeah?

What about my piss?

Is my piss the warmest yet?

What's worse, love?

What really makes you cry?

Your face is becoming really ugly. Where did all those bruises come from? My good lord, who did this to you? Who would hurt you? What kind of maniac

would do these sorts of things—these horrible, bestial things—to such a sweet, innocent girl?

I think people like that should be shot. Hell, they're not even people. I mean, children are so...innocent. And trusting. Kids' minds are so fragile. They can't handle abuse the way an adult might be able to. Kids' minds fall apart. I know all this is true because I saw it on TV.

Do you watch GERALDO?

OPRAH?

20/20? 60 MINUTES? FRONTLINE? HARD COPY? A CURRENT AFFAIR?

christ—they've all done specials on child sexual abuse. They're fucking great shows, too. Kinda stupid—but great to watch. I've seen all sorts of weepy mothers on 'em. And they teach you all sorts of things. Healthy, moral sorts of things.

Do you like TV?

Do you?

What's your favorite show?

Really, you're going to have to stop crying now. I'd like to share some quality time with you. Really get to know you, you stupid cunt.

Shut up and tell me your favorite TV program.

What do you like best? Playing outside or watching TV? I'll tell you this—if you say playing outside, I'm gonna crack your skull open on the floor. So, OK, what do you like best? C'mon, concentrate, will you? What's your very most favorite TV show?

Do you like cartoons?

Situation comedies?

Did you see the HBO special on rape?

How about the FRONTLINE exposé on serial killers? I miss Bundy. Truly terrible what they did to him. A waste, don't you think?

Did you see any of the weekly features on day-care abuse and neglect?

I'll tell ya, you've been missing some great programming. You've really got to use your brain some more.

But I will bet you're going to miss it. Yes, ma'am, you're going to miss TV. If I gave you a choice, what would you pick: watching wonderful TV or swallowing dirt and bugs for all eternity from inside a pink-and-white baby's coffin? What sounds like more fun?

Can you imagine your mother's wet little mind when she tries to decide whether or not to give you a closed-casket wake? I'm going to ease her pain a bit. I'm going to make sure no amount of makeup will cover what I'm going to do to your fresh baby innocence.

Your bruises will be legendary. Deep red gashes and raised black welts and thick fucking pits where your mouth and teeth used to be.

Closed-casket for sure.

Have you ever seen a baby's coffin? They're incredibly tiny. Embarrassingly tiny. Instant hard-on stuff, I swear.

You'll be dressed by some mortician who probably masturbates over dead bodies. You'll be such a prize for him. Just like the prize you'll be for the detectives assigned to your case. The investigators will covet your murder photos and autopsy reports like the memories of their cherished first days on the job; the first corpse they saw—the one lying in the middle of the street spouting blood like a fountain; the first street whore they fondled and busted; the first quivering crack baby they pulled out of the projects. Full-color glossies of your young raped cunt, your cracked and smashed face and skull, your blood-drenched torso.

Your baby body will be flooded with embalming fluid, and your bruises, cuts, and welts—deep and long and fat and thick—will be badly masked and stitched.

I love the idea of your small corpse taking up so very little space in the cold, blue morgue. Your frail, vulnerable body supine on a frigid metal drainage table—and tubes and scalpels and saws poking into you and tearing you apart.

You are going to be missing so much.

I'd like to be there to watch your mom and dad and relatives fall apart. You're going to be just a mound of meat tied up in a pathetic, sweet, feminine dress. The contrast should be astounding. Hacked and masticated flesh, broken bones, and the viscid marks of a putrescible feast, all covered by some silly, frilly, froufrou costume. Darling. Forever.

You better fucking hope I don't get another hard-on, you cunt.

Not just yet. Right?

Doll?

We were talking about television, weren't we? This rape show was wonderful. Did you know that over fifty percent of all rapes are done by people who know the victim? Or that twenty-five percent of rapes are perpetrated on victims older than sixty-five? Or that forty-five percent of all rape victims are under fifteen years old? Or that seventy-five percent of rapists cum in the victim's mouth in the first ten minutes of attack? Forty percent of all rape victims deserved exactly what they got? Sixty percent of all rape victims got off easy?

I don't remember what percentage of rapes are performed by blacks. I know the figure's high. You know what crack and overcrowding can do to a laboratory rat's brain—I'll have to get back to you on the exact figure.

I know you're going to miss TV.

Or...is your mom one of those cunts who says too much TV is bad for you? Is she? You look pretty well-fed. I'll bet you've got parents who are that pretentious. I'll be doing you a favor. Putting you out of your misery. You have such caring parents—so smart.

You're gonna miss TV.

You're gonna want your MTV.

But you'll be dead.

Did you ever notice how fucking piggish the women in music videos look? Big tits and fat asses. Would you like the chance to grow up into a video slut? Would you like the chance to let those little mosquito bites sprout out about two fucking feet into those monstrously fat, cancer-pumped, secondary sex glands? Can you lip-synch? How far can you spread your legs? Can you pout? Let me see you shake your chest. Let's see you jiggle that flat, bony body.

Does that sound good to you, cunt?

These fucking things right here. These cute little pink things—fucking hell, the fabulous things you can do with these. The difference between mega-stardom and bag-ladydom.

I'm sorry, did that hurt?

Didn't your father ever pinch your tight little nipples?

Stop your crying.

Louder!

I want you to cry a lot louder.

Cunt.

Whore.

Slut.

Fucking prostitute.

You little piece of worthless baby fat.

You're an ugly little girl.

Your mommy hates you.

Your mommy wants me to hurt you.

I'm gonna fuck you up.

You sleaze.

You hairless cunt.

You pig without tits.

You shit stain.

Cunt.

Cunt, fucking cunt.

Filthy fucking cunt, rotten, diseased fucking cunt.

Lie down.

All the way.

Put your back on the floor.

All the fucking way, put your head back.

Do it now, before I rip your tiny head off.

Move.

Cry louder.

You baby, you little, helpless baby.

Cry, or I'll hit you harder.

You like that?

Harder?

You want it harder?

Keep crying, cunt.

How hard do you want it?

How much more do you want to bleed?

I'm saving you, bitch. I'm doing you and the whole world a favor. I would let you grow up into the cunt you were, for whatever reason, destined to be. But see, this is reality—your reality, your destiny. I'll do what I want for now. And I think I'm here for better things. Better things than watching your stretch marks peel. Watching your vagina widen and your ass expand. Your hips spread and your veins pop. I've seen the videos, dear. Childbirth and rock music don't mix. Females shouldn't dabble in either—but the combination is dreadful.

Let's leave birthing to the sheep.

Let's just leave cunnilingus to the sheep.

Let's leave tits and ass to the sheep.

Let's leave blue, blood-soaked, pickled, and wrinkled babies that slide out of squatting Puerto Rican pig mothers in dilapidated birthing barns to the sheep.

Do you know what Down's syndrome is?

Do you have any retards as neighbors, classmates, relatives?

Anyone your mama calls "slow?"

They are hideous.

I've seen two highly exciting porno films that featured these sorts of mistakes. The first was of this Frankensteinian retard girl who was being taught how to fuck horses. Unbelievable. Another girl had to show the slow creature how to do absolutely everything. How to hold the horse dick, how to lick and suck it, and how to try to fit it in her monster cunt. It looked like the retardo didn't even know she had a vagina. The horse wasn't very big, unfortunately, but its cock was still rather formidable. The most hilarious part of the film didn't even involve the stupid animal—the horse, that is. The normal girl, which I realize is a relative term here, tried to instruct the dim one in the truly repulsive act of cunt-licking. And the dullard just couldn't figure it out. She didn't have a clue! She just opened her mouth and let her fat tongue hang out while the other girl kind of shook the retard's head up and down in the general direction of her clit. You should have seen it.

The other retard film I saw—um, these were 8mm films, not videos—the other one was kiddie porn. This very young beastie just cried and cried and cried throughout the entire film. This withered, skinny old European man really put her through the paces, though. The retard didn't want to be there at all,

but that didn't bother him—he fucked her, ate her, made her lick his balls and suck his cock. And the docile dog did it all while tears poured from her sunken eyes. The European was fairly ancient-looking—typically thin and pale and with a huge, long, uncircumcised cock which was, oddly enough, perpetually soft. The girl was about as tall as his navel, meaning his flaccid meat was almost constantly in her face during the instruction sessions. He just let it dangle in her face and then sloshed it in and out of her gaping mouth. Did I mention that the barely human thing was so severely damaged that she even had a hunchback? She had that troll-like body that those sort of fuck-ups get. Fat, puffy, and soft. All in about a twelve-year-old frame—though her mental age was, I'm sure, quite considerably less.

I highly recommend all retard sex films and videos.

I wish I could film this. It would be a marvelous souvenir. One of the all-time great jerkoff videos. Too dangerous, though. Too much hassle. And don't you think it would cheapen the moment?

But I could turn you into such a star. You wouldn't dare miss your mark with me. Are you good with directions? Will you do a nude scene? It is essential to the character development, I assure you.

Let me explain your character to you. You look like you could use a little motivation. Is there a problem here? The main thing I need you to think about—I need you to focus on—pain. Lots of fucking intense pain. Keep that plastered to the forefront of your small mind at all times.

I'll hurt you, so it shouldn't be all that difficult, OK?

See that deviant slash cut between your skinny thighs—that hole from hell? I'm going to spread it open and force all sorts of things up into you. And everything that grinds into you won't fit exactly. But we'll get it in. You're going to bleed a bathtubful. Everywhere. I'm going to puncture the walls of your bowels with everything from my cock to chair legs. You'll shit blood all down your legs and over your ankles and across your feet. And you get to lick the blood off everything.

You're going to suck and lap and taste and swallow all your blood. I'm going to massage it all over your body. And my body. Over my balls—my sac, my hairy, smelly balls, and the stem of my dick. In my pubic hair and the head of my cock. And you'll hate it—you'll need to vomit. And you'll choke and sputter and suffocate and come just-this-close to blacking out. This close to dying. Your eyes will turn white from the inside, and you suddenly won't be able to cry anymore. Your throat will clamp tight. Your skull will pound. And I'll be cumming in your dry mouth and I won't let you die. I'll wrest my dick out of your face

and run my sweat, my sperm, and your blood all over your entire existence. My piss will taste exactly like you.

Your pain will make me want to keep you alive. I'll want to watch you die forever.

Please stop crying.

I'm sorry.

Go on, beg me not to hurt you.

Beg me to stop.

Beg me not to pull your face apart.

I think there may be a chance for you if you ask me nicely. Just like mommy taught you. What do you say? What do you say to the nice man? C'mon. Don't you say, "Thank you?" Do you say, "Please?" Say: "Please don't fucking torture and destroy me." Say: "I'm only ten." Say: "I have my whole life in front of me." Tell me how you want a chance to grow up into a successful and worthwhile addition to the community and society at-large.

Tell me how you want to see your mommy again.

Tell me what your bedroom's like. Do you feel safe there?

If you beg me—if you ask nicely—I'll let you go home.

I will, I promise.

Look, I feel bad suddenly. Honestly.

You believe me, don't you?

Don't you?

Look—stop crying.

I want you to ask me not to hurt you. I want you to ask me not to make you permanently null and void. But I want you to look at me—look me in the eyes, smile demurely, and ask politely. Just like mommy and daddy taught you. Ask me not to hurt you any longer. Tell me it hurts. Tell me I shouldn't hurt a little girl like you.

And if you do, if you can do that for me, if you can do that simple thing, I'll let you go. Then I won't hurt you anymore.

Now. Do you think you can do that, honey?

Slow down and try.

C'mon, dear. Take a deep breath.

Stop those sad little tears.

I won't slap your face anymore.

Just ask.

I promise I won't hurt you—any more.

I won't punch your fucking face anymore.

I won't twist your arm.

I won't pull your titties anymore. I won't rip those fucking pimples you call nipples right off your chest.

I won't punch your face, my dear.

I won't bang your head.

I won't kick you anymore.

I won't slam my fucking hand into your cutesy baby

face anymore.

I will not fuck your ass.

I won't cum in your blood-drenched asshole.

I will not spread your ass cheeks far, far apart and jam my cock in and out of that horribly tight little hole you use for shitting darling baby-girl turds until your whole body bursts.

I won't pull at your hairless cunt anymore.

I won't ram my finger up inside you.

I won't force my fingers up inside you. And I won't yank your whole fucking soul out from inside you.

I won't fuck you.

I will not fuck you for the very first time.

I will not break your cherry.

I will not bruise your lips.

I won't make you eat any more mean toys.

I will not smash your cunt up into your stomach.

I will not fucking destroy that disgusting sick hole down there.

I will not cum in your cunt.

Or on your cunt, as you watch and cry and howl.

I will not stick my dick into your tiny mouth.

I will not make you lick my balls or suck out my asshole.

I won't piss, shit, or cum on your face.

I will not kill you.

I will not tear you apart.

I will not destroy every inch of your soon-to-blossom female self.

I will not take you from your mommy and daddy and dog.

You can go home.

Won't that be better?

But you have to really want it. You have to beg me. You have to convince me. Make me want to let you go home.

I promise I'll let you go. I'll take you right up the stairs to your home and tell your mom and dad that I'm sorry and that I promise never, ever to see you again.

And I don't even care if I get in trouble.

But you have to help me. You have to make me believe that you want all that.

Do you want to go home?

Do you want to see mommy?

I want every bone in your body. I want every muscle—every living cell—to shake and plead with me to let you live.

C'mon, try, honey.

Cry louder, goddamnit.

Stop crying.

Go ahead, cry.

Stop it.

Cry, you cunt.

Stop.

Cry.

Stop.

Cry.

Cry. Cry. Cry. Cry, you dead little fuck.

Stop it.

Please, honey, stop crying.

Cry, cunt.

Cunt.

Yes?

No?

Yes?

Maybe? What? Yes?

What did you say? Did you say something? Did you say yes?

Go ahead—cry.

Stop crying.

Grow up.

What's your name?

What's your mama's name?

What kind of dog do you have?

Ever seen its dick?

Did you ever play with your dog's fuzzy red dick?

What about your dad?

Have you ever seen your dad's dick?

Huh?

Have you ever had your dad's meat in your mouth? Has he ever shoved it your way when you expected him to tuck you in bed?

Mommy's stretched-out cunt?

Ever seen her episiotomy scar?

Does her cunt look all fucking chewed-up?

Do her tits sag? Fucking beast.

Want to see Europe?

Do you want to live another five minutes?

Cry louder.

Scream.

Make your face redder.

Make your body shake again.

Scream, you helpless bastard.

Scream louder.

Stop.

Now stop it.

Stop it, or I'll kill you.

I'm sorry. I'll let you go.

You can go home now.

Really. Get dressed and go home.

This is far too much fun.

Keep crying.

Don't be so silly.

You're going to die.

I'm sorry.

You cunt. I said I'm sorry.

You filth.

You female.

You dog.

Bark for me.

Dry your face and go home.

Let's go see mommy.

Wanna see mommy?

Wanna go bye-bye in the car?

Nope. I want to ram this chair leg in your ass first.

I want to send you home to mommy, bleeding from the asshole.

Stick this in your mouth.

Stick this in your fucking mouth.

Open up your fucking mouth and stick out your tongue and lick this fucking thing before I reach in there and pull your tonsils out and make you eat them out of my fist. Imagine the marvelous blow job you can give me when you don't have any teeth in that cute red mouth of yours.

Jesus fucking Christ, I like to watch you cry and choke.

I hope that doesn't offend you. I mean, it's nothing...now, don't get the idea that this isn't personal. This is about as personal as you can get. But just think—this stuff—all this stuff that's happening to you. It could've happened to anyone. It's just that I ended up with you. For no other reason than you were available at the right time. Nothing anyone could've done would've helped you. No books on how to say no. No videos about bad touching or how to stay safe. No Michael Landon specials or TV documentaries with helpful phone numbers or neighborhood support groups. You were born for this.

It's more than bad luck.

You lived your few years under mom and dad's caring, watchful gaze all in preparation for this day.

It all comes down to this.

And all the fun you had. All the warmth that closeted you. And all the love and care you fell for. It all adds up to a small, inchoate personality that'll fit just perfectly over the tip of my dick.

And your parents. Your parents are going to miss you for the rest of their ridiculous lives. They're going to hurt and be miserable human wastes from this day forward. They are going to grow to hate the very thought of you. Starting soon enough. Your pain will be their pain until they die. They're just that stupid.

It's all worked out really well, don't you think? ■

"Little five-year-old Caroline had been on her way to a fairground, wearing a pretty little lilac party dress when she got done. The pleasure of removing her little party dress and unveiling her little clean cunt must have been magnificent. Battering that little hairless gash must have been equally gratifying. The little baby crying as she realized she wasn't going to have fun at the playground."

—from PURE #1

TWO.

She wraps her thick purple painted lips 'round my cock and slurps like a fucking pig. Her wrinkled bony brown fingers scratch and rub at my hairy balls and sweaty shaft. I try to be mindful of my pockets—keep a sense aimed at those roaming hands. She seems fairly straight, though. Gets down to business. And she's good at it. Lots of tongue. Uses it to jab around my nuts, licks under the sac and darts in and out at the head. Sucks hard. Draws those harsh, skeletal cheeks in and buoys her natty head tightly up and down. Her skull is a perfect extension of my cock. So good at her job. Like most. The job being to get me to cum as soon as possible. Has to get back on that street. That corner of Lake and Ada where she parades up and down, back and forth, around and around. Lifts her T-shirt up every now and again—whenever someone white drives past. Hitches her skirt up once in a while. Though skinny, she's still got a flabby, cottage-cheesed ass. Wobbly brown meat and pock holes and dimples cover the curves of those cheeks

just above the back of those weakling thighs. Shakes her butt at me. Turns and thrusts her crotch at me. Sticks her tongue out—wiggles the tip, licks her yellow teeth, and kisses the air. Fucking hairy beast.

Her face is typical ghetto sludge. Drunk, glassy eyes covered in yellow film, stupid hung mouth. Ratty hair and wrinkles and blemishes. Niggers shouldn't wear makeup. Rouge or blush or whatever-the-fuck caked-on and mottled leather skin with deep pores and sores. Greasy. So fucking old. Moron. Pathetic.

Dressed for sex. I think. Fuck only knows if she thinks she's sexy. Could be she's just advertising the act. Her availability. Couldn't be her looks, her attractiveness. Honestly, there is none. Lingerie, tight terry-cloth skirt and garish, stained T-shirt. Tight. Tight over flaccid, unhealthy flesh hung loosely on sick bones and cheap muscles.

Her drinking—her drinking problem—her drunk existence is everything one sees. Her posture. Her gross sexual gestures. The shape of her mouth and nose and eyes. The veins on her neck and bony chest. Saggy tits, bruises, scars, nicks she doesn't feel, gaunt, stretched and hungry stomach, toothpick thighs and spindly legs, flat, flabby ass and gaping cunt. Her hairy, unkempt...personality...everything is colored and modeled by the drunk she went to bed with. The drunk she put on first thing in the morning. The drunk that wets her brain and slacks her mouth and runs her life from one slow Sunday to the next.

Her breath is overwhelming. Hot, sweet, and stale and dead.

"How ya doin', doll? Lemme see dat big ol'-ass dick a-yours. You wanna suck and fuck an' have a good time?"

She paws at my dick as soon as she gets in the car. Rubs my crotch. Scratches at my jeans and runs a cracked, red-painted nail down my zipper. Cups the bulge and squeezes just tight enough. Tries to make me hard right away. More money out there on that street. Rubs up and down, fingers following palm. Feels and outlines the shaft and pinches at the head. Palms my balls again, my dick, strokes my thigh. She brushes against my legs. No wallet, no money in my pockets. Fucking niggers.

She slurs: "Ah know if ah show'd you dis pussy, ah'd get you ta stop....Too hot ta go to t'motel. All dese guys wanna go t'motel. I ain't got no time fo' dat. Takes too long—dese guys wanna stay all day."

Job-friendly talk. Unbelievable. Condescending client relations. She's as stupid as she is drunk.

Who'd want to fuck her? Who'd want to spend more time with her than the ten minutes it takes for a blow job? Cum in her mouth, get the fuck out.

"You wanna suck a titty? Lotsa guys don' like ma

titties. Dey ain't big enough for 'em. But soma dese girls out here, dey got dese big ol' titties. All hangin' out an' fat an' such. I don' like t' way dey look. And neither do ma men."

Fuck's sake. No one should be this stupid. Flabby, skinny, hanging, sucked-out tits. Stretch marks, deflated. Thick black nipples and blotchy brown skin. Fucking shop talk.

"Will you go fo' twenny? Whattya want? Nice lolipop blow job? You wanna fuck? Hmmm? You wanna fuck dis here pussy?...Look at you, gettin' all hard. C'mon, go fo' twenny."

Always twenty. Never barter. Undoes my zipper and yanks my dick out before I can get the car in park. She runs her hand over my dick-head to clean off fuck-knows-what, drops her head in my lap, and goes to work. She's licking, slurping, sucking, scratching, jerking, and rubbing before I can even shift my legs away from the dash. Slipped the rubber over without my help. I like prophylactics. Makes sense—let the pig suck plastic and medicinal slime. Tugs the shaft of my dick. Sucks up and down on the head and licks the balls. I cum. Quickly. In her mouth. In the rubber. A couple more strokes—a nice touch, job-friendly. Never varied her speed. Quick, businesslike, professional.

Adjusts her shirt. Pushes her disgusting dugs back in place and tells me where to drive. Drop her off where I picked her up.

All prostitutes are the same. A blow job is a blow job. And they're all a dime a dozen. A cheap kick—a quick fix of reality at a loser's expense. I know everything about her without having to hear her blather a single slurred syllable. They wear their failure like a full-body tattoo. They advertise it. And they're so wretched, so unimportant, so numb, that it doesn't even matter if they know where they fit in. Not to them or me.

They are all the same. Lips and tongue-meat, thick and whore-painted. Tits—used and worn, pulled to shreds by children and johns. Gristled, hairy cunt like a fat old woman's mouth. Pock holes—deep and frequent. Stretch marks—thick and long and thorny. Black, contorted, and bunched nipples. Like a pig. Like a dog. Filthy and weak. Like a cow waiting for the slaughter. Like a downed goat, too sick and destroyed to do anything but wait, alone, in pain, until someone finally pays some attention and disposes of the unsightly mess.

Cunts waiting for the slaughter. Their life will be defined by their end. Another statistic. If that. Meat on a hook. Cunt in a car. Mouth on a smelly, hairy piss hole.

When she sucks my cock, when she blows me, I cum in her mouth. That's why she's got a mouth. A hole. A bucket. A sewer. She's a TV with a hole in the middle of the screen that's just perfect for my dick. And I fuck that screen when I feel like watching a documentary special exposé on "Prostitution: The Plight of Our Inner Cities." She's a lifelong documentary that tells me nothing new. Nothing I didn't already know. And nothing I didn't come to celebrate.

I've seen the shows. I know her whole history. I want to fuck that history.

I know about her ghetto father and his drunk buddies who raped her all her life. I know how she slept on the hardwood floor next to the only couch in the project apartment—the old throwaway couch where mama used to get drunk and fucked and beaten. The smelly, tattered couch that her seven brothers used to fuck her on. The ugly, battered couch that stinks of vomit, cum, shit, liquor, piss, and greasy food-stamp food and which still sits in that project building today.

I know about her crack habit. Her alcoholism. I know about her kids growing up with drugged and retarded neighbors. Her rats. Her roaches. Her bug bites.

When I fuck her mouth, I fuck her whole history. My way of celebrating Black History Month. I fuck her father and mother, her brother and aunties. I fuck the ghetto cops and crack dealers and welfare workers, parole officers and political representatives. I fuck, what, ninety percent of the prison population?

And that's what she's here for.

I cum in and on the walking dead. The ones that feel and suffer their slow, inexorable deaths.

These women are the terminally ill. They're rife with AIDS. And even those who haven't been fortunate enough to get the disease still live their lives like AIDS patients. They are pariahs. The untouchables. The unloved and unlovable. The filth that scars the charming scenery of ghettos, meat markets, and jerkoff booths. The lowest of the low who thought they could advertise for cheap.

The AIDS patients who lie on hospital beds, whose deaths are prolonged by drugs that can't help them improve, can't even lessen the pain much, just make them live longer. Their torpid demise made more excruciating. The agonizing minutes where every second is brutal, bone-chewing, flesh-mauling pain. The minutes twist into hours, mind-numbingly into hours and, incredibly, into weeks and months.

Row after row, room after room of these emaciated, filthy, barely breathing body bags moaning and crying out for impossible relief and implausible dignity. The

patient who loses control of his bowels. The patient with no control over anything. The ones who crumble in the hands of a nurse who doesn't want to be there. Forever. Covered in bandages and pushed together with tubes, feeding bags, needles, and Handi-Wipes. Drugs and morphine do nothing for their headaches, their muscle pain, sinew deterioration, their sores that perpetually ooze, their shit and piss that seeps out of them at all times. Forever. Diarrhea and vomit. Incessant torment. Dementia. There is no dignity in death—their death, to anyone else, means absolutely nothing. They die in death houses—warehouses of pain.

There is no alternative. There are no friends. No softening of the impact. No magic wands. No god or love. There is distress and slow death. They become their death, they feel their putrefaction—every second of it. Every fucking second of death, where needles that prick their bony arms and morphine drops that puddle mockingly into their feed bags are viewed and checked and registered through perfectly wide-open eyes.

I want to be there. I want to be there to see one black cunt whore die—finally—in a bed from AIDS. I want to see the shit and piss stains on her paper gown, on her crumpled bed, on her scrawny legs and hands and up and down her back and in her hair. I want to see the pus and tears and bile and vomit. The glazed eyes and limp mouth, the drool and spittle and cracked and creviced, calloused skin. Her pale and sweaty blackness. I want to see her scratch her cancer bumps and cankers. I want to watch her die. I want to see the scars from a year in bed. I want to see her shake and tremble and fall and bruise and bleed. She is nobody. I want to see her spirit give up, having already been broken so long ago. She is meaningless. Dirt. No one comes for her. And the point is, before her coma, she wants someone to come. She thinks she needs someone to care. Care for her. Care about her.

Apparently, most of these death's-door-knockers believe that human contact is very important to them. Of course. How pathetic to be dying due to their own insistence on sucking cocks and fucking assholes and then being deprived of even a held hand. Just like the comic-book reality they've emulated all their lives, there is a certain poetic justice in AIDS. They may as well believe in love, god, respect, and kindness and caring—it's worked so well for them up to this point.

No one cares. Maybe some dopey, lonely nurse who needs to objectify them to relieve her own pangs of self-loathing and fat worthlessness. Or some volunteer lesbian-faggot who wants to show his

friends what a self-sacrificing giver he is. All meaningless. All lost. All beautiful in their deaths—the death that draws itself out for so long.

I want to see these wastes bang on the walls of their rooms. I want to see them struggle to rise and rail against the injustice of life and then collapse under their very own inconsequential weight. I want to see them whine and bleed and discharge and cry and vomit and give up everything they thought they were. I want to see them get angry—angry at their nurses and orderlies, their washers, their doctors and then, themselves. I'd like to hear them invoke god and then, in a rage, the devil—only to recant minutes later when they remember how close they are to finding out if there really are a heaven and hell. Then, I'd love to see reality wash over their dead, pale, pasty faces.

Remember the last dick you sucked, whore? How much did you get for it, whore? Ten dollars? Twenty? Such a lucky girl. Did he cum quick? Was it a big cock? Small? White? Haitian? Hairy? Deformed? Did you suck on his cock in the front seat of his car? Did he ejaculate in your mouth? Did you spit it all out?

Did he grab your tits or cunt or ass or feel your back while you blew him? Did he pay you extra to fuck you? Could you feel his cock in your cunt, or are you too stretched-out down there? Did he suck your nipples? Did he look at your tits and tell you how pretty you are? Or did he just look—and you knew he thought you were hideous? Did anything special make you fuck faster? Y'know, like your disgust with Whitey or with your situation? Did your pimp leave you any money?

And the fag—how charming to catch up with the rest of your life in a peep-show cubicle. On your knees in cum with your pants bunched down around your thighs, with your quick-tugging hand on your hard cock as you suck off a stranger. You kiss and lick and suck the cock of a stranger until he shoots his load in your slobbering mouth. Did you cum at the same time? Did you get him to take you home so he could ram his cock up your ass? Make you feel so special when he infects you with the whole point to your existence.

What's the best fuck you ever had, fag? What's the biggest cock you ever landed, size queen? Who had the warmest, the sweetest, the thickest sperm? Did your mouth hurt the next day? Your ass? And do you feel lucky?

If I'm real lucky, maybe I'll get to hear their stories from their own gaping mouth holes. I want to look in those mouths and I want to see the pigs gag. Choke on their tongues as they struggle to sort out their confused, dim, and diseased thoughts enough to

allow them to sputter out truths and fantasies to those of us in the safe seats. How's it feel to die? How's it feel to actually feel your death? How's it feel to die a worthless but intense and endless death?

How important was cock to your life, exactly?

Do the phrases "bad move" or "wrong decision" mean anything new to you?

What can people learn from their mistakes?

Do you still get horny?

Whores are AIDS deaths waiting to happen. Whores are slow death all the time. And that's what I'm only too happy to pay for. Cheap. A little more than a new CD, less than a video.

And I can jerk off later.

I can see their wasted faces, their wretched lives. I remember them all. The old pros, the new recruits who might be cops until they waggle an ugly breast your way. The fatty drunks, the short retards. The men—the boys—dressed like cartoon women and going cheap. The regulars.

The wiry cunts. The dry or wet mouths. The ball-suckers. The ball-lickers. The cum-swallowers and the spitters. The tonguers. The masturbators. The asshole-fingerers. The junkies. The scum. The one who calls me her friend. The one who thinks I like her tits. The one who talked me through a blow job like it was my first one. The one who asked me if I liked her ass. The one who wanted to know why I came so quick—was it her technique or her looks? Honestly. The one who tried to hide her dick, who thought I was fooled. The one with the bruise that covered her neck and chest, shoulder-to-shoulder. The one who told me what the cops did to her. The one who explained where the cops hang out. The one who asked me for an extra buck for good luck. The one who charged the same for mouth, cunt, or, amazingly, ass. The one whose asshole was bigger than her mouth and hung open like a cancer wound. The one who wiped my dick down with a McDonald's napkin hidden in her bra.

Filthy pigs. Beasts. Ten minutes and twenty bucks and the opportunity to wallow in their destruction. So cheap. ■

The original front cover of PURE #2 was an extreme close-up of a child's hairless cunt being spread open by an adult. The night of my arrest, the three main networks in Chicago used me as their lead story, and they all showed close-ups of the cover.

THREE.

I'm standing, elbows to walls, in a tight, dark booth made of peeling black paint over rotting wood. It's just big enough for me and my pockets and, I'm sick to say, I'm surrounded by cum. And even though I'm here where:

—I can easily detect the acrid sweat, sperm, and bad hygiene over the overwhelming presence of ammonia and pine—

—My shoes stick and tack so loudly on the old tile floor, liberally spotted with puddles of cum and crumpled Kleenex, that I'm uneasy to move even the little bit that the cramped closet would allow—

—I face a scratched-up and worn glass window that extends from the top of my head down to just below my crotch. I can clearly see cum on the window. Behind the glass is a cheap white Plexiglas screen, also scratched and worn—

—A coin box is nailed to the wall on my right, just at my shoulder, and its slot is so wet and sticky that I make sure my token is the only thing that touches it—

—I'm sure there's cum in the two wooden slots, marked 1 and 2, cut into the wall just below the glass window—

My position, my station, is never in question. Even though I've got my:

—pants hanging open loosely around my hips, kept up by an odd though not uncomfortable spread-leg posture—

—underwear bunched beneath my balls—

—cock in my hand—

My lot in life, my reality can never be as low as that of the pig I'll watch dance behind the glass.

Because I can leave.

This is just a trip to the zoo.

And as the Plexiglas rises and I see her, my every wish is confirmed. She's as perfectly female and typical as everyone I've ever seen here. This is the type of girl who, I know, has a severely retarded child somewhere. I know this because of the:

—tattoos on her shoulder and upper chest. The homemade blue crosses, halos, and stars—

—covered forearms. Covered up by tacky scarves; wrapped and pinned in a pitiful attempt at formals but designed to hide the needle marks and scars. And hidden not because of some demure embarrassment on her part but rather, just in case some cop decides to spend his lunch time with her—

—flat forehead—

—dull eyes—

—greasy hair, blonde and stringy and cut longish, trailer-trash style—

—slippery, sweaty complexion. Blotchy and pimply and tired—

—puffy belly scarred with gristly stretch marks and varicose veins—

—way she dances. She pretends not to dance at all. But her performance can be called nothing else. Because it is dance, it is a celebration of her total character.

She wiggles and gyrates and bumps and grinds— but just barely. There's no excitement, no idea of freedom. Her moves are stock. Her demeanor is of boredom, disinterest, and nonchalance. I'm supposed to believe that this is just her job, that she's just pulling her shift.

I should see that she feels pity for me, not contempt. I shouldn't see this as any big deal—it's not humiliating or desperate. I'm lonelier than she is whorish; I'm an animal, and she provides a service. And if she seems jaded, it's just because she's—

—seen all types of men—

—seen all types of cock—

—heard all the moaning and filthy suggestions—

—heard all the insults—

—seen all sorts of orgasms and kinks.

But she's a chickenshit actress. Her dance is crude ostentation. It's contrivance and artifice, and it belies much more than just a job. She can't pull it off, she's:

—too naked—

—too bare—

—too alone—

—too ugly—

—too stupid.

It's as obvious as her white skin. She didn't choose this job. Her dispassionate dancing act is a shelter. Her strut, her corpulent jostling, is everything she's got. Her breeding.

Her thoughts.
Her mistakes.
Her loss.
Her reality, existence, life.
When she dances, her:

—eyes seem locked to an invisible pole connected to her solar plexus upon which she revolves—

—fleshy thighs and arms jiggle in loose, concentric half-circles in response to simple hop-and-skip movements—

—fatty tits and hung belly shake with a liquid balance all their own—

—hair stays plastered to her head and neck and back—

—stringy fingers only touch her cunt, ass, and tits.

And she has developed this style of dancing in strict accordance with the long history of peep-show whoredom. She has fallen in line with all the other failures and reprobates who've filled this space before her. And she'll dance just like all the ones yet to come, all thinking their reason for being there is no big deal. It never is. Could it be:

—because her father abused her? Or a teacher or trusted neighbor had an uncontrollable penchant for little white girls—

—because a boyfriend forced her into prostitution to help support his drug addiction? He was cute and manipulative, she was young—

—because she's developed a fitful drug or alcohol problem due to her reckless trailer-park youth?—

—a shock reaction to her sudden freedom and blossoming femalia after having taken care of her derelict mother and wretched siblings who were denied a father due to some backwoods disease or farming accident?—

—her lack of proper education?—

—her lack of brains, personality, or good looks?

All these sluts are the same. Different colors in the same by-the-numbers painting just to keep it interesting. So many fucking rejects, fucking deformed water-head babies, garbage.

It usually takes about five tokens for me to finish with these cunts. The exact duration of time one's allowed per token remains cloudy to me. Each token is a dollar, and I'll guess that it lasts around two minutes. Sometimes it feels like hours.

First token: I acclimate myself to the bad lighting, claustrophobic conditions, and bathroom odors. The girl says hello, tells me where to stick her tips, and turns on the tape (which, astoundingly, is usually Stevie Nicks, John Cougar, Pat Benatar, or Prince). She starts her dance up close to the glass, twitching and jerking her portly body through a cheesy K-Mart teddy-and-bra ensemble.

Second token: Her top comes off. She tugs at the rubbery nipples and presses her ugly tits against the window. Her breasts are relatively young and on the firmish side. However, the stretch marks tell a story of disgusting motherhood, so I assume their non-sagginess is explicable due to the needs of a wanting water-head. It is a pleasure to see one so young and yet already so used-up. It is heartening to know she'll raise more humans in her own image. Tits, which are probably the most hideous things on earth next to the cunt, are dead giveaways in the failure stakes. So many women build their entire personalities on these homely appendages that it can only do a man good to see them slap and fidget here in their natural habitat.

Third token: She peels her cheap panties off and dances naked except for her shoes and needle-wraps. She turns around, bends down, and grabs her feet, displaying in all their sickening gore her swollen crack and filthy brown asshole. This is the favorite position of the peep-show beastie—being, as it is, a natural position emblematic of her greater place on god's green earth and, also, a brief period of rest. She can stop dancing for a few seconds and give her flesh a short break from sloshing against itself.

Fourth token: She begins the clinical examination of her vagina. She nuzzles up close to the window, puts her foot on a stool, raises her hips, and splays her red gash right in my face. Two fingers spread the craggy lips while another finger probes, pushes, and pokes the slime-meat. She'll diddle the clit and purse her lips. Her head will turn down toward her cunt, up at me, and then back down at the hole—that is, if I'm tipping. Then she doesn't want me to miss a thing.

Fifth token: Continues the finger-fuck and clit-pull. She'll also return to the ass-jutting ankle-grabs of the third token, but now with the extra added attraction of asshole-digging. She'll dart one or two stubby, painted fingers between her cunt and asshole and spread each one open for greater perusal.

Mixed in with all this flattering choreography are the tongue-waggings and sexy witticisms:

"Let's see your cock."

"You like that?"

"Did you get your nut?"

There is no dignity here. None. However, my reasons and interests are clear. Hers are not. Hers are born of desperation and confusion. She has no other option open to her. But she still has daydreams about herself. She thinks she may be better than all this. She has no other place to go. I do.

And today I've chosen a quick trip to the zoo.

I wonder: Does this caged pig refer to herself as a model? Does her confusion seep so deep that she

isn't even aware of what she has to offer? There are models:

—like the bumpy ones who pose for PLAYBOY and PENTHOUSE or even ADAM, HUSTLER, CLUB, *et al.* Those females who have formed their careers—their successful and lucrative careers—out of the money which doltish men pay to follow their dicks around. These girls simply use their assets:

Big tits.

Firm asses.

Taut stomachs.

Wide hips.

Long legs.

Full lips, small noses, wide eyes.

These are sluts that trade on the fantasies of lonely men. They are the whores who believe that they possess a special power by dint of their being born female. The ones that believe that an erection is involuntary. That the man is helpless behind it and therefore, the real power between the sexes lies in their artfully trimmed and shaved, aerobically muscled and tight laps.

And they are the ones that make modern rape defenses possible.

All women are whores. The difference is price. Some are very successful. Then there are other models:

—like the one in front of me. Stupid whores. The ones who get rolled over by their own lives. The ones who don't possess the necessary assets. The ones that have:

Saggy, uneven breasts.

Fat asses.

Fleshy bellies.

Motherly hips.

Squat legs.

Thin lips, big noses, dull eyes, pock holes, pimples, double chins, mustachios, pudgy cheeks, emotional problems, stupidity.

These goats can't choose their profession. They end up in places like this all over the world. Misfits who carry their ostentatious litanies of abuse and distress wherever they go.

And I can watch it shake its fat and finger its cunt for a dollar a shot.

When I look into that seedy cunt pressed up and stretched out against the glass, I can see all the way into her gassy stomach. And I can follow that all the way into her tiny little female brain. And I can see every memory she has:

—I can see her fat father putting her through her paces at a very early age. Simple incest. Nothing too

spectacular or pre-planned. A drunk man who decides, for whatever reason, to see just how tight his little daughter's cunt is.

—He slaps a sweaty, hairy hand over her mouth and finger-fucks her the first time. She cries. She gets confused. She hurts. Blah, blah, blah.

—Next time, he wants his dick to feel the warmth of her guts, so he lathers it up and rams it home (literally—she's his fucking daughter, why else have 'em?). Keeps it quiet, cums quickly.

—Then he wants the whole package. Mom's out or, hopefully, dead, or, even better, drunk. He pulls the girl into bed. Grabs her tits. Pulls and grabs and licks and sucks her tiny titties. Feels her ass, pokes at her tight asshole with his hairy finger. Sticks his old tongue in her mouth and runs it around her throat. He climbs on top. Jams his hard cock into her dry, tight cunt, pumps, cums, slurps, grabs, fingers, and does it all again and again.

—Not always enough time for the whole package. Teaches the little girl to suck him off. Shows her how to use her tongue and where to stick it. Shows her how he likes her to rub his balls when she gobbles on the end of his cock. How to suck on them balls. Use her hand, up and down and tight and lick the tip. Fucking slut, fucking whore, fucking cunt. Cums in her mouth every time.

—Gets bored with young cunt—like all cunt, period. Starts to beat off in her face and slap her around. Makes her lick that slimy shit off the head of his fat, sweaty, adult dick.

—Rapes her asshole.

—Introduces dildos and cameras into their familial bonding. Push this in. Now keep it there and twist. Deeper. Stop your fucking crying, you little fucking whore. You like it, don't ya, you used fucking slut? Sit on this. All the way. Stop crying. Suck this, suck it. Ties her to the bed and plows it all up into that tiny little slash. That deserving pit just keeps stretching and stretching and stretching.

—Gets her pregnant.

—She watches mom get beaten to a pulp after mom finds the photos.

—She knows she's the cause of all the problems—her brother's drug habit, her father's insanity, her mother's depression. She's ruined everything for everyone.

I can see it all. All these things and more slosh around in that small brain that only knows pain and mistakes and failures. And every memory, every thought, every decision—all starts with daddy's juicy red cock. This makes:

—looking at her disgusting holes worthwhile (knowing daddy stuffed them all)—

—watching her grind and gyrate and thrust and jiggle worthwhile (the way daddy taught her)—

—seeing her peel off those cheap panties and bras worthwhile (just like when she had to put 'em on and take 'em back off for daddy).

When she unhooks that tacky C-cup and lets her tits fall naked against her chest, and then shakes them around, right to left, with a little shoulder-switch and tail-wiggle, does she look at me with my cock in my fist and see her father?

I'm betting on it.

A dollar a pop.

I want to see her father standing there behind the glass. He's beating his meat in front of her. He eyes her fatty tits and belly, her hairy cunt through her cheap panties and squat, bruised legs. For daddy, she:

—spreads her cunt lips and twiddles her clit—

—finger-fucks herself. Feels the insides of her slimy bowels and comes out with a disgusting, sticky, smelly, soaked finger—

—rubs and slaps her hairy crack and pokes her dilated asshole—

—licks her lips and gives the air in front of my dick a mock blow job—

—watches all sorts of men cum in her face. Every day. Always.

And when she gets home, she gets to take care of her other mistakes. She tries to forget:

—her drug habit—

—her ugliness—

—her loneliness—

—her worthlessness—

—her overwhelming inabilities—

—her brain-damaged child. The one that was born bleeding beneath the lining of its brain. The one that:

—can't learn to feed itself—

—can't learn to talk—

—can't lift its head up off the pillow just yet. Doctors are optimistic that, with therapy and dedication, the child-thing may someday be able to raise that bloated thing more than just a tad—

—shits and pisses and spits up on itself and doesn't have a clue about it—

—cries and cries and cries—

—will grow up into a wheelchair but will never be able to move it by itself—

—is constantly in need—

—breathes through holes cut in its tiny little neck and spine. And, once again, doctors are optimistic that someday they can remove the tubes and replace

them with permanent artificial devices that won't look quite so hideous—

—will need help to piss and shit every day for the rest of its life—

—will never learn to use its hands—

—will forever meet people who will not look its way until it passes and then will just stare and shake their heads with pity—

—will never touch another human in a way other than in a complete state of dependence—

—will feel only loneliness, shame, and hatred—

—will never lead the storybook life its mother had always planned. No love, friendship, care, trust—

—won't even be able to perform in the Special Olympics. It's too far-gone. Too brutalized. Too sick and worthless and depressing for the pity parade—

—sits alone, crumpled and uncomfortable, while its mother is out spreading cunt behind glass to men for a dollar and, if she's lucky, an extra dollar tip. I'm sure this pig compares cocks. She made a point to look down at mine while I pulled on it. She's looking for one that looks like dad's or her druggie boyfriend's. It's part of the job. Has to act like she wants that dick—gets a big tip if she sticks her head toward it and licks the glass.

What does she do when she fucks? Who would actually want to stick their dick in that thing? Would her father still want to? She fingers her asshole too much to be a dyke. Perhaps she's trying to form a friendship with the nigger janitor that mops up the cum around here. Does she think that maybe one day she'll look out, and behind the glass will be Mr. Right with his balls and cock in his hand? Will he cum, tuck in his wet cock, and take her away from all of this? Does she still believe in love? Or just welfare? How does she feel when someone cums inside her cunt? Does she think of all the thousands of times she's seen cum drool out of men's cocks?

I shoot on the window and drip on the floor. At her face. I clean up, zip up, turn around, and walk out of that revolting cum depository.

She says, "Thank you." ■

I always get a little tweak of excitement when I see kids—young kids—cross the street in front of my car. They're so blasé.

So full of themselves, so loaded with attitude and phony with promise. I'm always reminded of this woman whose child was smashed by a delivery truck while he was playing out in the street. I see these giggling fresh faces, and my brain and spine get licked with every single detail of that accident in less than a breath. A neighbor ran to the woman's house and, screaming, they both bolted straight out the front door to find the little boy sardined between the truck and a parked car. There was tiny twisted flesh and long, scratching streaks of blood and the mother going deep, deep into shock.

FOUR.

My Dear Woman,

I hope you'll read all of this. To do that, I'm sure, you'll have to fight an impulse to stop suddenly and tear it into tiny pieces. Either that, or you'll want to hand it directly to your prosecutor friend and spare yourself the bother of what you see as my perverted problems. But I'm hoping that you'll be able to draw on some of the enviable resilience you displayed at the trial and, with teeth and fists clenched tight, make

it through to the end. I do understand how unpleasant holding a letter from me must be. I can appreciate that your thoughts throughout the length of this missive may center only on the state's failure to adequately silence me. But let me convince you of my worth—for the length of this letter alone. Let me assure you, firstly, that contained herein is information you'll want to know in order to form a truly accurate portrait of your beloved son and, secondly, that you can trust me to give you unflinchingly honest facts and opinions based on close and careful observation. You're certainly correct in questioning my motives for such a letter, and I won't attempt to lessen your possibly justified hatred and prejudice. But if I might be so bold—we find ourselves in a rather unique position. We share an extraordinarily intimate relationship with your son as loving catalyst and interface. And, whether you prefer to admit it or not, our relationship is, since the passing of your son, as close as either of us will ever be to him again.

Now I would assume, both from seeing your actions at the trial and parole hearing, and reading various quotables in the press and depositions, that you find no use in shielding yourself away from the gory details or painful invectives regarding Danny's death or living situation. It is to this strength of character I wish to appeal. And further, I'm sure you would agree, that any information regarding Danny's life and death is, at this sad point, very dear indeed.

To be brutally frank, I think you owe it to Danny. By your own admission—at the parole hearing especially, when you so eloquently explained the hole in your heart and life since Danny's untimely end—you owe it to Danny to picture him in your mind as he truly was, and not just as what the public wants to hear or wants you to think.

And as concerns my veracity: You know the facts. You know the photos. And I suspect you sense the honest truth. But honesty is a valuable, precious commodity—so precious, in fact, that it is irrevocably insular. Safety and fear demand that we cast aside our pure sense of honesty and instead act on a base level more common to jungle animals and thieves. May I suggest, then, with that excruciating familiarity as a backdrop, that we ignore the false veneer of respect and good taste and allow our shared experience to speak for itself. Just as true honesty celebrates itself through the necessity of lies and trickery, let's you and I concentrate only on our observations—shared as they are in deference to Danny.

I promise I won't keep you long. I also promise you a unique experience afforded to very few mothers. How many women do you know who are able to see their child through perfectly clear eyes—precise,

lavish images unclouded by falsely accepted sentiment or natural (to wit: blind) concern? Allow me the chance to show you Danny as his peers, his public, saw him. Let's you and I share the selfishness of his personality. His being. His image and reality. I suspect, as I said earlier, we already do.

I thought your presence at the parole hearing last month was a very brave and commendable move on your part. I know how difficult it must have been for you. You said so yourself, didn't you? The papers and court records should accurately reflect that fact also. Your pain as a mother suffering a mother's most extreme heartache is quite obvious. Your words reverberate in my brain as they echo through the public's Sunday newspapers: "I don't want this creature out to kill again. He took my son. He can't ever be allowed to be paroled. Never, never release him. May he die in hell. He not only killed my son, but he murdered the father of my son. He surely died because of the stress and strain of the case and the pain that he caused."

Strong words with a personal, real-life backbone. Let the parole board see the living pain of the crimes. Quite right. After, of course, they've viewed the actual photos. The photos that you brought with you. The same photos the prosecutor had and passed around to the board members just as he did to the judge and jury so many years before.

You came across, to me and your public, as exactly as you see yourself. As exactly as you are, I'm sure. Damaged and hurt and especially honest. These outrageous circumstances demand ostensible sincerity. These demands require that you share with all of us the most confidential and introspective details of your psyche and experience. An ugly situation, indeed, and one where the greater concern for general welfare is sometimes forgotten entirely in simple practice. You held up well and put on a very special performance.

I think, therefore, you will understand what I mean when I say that I saw a lot of Danny in you. As I watched you, as I checked your piteous bawling, your manipulative pleas and acerbic, bitter, vengeful insults, I saw the real Danny seep out of the witness stand and obliterate you. Through you, I watched Danny and his dismal failure to understand his impulses and drives. I saw the most basic personality forged precariously upon laziness and the ever-ready acceptance of the immediate public moment.

Pity, then, that I can't say your social soul-searching was enlightening or unique. Like Danny, your honesty was only as entertaining as your mistakes. Your opinions are only viewed against the typical scenery of public stupidity.

This indolence might forever serve you, but

between us, and our very special closeness, it will remain a heavy and brutal wedge. This is a shame.

Forgive me if I don't dismiss you as readily as you dismiss yourself, but I think your raw nerves and motherly mewling need some shaping. You need some motivational skills, some insight—a few less back-pats, concerned hugs, and empty reassurances and a few more details.

"All you have to do is look at the brutality of the act of the man. The fact is, he is a monster."

Impressive, effective, I suppose, but you and I know: empty. Let's not let ourselves sink down to their level. Let's you and I disregard the convenience of histrionics and, instead, base our feelings—our honesty—on what we know between us.

Which is to say that Danny was not a particularly bright boy. He wasn't especially pretty or endearing in even the most open or drunken circumstances. I know that your relationship with Danny wasn't all that close. The sheer frequency with which I saw him was enough to tell me that. But, beyond that, I could see it every time I was with him. However, I would never question the strength of your influence, and, of course, that very special elemental bond between a mother and son.

Danny's main attributes were his slim waist, large penis, and cheap price. His young age helped, as his chosen lifestyle hadn't evinced itself on his face just yet, though I wouldn't call him in any way cute. His mouth was a little slack and his eyes dull. Of course, the rather large amount of drugs he took daily couldn't help but alter his appearance, but then, to guess at his looks without that chemical-induced stupor would be about as unfair to him as the crying jags in your testimony. I only knew Danny when he was high and for sale. But, as I've said, I knew him often.

Danny was friendly and malleable and eager to enjoy himself whenever he was completely blitzed. He was talkative and typical and, I suspect, somewhat retarded or permanently drug-stunted. A nice boy and nicely available. He was extremely polite, albeit street-cool with a slow, slurred solicitousness. Charming in a sluggish, desperate, thoroughly average type of way. Lovely, if barely awake.

I encouraged Danny to talk whenever we were together. And, in keeping with my avowed dedication to honesty between us, I will confess that my interest in what he had to say was more sexually selfish than the misguided altruism that is more commonly assumed. Danny told me about his girlfriend, his plans for marriage, and his hope of getting away to Montana to "take it easy" eventually. Danny was always careful not to act gay and also to not let me think he was just some sort of street bum.

Shall I tell you some of the other stories Danny told me? I think I should, as you can quite possibly use the details in your next interview with the TRIBUNE or the parole board. That is, just in case, you'd prefer at this point not to continue on with me in my attempts to help you formulate that warm and colorful portrait of your son.

Perhaps I should explain that, speaking from experience, a lot of what prostitutes say is usually manipulative in some way. If they're not trying to sell an image or raise the price, they're trying to ensure a repeat client by giving him what they think he wants to hear. Sometimes it's just lowly self-aggrandizing. I can only add that what I'm about to enumerate came directly from Danny's mouth. And just as I choose to believe or ignore those things I prefer or dislike, so should you. As I suspect you already do. But it did all come from Danny.

He told me his mother and father died a long while ago, after which he was delivered to an aunt and uncle for whom he didn't really care. He said his uncle raped him when he was nine, and although I encouraged Danny to give me explicit details of this attack, and which he dutifully did, I will spare you them as I know them to be mere business phantasms best consigned to my more private moments. After all, you're still living, and during the trial I heard not a single mention of any uncle or any other less-than-proper living arrangement during his younger, more formative years. I wonder why he said both you and your husband were dead, though. Perhaps you can tell me?

He told me he didn't think he was gay because usually men only paid him to let them suck his cock. He told me he had a lot of problems cumming and even staying hard in their mouths and often had to resort to thinking about his girlfriend with his eyes closed. However, if I offered him a bit more than the going price, he was quick to let me in his crack, and only once—the first time—did he remark that it made him feel cheap. He always seemed to take it pretty good. Some mess, no blood, not especially tight.

He told me he saw a social worker who came around periodically but that ("no offense") he seemed a lot like his customers. And the girl that came around with condoms and addresses of where he could stay and sleep and kick was "really fat and ugly—you know why she spends time with us, it's 'cause no one else will hang out with her."

He said he quit school because his classmates would call him a faggot and other names, 'cause word got out about what he was doing. He said he got in a lot of fights but won 'em all. Of course, the Danny that you and I knew couldn't win a fight with a nun. Perhaps a natural awkwardness and frailty accounts

in part for the exceptionally long list of drugs found in his autopsy report?

He charged an extra twenty bucks if his customers didn't want him to use a condom. He confessed that he was worried about AIDS and was always very careful. I explained to him that he was probably not in the position to get the virus, as it was his dick getting sucked, and he replied it was just a way to get more money anyways.

Rest assured, I used a condom.

When I fucked him.

Danny liked heavy metal. But, perhaps not surprisingly, he liked the older groups—Judas Priest (his favorite), Black Sabbath, Ozzy, UFO, Led Zeppelin. He hadn't heard of many of the newer groups, though his friends sometimes talked about them. I told him about the so-called "death-metal" bands such as Napalm Death, Carcass, and Morbid Angel, but he only seemed politely interested. He told me he bought a Slayer cassette and an AC/DC cassette from a local used-record store one night. He wanted to listen to them in his new Walkman, but "the fuckin' thing's all fucked-up. I just fuckin' got it, but I don't know what the fuck happened—it was alright when I got it." Needless to add, Danny was pretty high.

Sometimes Danny would ask me for an extra five dollars. "I'm having financial problems today," he'd say. This meant business was slow. He'd say he needed the money for dinner and then start talking about the extreme price he had to pay for drugs. He said he had to make deals with this "scumbag nigger at his roach motel."

Danny told me most of the men he went with were "middle-class white guys" and that he was pretty selective. I can tell you that while this may have once been true (though I find it hard to believe), by the end of his sixteen-year-old life, Danny looked a little more than tired. I'm sure if he didn't waste all his money on drugs, he could have saved quite a lot of money. I can't help but wonder why he took so many drugs. Do you think his school life was really that bad? I can't imagine what he was trying to get away from. I can't quite understand what would make him so desperate for artificial fun.

Although I know how special Danny was in your eyes and how you're just sure he stood out from the crowd—how he was kindhearted and carried your neighbor's groceries and helped his little sister, etc.—I must unfortunately confess that this was not obvious on the street. Alone or in a small gaggle of misfit hookers in Uptown, Danny was no less or no more cute than any of the others. His moves, his come-on and usurious smile, his slow conversation, were all rote performances. Very much like all the rest. Very

careful. Very fucked-up. His penis, as I said earlier, was large (long and kind of thick for such a skinny boy), and that may have made him stand out to various size queens, but, in all honesty, his main allure stemmed from his availability and familiarity. I've had better and worse. More entertaining ones and more abused ones.

Now, of course, what I knew of Danny and the impressions he made on me were put in a different light after I hurt him. His crying and begging and swearing and fitful rage and drugged inability to cope tend to cloud my earlier memories. Just as I'm sure your loving images of breast-feeding and nighttime tuck-ins are marred by the crime photos you promised to bring to each and every parole hearing. But these were extreme circumstances, and I'm sure it wouldn't be exactly fair to judge Danny on such a caged and urgent set of events. One's mortality is something one is desperate to avoid, and when faced with its shocking and painful reality, one can easily be excused for forming an entirely new personality. Perhaps we can talk about all this in another letter. It would be fascinating to hear your thoughts on how you think Danny perceived himself and his surroundings. His sense of purpose, his religion, his politics, etc. He did beg fearfully for his life, I can tell you, and I somehow suspect that this reflects a little better on you.

Well, I know I've taken up too much of your time, and if I might be so bold, one last time, I suspect your time with Danny was always a mite strained and difficult for you. Hopefully, next time you talk to the press or the parole board, you might mention less about what a great kid gone awry he was and more about how he was pretty much dead before I even got near him.

I think that would be the honest thing to do and more in keeping with a real love for Danny. No use in tarnishing your personal photo book even more than it already is.

Additionally, I'd like to hear more about yourself. Maybe how I've made you feel in light of all the press and peer attention you've received. Nothing wrong with a little limelight, and I certainly don't mean to suggest that you're an empty, worthless media hog. In fact, I think the photo of you shrieking and crying at the courthouse when the caption below read, "Danny's mother declined comment" was especially tactful. You did look old in that shot. That was probably enough of a comment. But I'm talking more specifically about how I've given your rather special mothering technique that rare stamp of legitimacy. You'll no longer be a piece of trailer-camp white trash with a faggot junkie whore for a son; you're forever now a poor, blameless mother who has suffered

unspeakable injustices. Inconceivable tragedies. Gross disadvantages.

Violence is quite a purge, my dear woman, and when I think of the gleaming coincidences we share, it's mildly disturbing to me that we're not much closer. I'm sure you'll agree.

Hope to hear from you soon,

PURE was described as a magazine that "extols the pleasures of child-torture and murder" by the Illinois Assistant State's Attorney during his press conference. He thanked god that I was stopped before the third issue "hit the streets."

"Child abuse is a sublime pleasure." This is the line most of the reporters and anchormen latched onto on the night of my arrest. The rest of the paragraph, from **PURE #1**, is as follows:

"All the great extremes—genital torture; forced, unlubricated rape; butchering—all these pleasures and more reach their pinnacle when the victim is a small child. The orifices are extremely tight and usually virgin, an absolute joy to mangle,

rip, and violate. The pained screams ring more shrill, more impassioned, unhampered from years of growing up fat and jaded. Virgin territory brings the fresh cries and intense reactions of crushed and forever retarded innocence."

FIVE.

This dick. This fucking idiot who, because he knows his job too fucking well, thinks he's a bright little boy. Sitting at the opposite end of this ratty Formica-top lunch table, he stretches, clasps his hands together in the air, and brings them back behind his head. He's still wearing that stupid green logger's cap even though we've been inside now for the past three hours. Everything's attitude with this bore. Sizing me up and psyching me out. Regular-guy blue jeans and flannel shirt, mousy mustache and beard, slow Chicago accent and dim eyes.

He sighs and asks me what I know about Melissa Ackerman. He wants to talk about it 'cause he's talked to some of the other cops that are working on the case downstate. Then he asks me about Robin Gecht. It was his job to talk to some of the hookers and follow up on some of the leads in Gecht's crimes and, he's really quick to tell me, he even picked up some of the mutilated hooker corpses.

My situation hardly calls for irreverence, so I'm compliant. This dick wants to fill me in. Wants to show off, I figure, but wants to act like he's drilling me for info. Wants to see how much I know.

What a dick.

I'm positive about this guy. Just like the prim nigger who showed me the arrest warrant and search papers. Just exactly like the Customs goon who was livid—honestly, bright-red and pounding—about me getting kiddie porn through the mail. And the tight-cunt professional with the crow's feet and pinched face who decided to drop in on my apartment search just 'cause she helped rewrite the laws on child pornography.

Knee-deep in shit, they're dimwitted enough to care and enough not to understand.

So the suburbanite prattles onward. Did I wonder what it was like to pick up these bodies? Did I know that an arm meant a search for a hand or a leg or whatever limb was missing? Did I understand the gore factor? And did I know that with everything he's been through—all that pain and violence and evil and gore and sickness and humanity—that he couldn't even approach the thinking that I had?

The details were interesting, the editorials a given, and the indignation annoying.

Cops have such a great job. Pity they're all bump-and-grind morons. I wonder when it is, approximately, that their fetish for their position turns to the pure stupidity as evidenced here. But I know these dicks are here for reasons: serve and protect and care and power-trip and insecurity and macho and vigilantism and personal best and gym class and family and making a difference and retirement and pension and all the bloody rest; I don't figure they're all perverts. Sheep. Like the rest. That's all. Inoffensive, really. However, there must come a time when the "material" they handle ceases to feed the shock of the new and enters the nether regions as slog or burnout or mania.

These dolts get to have all those nice photos of crime victims on their desk. They get to flip through my copy of INCEST #4 and nine months of my garbage-can refuse. They get to search for decapitated heads and limbs and teeth and hair and iron bars used for beating some scumbag whore's head to bits.

These football boys get to do so much.

Have you ever seen kiddie porn? Real KP—not the fag crap by NAMBLA pussies or Mexican boy collectors. Good KP has tiny kids—I've seen babies, which, actually, fail to make much of a tweak due to the rather unimpressable age. But the gesture is certainly appealing. Good KP, as quoted in the memorandum of law in response to defendant's motion and amended motion to dismiss the indictments in case numbers 86-CR-211 and 212, should have at least some of the following:

A CHILD UNDER THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN DEPICTING A CHILD AS (1) ENGAGED IN AN ACT OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE; (2) ENGAGED IN AN ACT OF SEXUAL CONTACT INVOLVING THE MOUTH OF THAT CHILD AND THE SEX ORGANS OF ANOTHER PERSON; AND (3) IN A POSE INVOLVING THE LEWD EXHIBITION OF THE GENITALS OF THAT CHILD.

I think it goes without saying that age eighteen is a convenience just for the law. Preferably the child should be quite young—not so young that, as I mentioned earlier with the babies, they don't know or care

what's going on, but certainly young enough to cry and be scared and hurt. Traci Lords and too much fag KP isn't where it's at, fellas. If you're looking for genitalia, go somewhere else.

The stuff my cops get to enjoy contained all sorts of good action. The kind where the damage is clear and real, albeit subtle and unbloody.

My cops and both sets of my lawyers and my judge and all the clerks that cared got to pore through pages of top-quality material. Hard to get then, nearly impossible to get now. Lucky fucks.

A little boy—maybe seven, longish blond hair in a messy, "just got out of bed" Dutch-boy cut, extends his tiny, wet tongue out of his cute little lips and presses it against a huge, hairy cock—hard, uncircumcised skin pulled back and thick, heavy, and long. The boy's eyes are wide open. The man towers above the boy, and the cock seems as big as the tyke's confused little face.

A little girl—much less than ten, I'm sure, in a series of shots. On a bed. In a car. In a field. No penetration, no physical abuse, and all the better because of it. She's displaying her wares for the cameraman: Lift up your shirt, dear, show us that flat chest. Smile now. Bend over. Lift up your skirt. Spread your butt-cheeks. Turn around now. Point to your thing, dear. Touch it. Smile once more. They're all here—all the ridiculous, cheesy, hetero-fantasy flesh jerkoff shots, but with a little spice. The position, the atmosphere, the environment, the crime, the corruption, the smell of threats and control and manipulation. Child pornography is so much more than just child flesh; so much more than just flesh anything.

A little girl—a full close-up of her cunt. Fuck knows how old. It's a hairless cunt and, obviously, as tight as a drum. Two fingers frame her cunt and stretch it open. The camera records the display in juicy wet color, flesh, and pink, untouched unmentionables....

A little boy—a different, short-haired, naked innocent lying on a bed. We see an older man dangling his long, flaccid dick into the boy's swallowing throat. We stare from the foot of the bed; the boy's feet just on top of us as he lies supine under the squatting man. The boy's head is twisted uncomfortably and turned up slightly to give that all-important age profile. His paper-thin lips wrap around the hanging works while the man wraps his big, bony paw around the boy's teeny weenie. He cups the little balls with a couple of fingers and pinches the penis between his thumb and forefinger. No response from the boy. Eyes shut. Mouth open.

A little girl—a close-up of her face. Eyes half-open, tousled, stringy brown hair—longish, again, about to the neck. Flat. Greasy. Her mouth is closed and her

lips slightly relaxed. A thick, snotty load of milky-clear cum is smeared across her lips and cheek and nose. Some of it has slid onto her eyelid. It's a fucking big load on a small, cutesy, pasty-white face.

A little boy—lying on the bed. Could be the cock-swallower. We see his tiny asshole and firm, taut buttocks envelop a thick, man-meat cock. Guy fits his cock into that little hole, and we don't get to see the little bastard's face. I'd like to see if the asshole took it easy—see what step on the wheel we're at here.

A little girl—possibly five years old—quite small, wide-eyed, and scared-looking. That hair again. Licks a dick. Hairy adult balls at her chin and neck. Big dick, small mouth, tiny tongue. The cock goes in sideways across her lips, and her tongue caresses the bottom of the vein. We see her small, skinny frame, her ribs, her almost-nonexistent nipples and hips, her bald pubis with just the most tender hint of a slash down there. Her eyes are the biggest thing about her.

A little girl—same one, so incredibly small, squats on a fat cock. Just the tip of the head makes it in. Another shot—a close-up of the action—shoves the cock all the way into her stomach. That tight little bony quim stretches impossibly 'round that engorged thick prick and takes it all. Just his heavy balls squash out beneath her tiny lap weight.

Another cop—balding, thin, but otherwise typical nigger, in designer jeans and understated work shirt, tells me about his responsibilities. These same responsibilities will later be expressed even more clearly in their case against me. To wit:

THE DISTRIBUTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS AND FILMS DEPICTING SEXUAL ACTIVITY BY JUVENILES IS INTRINSICALLY RELATED TO THE SEXUAL ABUSE OF CHILDREN.

THE MATERIALS PRODUCED ARE A PERMANENT RECORD OF THE CHILDREN'S PARTICIPATION, AND THE HARM TO THE CHILD IS EXACERBATED BY THE CIRCULATION.

STATES HAVE A LEGITIMATE INTEREST IN INHIBITING DISSEMINATION OR EXHIBITION OF OBSCENE MATERIAL WHEN THE MODE OF DISSEMINATION CARRIES WITH IT A SIGNIFICANT DANGER OF OFFENDING THE SENSIBILITIES OF UNWILLING RECIPIENTS OR OF EXPOSURE TO JUVENILES.

And I agree. Certainly. I wish I could feel the constant torture of the little kiddies when I blithely masturbate in the privacy of my lonely little bathroom. Instead, I have to amuse myself with the hope that the child now depicted sucking cock ended his day draped over a hotel-room luggage stand dead from an overdose of cocaine given to him by the photographers to keep him quiet and malleable. Too many white-slavery stories sound fantastic; too many

whose memoirs sound self-serving and convenient. I'm willing—eager—to believe all that this black-lipped nigger and various other law-jobbers have to say—I'd just like some proof, some backbone.

The nigger tells me how much he hates looking at this stuff. I think every cop, dick, and DA that I've ever talked to has made sure I knew that. I would suggest another job. Honestly, it can't be worth it.

Just imagine the horrible possibility of one of these poor men fucking their wife's depths, grabbing her big titties, and sucking her tongue and plowing ever harder, ever faster when, all of a sudden, that evil image of child-fellatio hits him in his forehead. I'm sure it's enough to make him lose his erection.

Imagine my nigger cop fucking his wife doggy-style, or rubbing his greasy dick on his wife's saggy breasts, and having to struggle to disassociate his pure feelings of love with my demented notions of fun. It's enough to make him swear off begging his wife to let him in her ass forever.

And, good lord, how will he ever help his little baby daughter potty-train or take a bath?

ARE YOU A MEMBER OF NAMBLA?

ARE YOU A HOMOSEXUAL?

DID YOUR FATHER ABUSE YOU?

For the women: The cops made sure that all the prisoners I shared cells with knew what I was there for.

One short, fat nigger cop patted me down in a holding area (after I'd been there for a couple hours and in full view of the other twenty or so prisoners, of course) and asked, "any mo' of dose little boy pictures on ya? Have ya got any mo' of dose little-baby sex pictures in yo' pockets?"

Another stupid nigger pig wouldn't allow me within ten feet of his desk. I had to shout the information he needed for his little form from the line of prisoners. Everyone else stepped to his desk. When I got there, he told me to move back—way back—and then announced to his partner (and everyone else) what I was there for. His partner, white, just shook his head.

Two Dago moron cops told the two nigger dicks flanking me (as we walked to a courtroom) to knock me down the stairs and get it over with.

A fat-ass Mick pig banged on my cell at four o'clock in the morning to make sure I saw the newspaper with my photo in it. He said, "Everyone's really hot about having you here—how come everybody hates you so much?"

They kept switching my cell. Every one of my cellmates was black. Not one gave a fuck.

WHO SOLD THIS TO YOU?

WHEN DID YOU START LOOKING FOR THIS TYPE OF MATERIAL?

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THIS?

I like these cops. I even like my unbearably stupid parole officer. (She suspects that I'm a Satanist and wanted me to see a psychiatrist but couldn't find the funding.) I'd hate to sound as if I'm crying over these incidents. My arrest caused me some big problems—these aren't them. No, I'm a big fan of these types. I like these guys 'cause their loss drips off them like a sick, shed skin.

I wouldn't have it any other way. If they really care: They've lost. But they're just football boys. Blind, deaf, and dumb, stuck waist-deep in a snowstorm and just waiting for a big-enough freeze to come carry them off to their next big sleep. They are very safe, these boys, far above their station. They see themselves as poking some order into the scummy ditch below. Very expensive. Very luxurious. Very convenient. Very careful.

I wouldn't have it any other way. Even if I could. Works too well. Sometimes. But it's certainly morally reassuring. I'd like to see more documentaries on Brazilian death squads done by caring ingénue film makers. More talk shows on rape and child abuse, more TV specials hosted by celebrities who've suffered tragedies and are big enough to share all the gory details. More important people doing more important favors.

I need to spend more time with people bigger than their jobs. I need to hear them explain what they have to deal with day by fucking day. I want to see their wrinkled faces and hands and the bruises and traumas that started their eating disorders, alcoholism, nightmares, and ulcers. I like to hear what they hang their marital problems on; how their kids aren't responding, and women—they just don't know what it's like.

And they're so much better—excuse me, we're—all so much better for having had the experience.

I—we—need a cop who understands the horrors of child abuse. Really understands it. He's seen the pain, both mental and physical. Societal. He's been right there on top of it. He's done everything, from picking up the corpses of kids with their tiny genitalia fucking ripped from their bodies and soaked in blood and cum and wounds and salt and shit and piss and nails and wood to forcibly removing a crying, howling ten-year-old from her father's arms in a run-down, filthy project hole 'cause he suspects serious abuse, goddamnit.

A copper who's always thinking. Brings this shit home with him. Deals with reality. Doesn't try to escape, but rather, integrates all the facts into a life-long drive for truth and human rights.

A cop who sees today's headlines and TV themes, who checks which way the wind's blowing. Watches

the waves and trends of society and hopes that human nature must be better than its actions.

He tortures himself nightly. Can people be just this bad, or is it reflexive trauma? Are these criminals victims, perhaps? Or is it a simple question of control, or, rather, the lack of it? I just jail the sick, he figures, but most importantly, I protect the innocent.

You wouldn't believe what I deal with, he says, it's such a nightmare. The lines are never black-and-white. Take, for instance, that most abused kids want to stay with their abusive parents. Love—love is a very weird thing, and kids are so impressionable, so easy to brainwash. Have you ever heard that one song by Madonna?

OH, FATHER
YOU NEVER WANTED TO LIVE THAT WAY
YOU NEVER WANTED TO HURT ME
WHY AM I RUNNING AWAY
MAYBE SOMEDAY
WHEN I LOOK BACK
I'LL BE ABLE TO SAY
YOU DIDN'T MEAN TO BE CRUEL
SOMEBODY HURT YOU, TOO.

I've seen these kids, he says. I've studied the psychology. She really hits a nerve. She cares. She campaigns on behalf of these kids. Donates money and makes it an issue in interviews.

There's another song.
THEY CRY IN THE DARK
SO YOU CAN'T SEE THE TEARS.
THEY HIDE IN THE LIGHT
SO YOU CAN'T SEE THE FEARS.

I've seen these kids; they don't want to tell on their parents, even though they're beating them to death; making them do horrible things. Really disgusting, horrible things.

BE DADDY'S GOOD GIRL
AND DON'T TELL MOMMY A THING.
BE A GOOD LITTLE BOY
AND YOU'LL GET A NEW TOY
TELL GRANDMA YOU FELL OFF THE SWING.

I remember one of these kids, the cop tells me. A cute little girl—really cute under all the tears and scratches. Her father was fucking her since she was four years old. He taught her how to suck his penis like a professional prostitute. And, to top it off, like the fucking pervert sex wasn't enough for the sick motherfucker, he had to beat her. We wouldn't have even known about the abuse—the sexual abuse—if it wasn't for the fact that when I pulled her away from the old man, you know, when I had her in the office at the station—she was the most highly sexed thing I'd ever seen. She'd make a hooker blush. And she was really little, really young and small. She'd rub her

crotch and say these filthy words and then stick her tongue in and out—you know, like she was giving a blow job. It was sad. Really fucking sad. She was stressed-out—it was such an ugly scene with her dad and everything, so she was acting really upset and she showed us all this stuff. That motherfucker really fucked her up. I don't know if she'll ever be fully OK, you know. I wanted to kill that motherfucker—it's really frustrating.

I think it's important that the public knows about these things. I don't think too many people could take it, though—the real stuff.

There's that line that keeps going through my head:
THEY ONLY HIT UNTIL YOU CRY
AND AFTER THAT, YOU DON'T ASK WHY.

These songs, they really come to mean something more when you deal with this shit every day.

The cops that searched my apartment (I think there were eighteen creeps there at one point) came through both doors (front and back) at the same time. And as soon as they got there, the phone started ringing. For them. While they rifled, packed, and logged the items they were seizing, one youngish white cop made a crack about my having more child-abuse books than they had back at their offices.

They made me play some records for them. They picked out a seven-inch single that had a teddy bear on the cover called "Stay With Me Tonight."

These boys. These rednecks. Regular Joes. Good guys. School kids. Nice, god-fearing men. Weekend warriors. Family men. Football boys.

They've been to the bad areas of town. They've typed out the reports and gone home to tell their wives. And they don't want to talk about it on the holidays, mom, for christ's sake. They've been to those little closets that cost an unpaid eighteen dollars a month and seen the roaches and rats and dirt and filth. They've imagined the kidling's faces, checked for bruises, and felt the broken jaws and collarbones.

Spleen cut in two by powerful punch to the stomach.

Knee broken from outside pressure. Mom says the boy fell off the bed.

Buttocks and back riddled with purple sores and welts, indicative of abuse. Mother says child is "slow" and can't grasp idea of potty training.

Skull sensitive to slight pressure. Possible fracture.

Thick burn marks and scrapes on legs and arms.

Cuts on inside of mouth, severe swelling along jaw and chin. Mother says boy suffers from an abscess.

Dark patches on scalp where hair looks like it's been pulled out. Child would not let officers examine her head because "it hurts too much."

Red swelling around genitals. Puffy marks may be burns or possible allergic reaction.

They get to pick up the garbage:

A BLACK WHORE WAS FOUND IN A GARBAGE DUMP, STILL BREATHING, BATHED IN BLOOD AND DIRT. HER BIG LEFT TIT HAD BEEN SLASHED AND HUNG TO HER BODY BY A THIN STRETCH OF FLESH; HER RIGHT ONE HAD BEEN COMPLETELY SEVERED AND WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND. LONG, JAGGED CUTS CRISSCROSSED HER FAT BLACK BODY. SHE WAS DEEP IN SHOCK. DRUGS HAD BEEN FLUSHED DOWN HER THROAT WITH COCA-COLA. SHE HAD BEEN RAPED VAGINALLY AND ANALLY. SHE WAS EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD AND FIRST INTRODUCED TO THE WORLD OF WHOREDOM BY HER BOYFRIEND ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO.

THE BODY OF A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY WAS FOUND IN A GARBAGE HEAP IN CHICAGO. THE BODY LAY UNDETECTED FOR ALMOST TWO WEEKS AND WAS SPRAWLED ACROSS A MUTILATED DOG CARCASS. THE BOY'S TORSO, STOMACH, NECK, AND GENITALS HAD BEEN SLICED AND RIPPED APART BY A LARGE, SHARP KNIFE. HE HAD BEEN NECROPHILIOUSLY RAPED.

"You see these kids? They're my responsibility. I have to protect them."

A NINE-YEAR-OLD BOY HAD BEEN SHACKLED TO A LARGE SECTION OF TWO-BY-FOUR SPECIALLY FIXED WITH A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS. IN THIS HELPLESS POSITION, THE BOY'S VIRGIN YOUNG BUTTHOLE WAS RAPED WITH A SEVENTEEN-INCH, HARD-RUBBER, DOUBLE-HEADED DILDO. A THIN GLASS ROD WAS SHOVED UP THE HOLE OF HIS DICK. HIS MOUTH HAD BEEN SHUT WITH BLACK ELECTRICIAN'S TAPE. AFTER THE TORTURE AND RAPE, THE BOY'S GENITALS WERE SEVERED FROM HIS BODY, IN PART, BY THE KILLER'S TEETH. THE BOY WAS BEATEN AND SLASHED AND, FINALLY, BLED TO DEATH.

"What about these bestiality films? Where did you get them?"

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL HAD BEEN MADE TO CROUCH ON ALL FOURS WHILE HER ATTACKER TOOK HER FROM BEHIND. SHE WAS FOUND WITH HER TINY, THIN-WHITE THROAT SLASHED FROM EAR TO EAR. HER ANUS AND PRETEEN CUNT HAD BEEN SAVAGED AND MUTILATED.

"How often, on average, would you say you masturbate?"

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY'S REMAINS WERE FOUND IN A GARBAGE CAN, PLACED IN SEVERAL GREEN HEFTY BAGS. THE YOUTH WAS A WELL-KNOWN STREET PROSTITUTE AND HAD SPENT HIS

LAST DAY ON EARTH BEING LITERALLY STOMPED TO DEATH IN THE BATHTUB OF A TRICK. THE BOY WAS ATTACKED WITH A BUTCHER KNIFE AND AN AWL. HE HAD BEEN STRANGLED AND CUT INTO PIECES BY A HACKSAW. THE SMALLER SHARDS OF HIS PERSONALITY THAT DIDN'T MAKE IT INTO THE HEFTY BAGS ENDED UP IN THE TOILET, SINK, AND IN PAILS OF BLOODY WATER LEFT IN A BASEMENT. THERE WERE PORTIONS OF THE BOY'S BRAINS FOUND UNDERNEATH A RADIATOR.

"Do you like photos of naked children? Does this stuff...turn you on? Do you get excited by these kinds of things?...You must like it, right?"

A MOTHER OF FOUR WAS ONLY ONE HUNDRED YARDS FROM HER HOME WHEN SHE WAS MURDERED. SHE WAS TRYING TO MAKE ENDS MEET BY WHORING HER UGLY, USED-UP BODY ONE LATE NIGHT WHEN SHE MET THE WRONG JOHN. WITH A HAMMER, HE SMASHED HER HEAD IN UNTIL THE ENTIRE SKULL CAVED IN FROM THE BACK. HE TORE HER MOTHERLY TITS INTO ONE GAPING WOUND WITH FIVE STABS OF A KNIFE. HE STABBED HER AN ADDITIONAL NINE TIMES IN THE STOMACH AND ONE DEEP THRUST INTO HER THROAT.

THE SAME KILLER COLLAPSED THE FACE OF ANOTHER WHORE WHO WAS TURNING TRICKS IN HER CRAMPED, DINGY LITTLE APARTMENT. HE USED A CLAW HAMMER ON HER HEAD AND THEN RIPPED IT INTO HER CHEST. HE WOULD SMASH WITH THE BLUNT END AND CUT AND DIG WITH THE CLAW END. THE HARLOT'S BLOOD WAS SPLATTERED THROUGH THE ENTIRE APARTMENT. AFTER HE WAS DONE MUTILATING THE CORPSE, THE KILLER PULLED UP THE DEAD CUNT'S PANTS AND FASTENED THEM BACK ON.

"I've got to take some Polaroids of you—to show that we didn't hurt you or anything. Then I want to go over some of this mail with you."

A MAN IN FLORIDA WOULD PICK UP WHORES IN HIS CAR, DRIVE THEM TO THE QUIET SPOT OF THEIR CHOICE, AND PROCEED TO BEAT THEM TO DEATH WITH HIS FISTS. HE OFTEN BUTCHERED THE GIRLS, AFTER DEATH, WITH A SCREWDRIVER. PLUNGING INTO THEIR CUNTS AND WOMBS AND SPILLING AND SPREADING THE VISCERA OUT AMONG THE DIRT AND FILTH.

"You're clever. If we don't find anything, then I've got to assume you're involved with a second party or you're hiding it somewhere else."

AN OLD BAG OF EIGHTY-FOUR YEARS OLD WAS RAPED BEFORE HER KILLER BLED HER TO DEATH. HE SLIT HER OLD ROOSTER THROAT AND CARVED HER

FACE UP WITH A KITCHEN KNIFE. SHE WAS RAPED A SECOND TIME WHILE SHE LAY ON THE FLOOR BLUBBERING AND BLEEDING.

"If we take you out the back way, they won't film you now, but they will get you going into Cook, and that'll look a lot worse. You'll be getting out of a cop car. You're better off walking with us—we'll walk faster than the cops at Cook will. You can put your coat over your head if you want to."

I've always been a fan of the man behind the counter in porno stores. They're almost always ugly, fat, and sloppy—or skinny, gay, and trashy—and they're always pissed off. Rude. Curt. Unfriendly. Miserable. Stupid. Blank. Seems like they've been there too long. Maybe too much need and loneliness. They size you up immediately and couldn't give a shit. If they bother at all.

It's just a job.

Pay your dollar to browse, or get a few bucks for the booths. Buy a copy of CUM ON MY TITS or THE PENETRATOR or SCREW or FETISH TIMES or cum on the floor in the back. Use your hand or a stranger's mouth. Someone has to clean that up, you know. Someone has to deal with the perverts and faggots and the cops and hookers and troublemakers. Someone has to deal with the drunks that stumble in. But the pay's good, and you're your own boss most of the time and, generally, it's pretty quiet and safe. ■

"As Lisa died, Bundy bit into her flesh. He tore at her breast, his teeth almost completely ripping the nipple off. It hung to the tit by a thin shred of tissue. Bundy also bit her buttocks. Twice. Four distinct rows of teeth marks dug deeply into the girl's ass-flesh. Bundy rammed an aerosol bottle into Lisa's anus and then into

her vagina. The bottle was found next to the bed, covered in blood, shit, viscera, and matted hair."

—from PURE #2

SIX.

These are the faggots. This is one. This fucking lowlife scumbag with his mouth wide open and free hand jerking his little hard-on. This fucking worthless faggot cunt who's replaced his soaked maw with his frail little pussy-grab that whacks my cock off so he can tilt his head back to catch every drop of my cum down his queenie throat. As soon as I start to spew, this womanly waste'll switch mouth to hand with a technique sure of experience. Wet, gaping black hole, clean teeth, red-faced fruit whose sweaty head fucking shines crisp and lurid in the glare of the video screen. This is pure female insecurity. Him on his knees, his existence crowded around my dripping cock and sticky balls and thighs, my sweaty, smelly ass crack.

I shovel my slick sperm straight down his throat. As if this is what he's born for. Everything's so clear to him here: knees hurting against the concrete, bent back covering up the peephole he prayed in front of a few minutes ago. Every fucking drop of that thick, watery, white snot ends up in his mouth. On his tongue. Down his gullet with a gulp and a sigh. A lick and kiss and a suck and lick, slurp, lick all over the place for a nice, clean job.

This is the money shot.

No mess. My cock is clean and wet and free of any sign of my own interest in face-fucking this pathetic weakling moron.

And I wish the money shot could be all it's supposed to be: why the hooking porno cunts and posey asshole interviewers on TV always bring it up and talk it down. The money shot, I'm to understand, is humiliating, degrading, one-sided, and less than human. Objectifying. A brutish act devoid of the humble reciprocity necessary in the offering up of one's sexual self. Here in dark, dank video room-what-everthefuck, where I can pick any of, what, fifteen

films like: men fucking men; transvestite mistake things; ugly, made-up bitches; but no dogs, kids, or the disabled; I just fucking wish the money shot would be all the things those pussies promised. I'd like to wallow in that selfishness and degradation.

This faggot brings all that baggage in with him. He had his cock out when he came in here. He shoved it my way when he told me he wanted to "suck." His humiliation, his vulnerability, his worthlessness, his used insecurity were what I saw just after he tapped on my wall: I got to see him masturbating his works and jabbing his tongue at me. Sure, come on over.

Any one of you.

Every one of these tools thinks he's special. He's got a suburbanite wife and a coupla kids and plays sports with his buddies off from work but, christ, I need a cock in my mouth, he figures, there's something extra to my existence.

All sorts here.

And all the same.

The cocksuckers who invite you to their apartment—the gay ones—if you even just touch their cock. The perverts who're just lonely drivers and dwellers. And the husbands and old men who are just bleeding all over the fucking place. The dick-lickers. The rimmers. Ball-tuggers and cock-strokers. The ones who want it in their ass, but don't make it too loud. The ones who wipe your cum on their cheeks and necks and then off with their shirt-sleeves. The ones that give lousy—fuck, really lousy—blow jobs. And the ones who want to suck your cock while it's soft—the same ones who've cummed in their palms before you even get hard.

These pussies line up. Their desperation palpable through the thin cardboard walls. Put a token in the slot, jog the channel, and listen for the tapping. Ram your cock down their open mouth, stare at the top of their sometimes-balding heads, and check another peephole to see a shy fag work his dick up, acting all stupid.

Desperate little fucks. Desperation wants penis, basically. Any cock, but probably big cock like the movies they watch, with full, hard-packed balls and clean and healthy and muscled. Suburban sleaze, but prim and proper. You know the shit—homos and S&M poseurs are at the bars. Next step up on the fag totem pole, and they've all got their hands wrapped around their dicks.

Mexican faggot grunts.

Blossoming queen tears a condom foil with shaky fingers and barely looks at you. Won't take his eyes off that meat, though.

Seen 'em watch that cum shoot out so's they can dodge the spray. Most are better at jerking than

sucking, not surprisingly. Though a lot want their shit in their mouth.

Only time I wish I had AIDS.

At home, the faggy gays all have the same videos and books and records and knickknacks, and you can piss on the ones with wooden floors.

I'm game: Tell me about your mother, moron. Tell me about your alcoholic father or how you got beat up in grade school, how you didn't fit in at high school, and how special you were in your outsider mode in college. Then tell me about the news you watch, the movies you see, the newspapers and magazines you read, and the campy crap you think makes impressive conversation. You can then lick the shit out of my hairy asshole, off my cock, and around your lips. You can smear that greasy snot from your hole onto your balls and legs and give me that phone number of your friend who likes to be fist-fucked. Mention it again next time I see you and demurely accept an offer to have me squeeze your insides, queer dear.

Gross animal soaked in piss. Mouth dribbling it out, half of which he doesn't swallow. Letting it spit and pour and slide down his chest and genitals to sop into the floor. Wet, smelly, matted head of hair, pouty thick lips, and tell me again how pure you feel. How cleansed.

How pathetic.

How ugly and lonely.

And worthless.

These cocksuckers ask for it. So weak and available and female. Everything they do here screams out against the weight of the world. And they just lay right down under it. Cock down their throat and up their ass and covered in cum and thick red AIDS cancer welts. Let me hear those details again: coughing first, the sores, the hairy tongue, the attrition, and then the piss-and-shit-soaked fetal position in bed after bed in hospitals across this whole fucking world.

The sperm that slides down their throat's going to come back as thick bile and blood in just a few years.

These fags fucking beg for it. They are everything conned and ruined and stepped-on. Wasting away from the time they decide to limit and politicize their sexual mistakes. Nothing better than a faggot killed for a cheap sexual thrill. Females, faggots, cripples, bums, all the same. Pawns. Jokes.

Hurting faggots has nothing to do with hating them. Homophobia is a myth. I, we, couldn't give a damn. Homophobia is a term designed by queer PR buddies and support groups: a self-aggrandizing buzzword. Hurting faggots has everything to do with availability and desperation. As always, it's the situation that counts most, and fags bring an exceptionally heavy count of simpering weakness masked as galling

bravado to each and every nervous twitch. Makes for a nice kick. You know, when they fucking beg for it.

They suffer and die by their own effort.

Poor souls. Poor rejected mama's boys. Scared of reality, petrified by the outside.

So many things seem important as the cum spurts out of the end of my cock-hole and into a bucket that breathes and moans and masturbates. And so many things are important to this bucket:

His father with Alzheimer's.

His feelings of inadequacy due to his failure to understand what it is he does, exactly.

His collection of moments and anecdotes and his stories of unobtainable dreams.

His bitter memories over his social clumsiness and personal awkwardness.

His lack of good looks.

His loneliness.

I've never met an honest fag. They become so adept at lying to their parents and friends and chums that they seem to lose any real personality; instead, they become your best friend by constantly readjusting their likes and dislikes, their opinions and tastes, to yours. It's all very charming.

His immense denial.

His heavy hurt and psychological damage, resplendent on his sleeve and noticed by no one that would ever matter.

His mistakes.

I can taste all this from the end of my cock. And as my cum spills down his cheek and neck and clots in his hair and closes his eye and dots his teeth and tongue, I'm aware that the money shot is all too easy.

Too fucking easy. And all the things that are important to me, here, aren't fucking important enough.

He's too run-of-the-mill.

Too banal.

And embarrassing.

A boring cartoon, a joke for other lonely people. A sitcom—a ridiculous half-hour on the couch.

The money shot, for all its glorious hype, should bring with it a flood of real emotion, some real damage.

Instead, it's just another cum. A wet spot in your hand wiped off with Kleenex and flushed down the toilet. The great payoff isn't in the cumming—or even in whether or not the guy knew how to suck: If he did, he's a fag with practice; if he didn't, he's a closeted crybaby—reads too many magazines, sees too many videos, doesn't know the score. Pathetic, sad, and scared.

Boy or girl. A blow job is a blow job. And cumming is cumming. But whoever says they both feel the same ("like a squirrel playing with your nuts") hasn't ever had both. Cunts suck your dick to impress you

with themselves. Fags suck it 'cause they need it—it exists as everything to them. My cock-head lolling in the back of his throat, his lips pressed against my pubis, his jaw and chin up to my balls, and his tongue circling the taut meat stem: These boys have a tradition and a technique—a veritable legacy of defeat.

But the various forms of orgasms, the different examples of payoff, money shots, the big-deal release: None are as good as the porno whores promised.

'Cause it should be.

Seems vaguely like a rape of some stupid pig female aged twenty on up. They'll seek therapy and counseling and attention and coddling for the rest of their miserable lives. Which is quite a funny thing. But it doesn't ring true.

This cunt wraps this garbage around her and wears it as a blanket for-fucking-ever. A perfect excuse for everything and every little bother and responsibility. A reason for living. An answer for the end of the day; a categorical imperative; god. But, unfortunately, she can get over it, I just know she could, so all the nightmares and night sweats and day horrors and mental blocks and traumatic catatonia just add up to another cunt crying in her Chablis.

I want to see the damage.

I want to see the fucking pain.

Cunt gets raped. Better be by her fucking dad for years and years, and better be brutal—with cameras and dildos and threats and kicks and slaps and razors. Cunt better cry for the rest of her life 'cause she can't think of anything else. Sees that daddy-dick in every PLAYGIRL, underwear ad, and soap-opera stud she ever flashes on.

Cunt gets raped. Better fucking cut her hands off and beat her face to a bloody pulp. Leave her cunt split open asshole-to-navel. Make it so ugly, she can't piss or shit or change her disgusting tampon with the lights on or her eyes open. Don't let her pass a mirror without falling to the floor in a sweaty, teary fit.

Cunt gets raped. Better lock her in a basement somewhere and bleed the bitch. Make her eat your shit and drink your piss and suck your cock with a toothless mouth. Fuck her in the ass with your cock, fist, chair legs, lead pipes, and bricks. Slice her to pieces and bruise every inch of flesh and then piss and cum onto the open wounds.

Cunt gets raped. Make him beg for your cock. Make him beg for that thing he wanted in the first place and then fuck his face so hard he cries and cries and bleeds and bleeds and drools and dribbles and vomits. Let him realize that what he's been fucking around with is going to fuck him up. Make sure he knows that he puts himself there and has only his pathetic, misunderstood "needs" and "drives" to

blame. Make his lips so fat and raw and disfigured that he'll never be able to prowls adult-book stores again. Make his dick so limp with pain as to make sure he'll never grope it again. Fuck his asshole with your fist—and then rip it out—many fags die this way. Fist-fuckers have to be very careful exiting the anus. Stomp and squash his face into his skull with the boots he wanted to lick. Tear his back open with a thick metal belt buckle, and slam the rest with a baseball bat. Make him lick the shit—the sticky black feces clotted with blood and sweat and mucus—off the wood of the bat, and smash his fucking eyelids shut. Crack his skull and spine, and leave the broken mass for his brother to find. Let the brother who slept in the bed across from him while they were growing up find his brother the fag: the fag who all but died in a sick sexual tryst. Let the faggot explain his position to his mother and father from a bed that will keep him uncomfortably alive for the rest of his troubled, dependent little life.

Cunt gets raped. Cut off his balls and cock and stuff them into his mouth. Ask him if he wants to suck cock now. Ask him if he'll ever jag off again. Hang around bathrooms now, motherfucker, hang around urinals and check out the action with your tubes and wires and colostomy bag. Not much action now? How sad. Did your own dick taste like all the others? That hot muscle-skin taste? After the smack and smell of blood wore down? Was your cock a disappointment? I would have thought it would have been heaven—everything you were about.

Cunt gets raped. And dies. Mom and dad and sis receive some brand-new info on their pervert son. The money shot should feel like I'm there to see them get the news.

The money shot should be like when one of Randy Kraft's victims gets buried. Mr. and Mrs. fag-breeder explain to the neighbors that they only just found out about their child's penis being cut off and then stuffed up his dead asshole along with leaves, dirt, and tree wood. They fight back their embarrassment with opportunistic grief and stutter through the details of a swizzle stick being jammed in their boy's bladder via his piss hole. And that he had burn and cut marks all up and down his body, even his eyelids.

The money shot should be like when Lesley Ann Downey's mother checks her child's corpse in the morgue for police identification. When she passes her daughter's frayed and dirty clothes on a table on the way in, and when she sees the face she had cared for all those years under a white sheet held back by a stupid cop technician, and when she focuses on Lesley's swollen lips. And then, later, when she gets to hear the tape of Lesley crying; of her getting her

mouth stuffed with something believed to be Ian Brady's cock; of her being threatened by Myra Hindley, of her begging and pleading to be allowed to go home because "I'm going out with my mama. Please, please help me, will you?" Ms. Lesley's mom has since spent well over twenty years on drugs. She's written to her child's murderers and continues to fill her days with rage and hate and pain.

The victims of Peter Sutcliffe. Bashed on the heads with a ball-peen hammer and then raped and mutilated with a sharpened screwdriver. Peter picked on cheap road sluts, many of whom had mothers typically unaware of their daughter's taste in cunt-hungry men. Yes, ma'am, that thing you shat out and effectively abandoned years ago turned up as a corpse the other day. As if sucking and sitting on dicks in alleyways wasn't enough of a humiliation—get this—her vagina had been slashed open to her tits and then a greasy, broken bottle was slammed into her gaping, gory wounds.

So many lovely, important money shots.

At the very least, it should be like the day a mother gets told about her son's suspected retardation. At the very least. The toddler gets into some skirmish at preschool, and the teacher calls a conference. The kidling just seems slow and too clumsy. Too unresponsive. Look at those eyes, that forehead. You always suspected it. You refused to admit it. Now go home and tell your husband. And call your in-laws. Tell them to call your friends and their friends and see what fake advice that gossip will generate. Then better get settled in for dealing with this mistake—this oaf, this monster, this waste of space, this parasite, this life-sucker—for the rest of your miserable life.

Or some suburbanite cunt wakes up in the morning. In the room next to her lies her husband, who for the last two years has been unable to do anything but shit, he being a victim of a fall-asleep-at-the-wheel car crash. Her ass hurts from the inside, her face and arms and thighs are sore and stiff. She looks down at her middle-aged saggy tits and sees scratches and bruises. Her eyes burn and fill with tears and she thinks: oh-god-I-hope-I-didn't-get-AIDS-how-are-my-kids-gonna-get-by-without-me-I-hate-my-husband-I-hate-my-life-what-was-I-doing-why-am-I-so-stupid-what-was-I-thinking? And she remembers what she was thinking: She was sick of cleaning shit out of her husband's flabby ass, off of the bed, and out of the shower. She was sick of seeing his atrophied muscles and flaccid, pale flesh. She was sick of staring at his mouth and eyes and trying to discern his numb thoughts and needs. She was sick of working and sick of her kids and sick of hearing about sex when all she had was TV. So she decided to try and hide that

married-for-ten-years belly in some loose clothes and caked up the makeup 'cause, if there's a god, it would be dark at the club. And, of course, the only guy that would even pay attention to an old, used garbage bag like her is the one that'd take her drunken shell to a motel room and fuck her face and stretched-out birth hole. And when he got tired of her stumbling attempts at sexiness and youthfulness, he opted to fuck that other—tighter—hole. Her feeble resistance was met with insults, slaps, punches, and rape. And the money shot—a couple of them—him sliding his cock out of her shitty hole and popping back into it, the day she finds out about HIV antibodies, her cleaning the shit-smears off her whorish panties and her praying and dealing with some fucking god somewhere to help her past the next hurdle.

My mind should be filled with these things. My brain should wash with images of Dean Corll fixing one of his young charges to his torture board and ramming home that big dildo. Of Ken Bianchi injecting ammonia into some dumb-titted coed's veins. Peter Kurten slashing some small child with a broken pair of scissors. Robin Gecht tying up the fat tits of a teenage nigger whore and then slicing 'em up and off. Of Dodd torturing a helpless five-year-old boy and recording all the baby's pain with his camera and tape recorder. Ted Bundy jamming a can of hair spray into a dying bleeder's discharging asshole.

The pigs are wrong, stupid. Too much is made of the money shot. The humiliation, the desperation, the degradation, the weakness, the failure, the base stupidity—all givens. The cunts bring it in with them. Nothing new. Nothing real. Hollow promises and lifeless stand-ins. Stunted onanism. Easy pantomimes designed for the sheepish magazine-and-video set.

Faggots are too available. Too female. Too common. Too beaten. ■

FIGURE 11.5

The back of this three-month-old was pressed twice against a hot wall-heating grate. The uniformity of depth of the burn, large clear imprint, and double imprint on a normally clothed body

part make accidental burning unlikely.

—from THE BATTERED CHILD, Ray E. Helfer and Ruth S. Kempe

SEVEN.

Look, my dear, I'm just looking for some fun. No big deal, just some fun. This isn't going to mean much, I assure you.

I don't figure everyone's in line to suck my dick, you know. It's just your bad luck. Shame on you for being so convenient. Shame on you for being so available and so weak and longing.

I could be in front of a TV right now. I could be whiling away hour after hour with the cable channels speeding by—can't say I care much for the way you're shaping up, son. I'm afraid you'll turn into one of those boys whose only goal in life is a good cum in front of the TV. You'll find yourself wasting day upon day of good quality home time flicking off channels like a fat horse flicks flies. Your pants undone, cock jutting out of the top of your underwear, one hand on your balls, the other on the channel switch. Tits. Tits. Tits. Some ass. Where's some tits and ass? Fuck knows you'll end up wasting your entire life—time will just pass you by. There are so many important things—more important things to accomplish, dear, my dear son. I can't allow you to waste your time like this. Sweetheart, I want you to go out there and make something of yourself. Experience life. Do things, see places, meet people. Yessiree, it's a good life, and it's all yours just for the asking.

Understand this, cunt.

You're it.

I don't give a rat's ass about you and your opinions or why the fuck I'm doing what I'm doing. It's your own stupidity, your own charmed life that's let you down, dear.

I don't come from an abusive background. My father didn't fuck me, and neither did my mom. My brothers and sisters are fine. I didn't get to hear my mother hiss, "cocksucker" across the table at my drunken father. I never saw my dad spit at her or slap her hard across the face. I never cared about how they

fucked or if they didn't. Neither did my mother recoil whenever my dad came close with a hug or kiss.

My mom wasn't a whore. My dad wasn't a simpering drunk weakling.

And whatever past you've had, my dear, dear little girl, whatever precious memories you hold tight or whatever nightmares seep through into your consciousness now and again: I really couldn't give a fuck. They don't matter. Not here. Not anywhere.

I'm quite a bit older now, you know, and I'm pretty sure at this point that your tiny tales about your evil mommy and daddy wouldn't appeal to me all that much.

Jerking off's too easy, too quick, too nothing. You're gonna have to try a lot harder this time, sweetheart.

Convince me. Tell me about your papa. Tell me about how you ran away when you were young and how you met some pimp who fooled you 'cause you were so young and vulnerable, and then segue into your successful recovery and victorious triumph over things that just got out of hand.

It may look as if I'm bored, but believe me, I'm just really tired—I didn't get much sleep last night, and I'm a trifle worn. Go on, I'm fascinated. Really. I'm only yawning 'cause, you know—I really want to hear what you and every other fucking blameless cunt has to say.

I think it will help us enjoy ourselves even more. It'll help us to enjoy each other even more. It's important that we get to know each other—first, before we become intimate—isn't it?

Tell me all about yourself.

I just can't wait to hear every little detail.

Tell me about your hopes, dear girl.

Tell me about your dreams and aspirations. Tell me about what you've seen and what you want to see, what you need and think and feel. And then, you can let me know all about your body. You know, what you'll need to feel yourself cum.

Go on, this will be fun.

Tell me all the exciting details behind your opinions and situations. Fill in the blanks. Let me get to know the real you.

I'm really worried about you cumming—you know, I'm afraid that, while I'm here pleasing myself—you know, that I might lose myself and forget about you. I don't want to be selfish. It's really important, to me, that you enjoy yourself. Honestly—you'll have to let me know. What do you like, dear? Did I spend enough time on your cunt—on your clit, huh, on your labia, your asshole, your mudflaps? You sewer fucking hole.

Please do tell me, love, I need to know what you want. You wanna get fucked in the ass? Huh, cunt? You want me to fucking ram my dick up your shitty

fucking asshole? You wanna Coke bottle in there? Chair leg? My fist up to my arm?

How about I play with your tits? How about I make your nipples hard, 'cause I know they're sensitive? I have to be careful, don't I? Say, you're not on your period, are you? Christ, then they're especially sensitive, aren't they? Fucking ugly cow dugs—fat bags of useless flesh and disgusting rat milk.

Come on, honey, let me know what you need. You liked it, didn't you? You liked it, right? I mean...I was good, right? Was it OK? Oh, god—don't tell me...am I a bad lover? What can I do? Wasn't I good? Didn't you get off? Huh, didn't you get off, you fucking sleazebag cunt? Didn't we cum?

You fucking beast. You hairy dog. You pig.

Have you ever seen faggots suck cock? You should—maybe you'd learn something, you whore. Maybe you'd learn how to wrap that lipsticked whore's maw around a fucking man's cock the right way—learn how to use your slimy tongue and garbage mouth like a real pig. Kiss the tip, make that noise, you know, all that porno shit—all that "need" shit—all that fucking corporal, loving, important shit. Let's share, sweetie.

Did you ever see faggots fuck in the ass? You want me to stick your legs behind your ears and pop all over your cunt? I'll yank my dick out of your shitted hole and money-shot all over your stretch-marked belly, you birthing pig. C'mon, doll, let's make some love.

Ever see a faggot suck a nightstick—ever see him get it shoved in his mouth, back and forth, back and forth, wham wham wham, until he vomits up all the beer he's been drinking all day? This frothing beer stench, yellow and orange puke—all over. All over him and his beard and hair and face and chest and jacket and pants. I've seen the motherfucker eat it as well. And like it. More puke, more jamming that stick in his mouth, more vomit, and more face rolling around in it—his fucking hair all stringy and matted and stinky and sweating and spitting.

And shit—sucking it straight out of assholes. Fresh green shit. Brown and green, dark and gooey. Comes out slowly, motherfucker has to strain to inch it out and straight into that pock-holed fag face. Fucker sloshes it around through his teeth with his tongue and digs it, although his throat and stomach seem to jerk a little. I've seen a different damage case eat shit off a floor after it's been cummed on. A big, thick brown log with pearl-white cum spewed all on top of it. Faggot buries his face in it.

Oh—you'd like it, dear. I'm sure you'd like it a lot.

Come here, put your mouth around my hairy balls and I'll see if I can't work out some shit while you

slurp. Come on, you cunting pig—you fucking porker, you sleazy animal.

This is what you do with whores now. You jerk off in their ugly nigger and white-trash faces. Have 'em suck your sac while you jerk your dick. They'll do it. Money's tight, heroin's expensive—that crack, boy, oh boy, you sure do need a lot to keep fucked-up, don'tcha? Crack and AIDS and liquor and junk and child abuse, christ-all-fucking-mighty, I love you piggies. Come on, let me cum all over your cunt-hole face.

C'mon, you'd like that, wouldn't you? Secretly? Honestly? I know you would. Let's do it together. Let's have some fun. Let's share some release. Some catharsis. Let's meld.

Let's see you lick. Let's see you swallow, you filthy beast. You rutting slob female pig.

While smashing your hard head open with a crowbar and splitting your face open with a broken bottle does fill me with a certain sense of excitement, I must tell you, I'd almost rather let you go. Let you go on your merry little typical way.

I'd like to see you file this information. Let it mean nothing more to you. Just like all the steamrollers that have squashed and rolled on over you in the past. The way you've forgotten them. The way they've forgotten you.

Whatever I decide to do to you—whatever I do, quite possibly, won't mean anything to you at all. What's another line under your eyes, another roll of fat on your stomach, another dimple in your saggy ass? Another bad memory? Another idea to lose in the back of your little misshapen mind?

I'd like people to refer to you as sick. Sick and damaged. Like Laurie Dann. When Laurie was holed-up in a neighbor's house after shooting the lungs out of some little runt, her father was brought to the scene. It was thought that somehow he'd be able to get her out of the house—just by his presence there. The cops wouldn't let him talk to her 'cause they weren't sure how she'd react. They didn't know what images—what memories—her father's presence might trigger and perhaps set her off unfavorably. Anyway, her father was shocked when he arrived. He saw the guns and the police poised to shoot, and he got very upset. "You're treating her like an animal!" he screamed at the chief of police.

It's a nice scene, don't you think? Her problems and her inability to deal with those problems were, obviously, quite severe. And her father had to deal with it, just like her and the police chief and the parents of that little boy sans lungs.

But I don't think people will call you sick if I let you leave. I don't think your mind is that soft and tender yet.

I'd just like to be that close to you—I'd like to feel that you're sick and damaged and in pain. That you're sad and confused and desperate and lonely. That you're a loser, a fuck-up, a nothing.

I'd like that cheap thrill of seeing you suffer like an ugly monkey in an old, rusty cage. I like the idea of you lashing out at the world in all your pain by hurting yourself and whatever other convenient sucker happens to cross your messy path.

You can put on your makeup and lipstick and squeeze into the whorish rags you think will attract others. Talk like they want you to. Mind your manners and watch what goes on, carefully, intelligently, longingly. And then, when it doesn't work—when you find yourself out of place, all alone, and pathetic—and the sympathy act won't even work—I want to see your brain just drip right out of your skull. I want to see your eyes go dull and soft, and I want to hear that stupid, violent gibberish roll perfectly from your mouth.

I know what you're thinking. You ugly cunt. You're thinking I'm talking from experience. No, my dear, these are all images from the pit—from where you are. My little female. My little boring drag.

Don't get me wrong, though—I'm not suggesting some sort of reactionary bias toward your charming femalia. I wouldn't want to sound vengeful. As if I was out for some sort of bizarre psychic compensation or paycheck. I've nothing against you personally, dear. Or any female slob pig cunt, for that matter.

I don't feel you're all the same.

I think you're really quite special.

Yes—dear, only you have suffered and triumphed over your unique past, and I'm sure none of us (and I mean everybody, not just we men) could ever hope to fully understand your willfulness and genealogy.

How wonderful for you.

I don't like those PLAYBOY types, you know. You mustn't feel bad about your body. Who says you have to live up to such a perfect image? Who says you have to act and perform a certain way? Yessiree, I'm not attracted to PLAYBOY bodies—I like 'em from the inside. Isn't that right? It's what's inside that counts. Your mind. Your personality. Your thoughts and decisions, your kind and caring demeanor and nurturing, concerned nature.

Of course, just 'cause I'm not attracted to PLAYBOY lumps doesn't mean I don't judge you against that image. Oh, absolutely, I like that psychology—I hope the pressure of that image is real. I do hope, as all those humanist, feminist, PC misfits so eloquently propose, that there is such pressure.

But to me, doll, you're the cat's meow.

Lucky girl.

You're everything I ever hoped for.

You could be anything. Just as long as your wonderful personality was the same as it is now. Why, your body is just a shell, isn't it? The goodness inside shines right through, right? You could have been male. You could have been a little boy. You're so much more than just a hole or just a bucket for me to piss in. When I fuck you, I want to see you as I truly know you. I want to close my eyes, lean back, and see you dancing happily in my brain.

But for right now, I think I'd like you to have a skinny little dick. I think you should look like a boy I saw in some kiddie porn. I think I'd like to close my eyes, lean back, and pop my load into that kid's very small soul while I tear you—sorry, him—into a million little bawling pieces of flesh and pain with glass-bottle shards.

I liked your asshole, doll, you want me to make you shit all that blood again, huh? Should I take you out, sweetheart? I like the way your asshole felt around the end of my dick and the way your tiny intestines sucked me in while I laid into you. You got a nice, hairless ass, kid—a real girl's ass, almost. If I didn't know better, I'd think you had the potential to grow into a faggot. You've a fairly effeminate air about you, and I get the feeling you didn't mind it all that much as I shoved my hard-on in and out of your tender hole.

How old are you—can five-year-olds be fags?

I think I'm gonna fuck you again before I let you shuffle off this great big playground. I think I'll wait another day or so. You looked pretty fucking scary the last time I took a long, close look. Your ribs and throat and legs, especially. Far too thin.

I love the way your skin is turning green from those bruises. You're quite a mess, you little fuck. I love how you stumble around—your clumsiness. I love the pain and hurt and terror in your youthful, wee, chubby face. I loved the way my cock looked in your mouth and how it felt when I rubbed it and my balls all over your wet, red face. Oh, I liked that a lot.

And I like the way you bleed. I like the way you shit and piss and lose control. How you beg and plead and scream from your throat when you want your mommy and from deep down in your stomach when I hurt you.

I like your body, too, dear. I like your hairless ass and the tight dimples on the sides of your hips, your knobby knees and your flat, bony, child's chest. I like your skinny, hard spine rippling down your back and the soft skin that covers everything you are. Your messy blond hair and fresh, unscathed forehead and bright eyes before and after they puff up with fright and rage and confusion and helplessness. I like your thin, barely there eyelashes and silky eyebrows, and I like it when you sweat and cry and contort that cherubic face into the scowling Satan who's been wronged and violated but still can't do a fucking thing about it.

I thought you were very beautiful, indeed, naked, and standing in front of me; your face shiny-red, your teeth clenched tight like iron gates and your tiny fists all balled-up and twitching. Your eyes screwed and fiery. Your punches tickled, sweetie, your powerlessness made my crotch ache even more. I love your hairless little dick. Your tiny, bunched-up balls and button dickie. That little clean area above your penis where soft blond pubics would probably sprout if you were allowed to live.

Before you die, I'm going to cut your dick off with a pair of scissors I've got. I want to see that scrawny, emaciated body implode. I want to see the whole corpus liquefy and bleed out that raw stem above your tiny little sac.

I thought your hard-on was touching. It looked magnificent on such a young boy. It confused me a little; it looked so foreign, quite honestly. Like it shouldn't be there. But I love the fact that, even with your brain wracked in pain and your hands tied and bound and your body bleeding from your ass and the glass slits—even with all that and fuck remembers what else—you were able to get a hard-on in my mouth.

I got quite a thrill from jerking that little pecker. I thought it was great—and if I hadn't been distracted by your bleeding and continuous bleating, I would have liked the opportunity to see you cum. Just to see what that sort of release would do to you. And to see if you could. I'm gonna bite those whittle testes off your body, you little bastard. I'm gonna bite down hard, pull the flesh away with my blood-drenched teeth, and listen to you fucking scream to high fucking heaven. Then I'll spit the mangled, chewed-up tripe out of my mouth straight back into yours and watch your skinny, veiny throat choke and retch on 'em.

I've seen some great kiddie porn—but never have I been attracted to the kids' bodies. It's the crime, you know. The damage. The situation. Not the body—I couldn't give a fuck if it's a boy or a girl or whatever. I just like the trauma and torture and general action. I like the mutilated innocence, the destruction of the naive and protected, the brutal reality and pain of knowledge.

You know, that's what pisses me off about these NAMBLA morons. The potential for greatness is there, but they're such fags about it.

Like the photos I took of you.

That would make for some good KP. If you were a lot younger. These faggots just focus on the flesh. Here they are, so unrelentingly insecure about themselves that they divine a taste for children and yet have to tart it up with all this idiotic nonsense about the kid's pleasures. It's imbecilic and cheesy. They're like retards standing in the mirror looking at their hard-ons for the first time.

They don't realize it's the personality, not the flesh. Or it's the situation, not the size of the dick, the smallness of the ass, or the color of the eyes and cut of hair.

They're unfair, aren't they?

C'mon, show me where the fun is. Open your heart and your legs for me. Show me all there is to see and feel—make this experience so special by really sharing with me. Let's celebrate your existence, dear.

Living by proxy is fine, love, please don't be upset. It's not you. It's like music or really good TV. It's great fun. I certainly didn't mean anything insulting.

It's natural, not cowardly, not unsafe but not ugly, either. It really means a lot. When you share your hole with me.

But only when it comes from your heart.

Imagine all the things you and I can't touch. Imagine what it must be like to learn you have cancer. Imagine what that must be like. To figure you've got only a very limited time left—what would you do? Imagine you're a black guy in a wheelchair and you have to ride in the street all the time 'cause your neighborhood's got big fucking curbs. And you love basketball so much. You've got Chicago Bulls stickers on the back of your chair, and your favorite jacket is a Bulls warm-up. What's it like to live like that? What kind of mind is that? What's it like to be Laurie Dann or her father or mother? What's it like to have to fight the impulse to fuck your baby daughter and then give into it? Only to want to kill yourself afterward 'cause she was so scared by the sweating and pumping and grunting and sperm? And what's it like to do it again and again and again?

What's it like to be old? To be a helpless female like yourself? What's it like to be ugly and lonely or fat and gay or rich and stupid?

You can share so much with me. Of yourself. Of your experience. Of your uniqueness. It's a very special thing. It makes me feel very warm and safe and glad to be alive. Do you feel the same?

Fucking like dogs is such a cozy feeling. Cumming on your siliconed tits and in your fat, greasy asshole and down your smelly, wet throat, it's a rare opportunity to touch another's being. To become part of them. To have them bleed and puke and spit and cry all over you.

And there's some really good records. Great songs about abortion and political torture and Satan and dead babies who ate aspirin and environmental concerns and all sorts of marvelous causes like homelessness or the female struggle or the plight of slaves and the overly sensitive.

And great TV, too. So many wonderful, gorgeous experiences to share and touch and be part of. You're a very special experience, dear.

Thank you. Really, thanks very much, sweetheart. ■

“Heirens put the pieces of Suzanne under the faucet to wash away her blood. He ran his fingers over her cold, clean skin and meat chunks. It is most probable that William jacked off as he viewed his sex work and the mutilated corpse of a six-year-old. He could have rammed his cock into the flesh mess or spilled his cum onto her cut-up head.”

—from PURE #3

EIGHT.

Dear Mrs. Anderson,

Please pardon the intrusion. I realize you don't know me, and I feel uncomfortable writing to you as a stranger. It's just that I feel I know you so well now. I've followed your personal tragedy, the horrible loss of your dear daughter, for the past six months and, due to the massive media coverage, I feel almost like a close personal friend. It's proved difficult for me to see and hear such intimate details about your life and thoughts and feelings and yet remain an impartial observer. So, please forgive my familiarity—both in approaching you and in assuming you might want to hear my thoughts on how to deal with such a nightmare; such an intensely private nightmare that I, in all my effrontery and impudence, have attempted to understand and empathize with as if we were family.

I'm hoping, Mrs. Anderson, that you'll allow me the small amount of time it will take to read this letter and afford me the chance to share some of my personal thoughts and feelings. I think I can help.

It's been some time now since your daughter was stolen from you, and I'm sure the pain is no less now than it was on the very first day you found out. I can only guess at how painful it must be for you to have to relive the incidents and memories, although I know your confusion and distress will never abate. Life can be so unfair. Life can be so cruel. I wonder why we ever expect it to be honorable and kind.

I understand from some of the many interviews I've read with you and your husband that you've found solace through god. I understand that the priest at St. John the Baptist Church has become very close and important to you these past months. It was the priest who told you that little Lisa's body had been found, wasn't it? And I was glad to see that you gave your press conferences at the church as well as Lisa's school—two institutions that represent the venerable sanctity of family life and honest morality.

I wasn't able to attend the prayer groups during the search for Lisa, nor was I able to make it for her funeral as I would have liked to. I did, however, follow the events on TV and in the morning newspapers. I read the priest's words at the funeral Mass and saw the photos of you and your husband walking behind the casket as the pallbearers carried Lisa out of the church. I also saw that wonderful photo of you and your husband holding tight to each other at the burial. I'm sure few people weren't touched deeply by that shot. Did you know that the papers described you as a handsome couple? They even detailed the clothes you wore to the funeral. It must have been very hard for you to pick out just the right outfit to wear for such an important occasion.

And how absolutely awful it must have been for you to choose clothes for Lisa's burial. I'm afraid the media didn't report what the little girl was wearing that last day with you—I know it was a closed-casket, after all. They did report on how beautiful Lisa looked in the photo that was placed on top of the casket, however. Smiling and standing tiptoe in ballet shoes, pink shorts, and pigtails, as I understand it. Lisa was the perfect image of an innocent angel. Were you still able to feel pride at your god's little gift? Were you still grateful for her?

I wonder what went through your mind as you and your husband stood so handsomely there at her casket. I understand both of you greeted all the mourners and visitors personally. Did their support help you through this time of great personal pain? Or were they a bother? Did you feel you had to put on a strong façade—or, perhaps, you felt you had to modify your grieving in some other way? It's hard for me to understand what exactly you went through there at the funeral home and burial. I've thought a lot about it.

I've thought about you every day since Lisa went missing. I don't think you've ever left my thoughts. I've seen you weather through the search, her missed birthday, the terrible discovery of her body, her burial, and now, the adjustment and recovery. You, and your husband, have been very forthcoming with your pain. So many of your words have stayed with me. And I want to say thank you from deep within my heart for letting me really feel what you went through—your suffering and confusion and pain. It's an extraordinary feeling to share those most intimate moments. For example, I vividly recall yours and Mike's words when Lisa's birthday came and went. Do you remember? Of course you do—you thought there was a chance that Lisa was still alive. You said:

"We were planning her party when he took her. But now there won't be a party. Now there won't be anything until she comes home. We bought her stuff, but now she's not here to get it. I don't know why you won't let her go if he's got her."

I thought it was especially poignant that you included "if he's got her" in that last statement. You already knew, in your heart of hearts, that Lisa was murdered, didn't you? Did you cling to hope? Or were you sure that your little girl was dead all the time during those weeks that the whole town searched the woods and rivers and neighboring communities?

I remember your pleas to the abductor the first day and next:

"I want him to know that he and anyone who knows about this must come forward—bring her home....We need all the help we can get. I can't think of her out there in the fields. I can't think of anything. I am praying and hoping, praying so very hard. I just wonder if she's cold, if she's hungry. Please—just please—let her go."

I was very touched by your sad desperation—your powerlessness and vulnerability. I remember seeing your young and puffy face on TV. You were chewing your lower lip and staring down at the ground. You broke into tears at the end:

"I just wish he'd let her go. I don't know how someone could do this. She was just out for a bike ride, like any other day. I just don't see how it could happen."

Still, I think your most dramatic moment was on TV, when you kissed a small, pocket-sized photo of your little dear—your one and only seven-year-old baby—and tried to fight back the tears and stuttered your own personal message to Lisa through the cameraman's lens:

"I love you very much and I want you to come home. Happy birthday, my little girl."

The next day, the headlines read, LISA WILL BE 8

TODAY and ABDUCTED GIRL'S BIRTHDAY—NO CELEBRATION UNTIL SHE COMES HOME. The articles told how you hadn't slept for days and how Lisa wanted another Cabbage Patch doll and how roses (Lisa's favorite flower at seven years old) and balloons had been delivered to your house.

I need to know: At this time were you unsure about Lisa's almost-certain death? Or were you being strong for the townspeople who came out in full force to search for her? Were you praying that she would be alright and unharmed? Or were you praying that she didn't suffer too long before her death? I think the pain of imagining your daughter alive and captive somewhere, without you—frightened and confused and hurt—would have been even more horrible to consider. Though I know you did. But did a mother's intuition tell you the truth? Did your innermost thoughts fight between the two worst scenarios you've ever imagined and yet, in some inexplicable way, gently reassure you by letting you know that Lisa wasn't still suffering? You were so genuine on TV. A composite picture of care and concern mixed with pain and longing. And your pleas were passionate and pure. I know you were sincere. You must have had evil nightmares. Could you see everything—were you forced to see your worst fears made flesh by uneasy, sweaty sleep? Were you capable of even conjuring up such horrible realities?

I've watched your face on TV, Mrs. Anderson. I've seen the photos and read the quotes. I think you knew she was dead but you wouldn't admit it. But I'm not sure why. Was it dire optimism? Did you think you could stave off the inevitable if you refused to acknowledge it, if you refused to admit the possibilities or to picture them in your mind's eye? Some sort of surreal hope or fear against jinxing providence?

Did praying help? Did it really help? Obviously, it didn't help change the situation—but did it help you get through those two long weeks of uncertainty? Perhaps it helped to think that god has a plan for everything?

So many people seemed to be looking for you to remain strong, didn't they? Could you feel such pressure? Or do you feel, more realistically, that these people were feeding on you and your pain? The people that worked fourteen-hour days for two weeks straight. The thirty-seven policing teams that rummaged through barns, cornfields, forests, and culverts. The boat crews that dragged the rivers and streams. The people that printed and distributed the thousands and thousands of posters and leaflets all emblazoned with Lisa's smiling face. Or the woman that sold the PRAY FOR LISA buttons—one of which I bought—and raised more than thirteen hundred

dollars for a reward fund. Did you feel somehow responsible for their attention? Did you play up to it? Do you feel they see you differently now—and that their treatment of you can never be the same? You are now "Lisa's mom," aren't you? Everyone feels so sorry for you. Does their pity, their prying, or careful politeness weigh heavily?

I'm sorry, Mrs. Anderson, to be asking so many questions. But I'm hoping you'll see that someone—at least one person—cares about what's been going on with you. With you, directly. I feel I need to show you that I'm aware of the pain and bewilderment you suffer; the everyday horrors—that heightened sensitivity toward previously mundane actions and thoughts. I know Lisa's memory will be with you forever—but it's clouded and tainted now, isn't it? A glance around your house and images of her playing, smiling, and laughing don't bring pleasure anymore, do they? No, I'm sure they don't. These precious memories have become nightmarish needle pricks and hammer blows, I'll bet.

Have you found an outlet for your rage? Pain creates rage, and in your situation, one fraught with severe injustice and harsh, ugly reality, I would think the rage that builds in you has the potential to completely destroy you. A ventless cancer.

Have you fought to remain the woman you were? Is that possible? Will you be forever jaded and bitter? How has your god helped you through these changes? Is there any way that you can look at the world—every day—and see it as the same small town with trustworthy people and friends and family and holidays? Your future has changed drastically, I understand, but have your dreams for your future changed? Did you create and mold your life entirely around Lisa? So many parents do. Their child becomes their personality. Their whole lives are built around the child and its future rather than their own.

So much more than just your child has been taken from you. How did you ever stop yourself from committing suicide? I'm glad you did. Did you think about it? Do you think you can ever get over such thoughts? Have your loved ones helped you with your despair? I remember your father—Lisa's grandfather—made a statement to the press. He said, "It's a blessing so many people have come together because of this."

I remember seeing your dad on TV. I know he greeted mourners at the church and told the news-people that you felt some measure of relief now that Lisa had been found. But he added that you cried every day since she went missing and you continued to cry even after the body had been found. As I said earlier, I don't think there has been any relief for you. I wonder if there ever will be.

The funeral must have been nothing compared to the details you must have suffered through just two days earlier. All the shops in town that hung up signs: CLOSED FRIDAY FROM 10 A.M. TO NOON IN MEMORY OF LISA. The mile-long procession. The hundreds of people who came up to you and told you how Lisa's photo atop the casket told of a happy childhood and the perfect image of a younger you. None of those things—those tired rituals—could have penetrated the wall your mind must have raised to keep out the details of your daughter's brutal murder.

Your husband told the world that you were "hurtling" on the day of discovery. He said you were in a quiet room at the church and that he was going to stay with you there. And that's all we would know for that frantic, hellish day.

The end of whatever hope there was—indeed, a day to remember. I understand Lisa was found naked, her clothes torn and bundled just a few hundred feet from her body. She had been raped and strangled. She had been dumped in a drainage ditch and weighed down with large rocks. Her legs were sticking out into river rock, and her lungs had filled with water. She was only seven.

Lisa is so real to me. My thoughts of her frequently meld the newspaper descriptions into a living, breathing, tiny human being. I can see her lips move and her teeth glisten, her cheeks dimple and eyes crinkle and bat. I can see her long, brown hair fall across her cute face and be whisked back by her gentle, soft fingers.

I know her face and body and the personality it projected by memory now. I've grafted the newspaper details into my brain so as to never forget her. But I struggle with the image. And I know you do as well. You have to. And it must be so much more brutal and evil and real for you. I see her frame the way she was found in the ditch. She had a small, second-grader's body, and the weather and river had already eaten away at parts of her flesh and bone. She had light-brown hair and dark brown eyes. Her two top front teeth were missing. Recovered from the ditch, in water only two or three feet deep, just next to her body, was her favorite necklace—the one she would never go outside without. What did you do with that necklace, Mrs. Anderson? Did you bury it with her? It was pink with white letters that spelled LISA—how darling. Do you think Lisa held it before she died—is it possible that she reached out for it? Could it have been so special to her?

Lisa was four feet tall and weighed only fifty pounds. On her last day on earth she wore a purple polo shirt with green trim, a lighter shade purple tank top, blue jeans, and pastel-pink tennis shoes. Did you keep these clothes? Or did the police keep them for

evidence, as I would imagine? Do you ever want them back? What would you do with them? Have you kept all Lisa's clothes and toys and trinkets and books and games? What about her bike—the one she was pulled off of before she was thrown into a stranger's back seat and raped and murdered?

You know so much more about the real girl—your girl, your flesh and blood, your child. There's so much that the media can't report and couldn't hope to accurately convey. And I hope you'll forgive my presumptions about her—I know that I really know nothing at all.

I don't know what she was like when she played with her friends. Or how she acted when she got mad or difficult or sad. I can't see her, remember her, in her father's lap or in your arms. What was she like, I can only wonder, to walk hand-in-hand with? To pick up and cuddle? To put to bed with a gentle kiss on the forehead? To watch her at the dinner table and teach her manners? To listen to her cute stories about her friends and favorite TV shows and pop heroes? I don't know her favorite toys or cute little phrases or jokes.

I can't see her sleeping in her room. I don't know what things there made her happy or were important to her. Are you going to keep her room exactly the way it was before she died? Did you force her to make her bed before she went out to play? Was her room tidy and neat? Messy and comfortable? Can you ever straighten it up and throw out her belongings, perhaps, keeping just a few precious mementos? Certainly, you won't be able to box everything up and stick it in the attic or give it to the Goodwill. Do you think you'll ever be able to use that room in your house for anything else? It will always be Lisa's room, won't it?

You were hanging up the laundry when you found out that Lisa had been abducted. I'll bet you can't even perform such acts now. Are your thoughts entirely controlled by this heinous crime and terrific loss? Are even the most menial, knee-jerk tasks now subject to uncontrollable recollections of Lisa? Are all your memories harsh and painful and ugly?

I do imagine that everything you do—everything you think and feel—is going to be governed by this tragedy for a great long time. But I'm sure you'll be able to laugh again. And without feeling guilty about it. But, right now, that seems impossible, doesn't it? I don't mean to sound impertinent or cold, but you certainly will never get over the pain and loss and, honestly, I don't think you ever should. It's important to feel Lisa's misfortune both for her and for you. How else will you be able to understand reality? It was your decision to have Lisa. She was your responsibility when she walked the earth, and she'll continue to be

your responsibility. There was nothing you could do for Lisa as far as her abduction and murder go—your responsibility lies firmly with memory. And your memories should answer all your pain with the reasons you had Lisa in the first place. To make her happy and complete and to fill your life with meaning and importance.

You have nothing to take care of now. You might feel like you're only living to die. The world will surely stop turning when you pass away. Lisa meant your whole life to you. She was demanding—as all children are—on your time and patience. But children demand more than our constant attention, don't they? They demand that you give over everything you are to them. They become everything you are. And you pour everything you are and everything you have and everything you could be and could have into them. The void left in your life is so much more than missing a precious loved one. It's a lack of devotion. It's abandonment in a cold, dark, and empty space. The killer who took Lisa from you robbed you of everything your personality—your spirit—had come to be, and he has left you raw and exposed to universal indifference.

I hope you have reassurance in god. god, I'm sure, and religion and the promise of an eternal afterlife of bliss should provide you with comfort and the strength to carry on.

Is silence just too painful for you now? How about your husband's affections? Your family's? Do they seem too much—too forced or empty in light of your sudden desolation?

Or, perhaps, your pain has turned into frustration and anger? A rage with direction and reason? Do you hate the man who caused you and Lisa so much pain, so much that you've allowed that hate to focus and control your thoughts? Does that particular hatred take the edge off your misery? Does the specter of this evil and heartless man fill the void in your soul? I can understand that.

What kind of man would do such a bestial thing? It's impossible to feel pity or sympathy toward such a person, isn't it? I think it's because they live another kind of existence—one where people don't matter and feelings don't belong. And even though, as most studies indicate, these men are themselves victims of all sorts of horrible abuse and trauma, I still find it impossible to think that they don't will these events with a very careful, calculated, and deliberate conscience. They have a philosophy that would seem to go along with their quest for damage and destruction and selfless satisfaction. And they're fine with their

time on earth. They don't suffer. Not like you suffer. The way you feel pain with every breath, and loss and emptiness with every thought. And it makes your pain deeper, doesn't it, to think that this monster is still at-large? It makes you seethe and hate all the more.

This man—this total stranger—has proven himself capable of a crime that created such an immense cavity in your soul that, perhaps, the only way to plug it up will be by becoming the person you never thought you could let yourself become. You almost have to allow yourself the chance to be consumed by hatred and blinded by confusion over injustice and human cruelty, so that everything else that was previously important to you—empathy, sympathy, gentleness, care, and concern—doesn't kill you by their weight and unmanageability. Those things you thought were real before are now too cumbersome and ungainly. Those feelings have to be changed. The lines in your face, the stretch marks on your belly, and the grey in your hair all must attest to something new. Something unplanned and unprepared for. Something that reflects how life truly is. Something that blots out all the tenderness and care and fantastic daydreams and naive misconceptions about love and equality. Something true and real.

I don't know the answers to provide so that your confusion and hurt and loneliness could be lessened. I don't know what someone can do for someone like you. I know that you'll be a new person, starting from the day Lisa was abducted and continuing on, forever forming, until the day you die. You know, I'm sure you'll learn more about yourself and your friends and families and your place here on earth. Perhaps you can find some modicum of comfort in the start of a new beginning. A new outlook. A new life.

Good luck, best wishes,



PARASITE



PARASITE

VOLUME 1 ★ SEPTEMBER, 1993

RAPE

SEX CRIMES Alice Vachss (Random House)
SEXUAL VIOLENCE Linda A. Fairstein (Morrow)

These two new books make the jurisprudence of rape their focal point. Both relate that sexual assault is a pernicious blight on society and that the wars fought against it seem virtually impossible to win. Both books are authored by women in remarkably similar professions who attempt to chart their efforts in leading or assisting that war.

Alice Vachss served ten years as a prosecutor for the Queens District Attorney in New York. Many of those years were spent as head of the Special Victim's Bureau that concentrated exclusively on crimes of rape and child abuse. Linda Fairstein, after fifteen years, is still the director of the Sex Crimes Prosecution Unit for the Manhattan DA. Both women cite a greater sense of purpose and public service as their reasons for involvement with rape victims and the laws that alternately help and hinder these efforts. Both emphasize that their main concern is for the victim. Both attempt to offer insight into society's perception, understanding, and, perhaps, support of these crimes as well as adding their own personal opinions and accomplishments into the mix. Of course, both pepper their motherly struggles with violent-crime anecdotes.

The books are very different.

Alice Vachss's approach to rape is quite remarkable, really. She spent ten years of her life dealing with people in very extreme circumstances—people stripped to the bone on both sides of the crime. She's trudged through year in and year out of physical and mental pain, sickness, debasement, torture, sociopathic lust, and greed. She's collated all her information with the various corridors of power she's visited, melded the personal with the impersonal, and formed theories and lessons forged on heart-wrenching, hard, ugly truths. And yet she offers us all the insight of an OPRAH audience:

I'D BEEN TELLING PEOPLE FOR YEARS THAT RAPISTS ARE NOT SICK, THEY'RE EVIL. NOW I HAD A CHANCE TO PROVE IT.

Alice Vachss has constructed a looming gorgon out of rape. She stands small in front of its immensity and vows to tear it down. But all she does is pretend to cry, take a snapshot, and walk off to find a cozy little restaurant. *SEX CRIMES* is Vachss showing us slides of her vacation. And, problem is, she's been to some great places but chose not to get out of the tour bus.

It's not unfair to look toward Mrs. Vachss and expect some degree of light to be shed on the intricacies and disciplines involved as an unruly system of law grapples with human beings at their most mysterious, dramatic, and raw. It would make sense that Mrs. Vachss might have a unique comprehension of both victim and victimizer and the societies that produce and nurture them. She could show us the mistakes, the impotence, the coldness and compassion among a people unable to protect themselves from themselves. But, owing either to Mrs. Vachss's bitterness at being fired from her job in 1992 (due to office politics) and thus a full-on drive to rationalize every move she made for ten years, or just protected, rank stupidity, she can offer the reader nothing new at all. Instead, she bores and annoys us with stories of typical, everyday rapes and kidfucks that serve only her need for self-aggrandizement. Every case was an epic David vs. Goliath battle with the politicians and self-serving careerists above her, while she was every victim's savior and the only one who really cared. Every case was fought tooth-and-nail for the victim and for society. Every case meant something greater in the big picture. Every case ripped our little girl to pieces while she clung desperately to the hope of saving us all from the deep hell she had to peer into daily. And the defense attorneys, judges, cops, colleagues, and even jurors who didn't recognize her prosecutorial genius were "collaborators," just as the accused were "freaks." Not once does Mrs. Vachss see the need to offer a voice to another professional who might see justice as a slightly different animal with different causes, rules, and ends. Mrs. Vachss knows all about everything perfectly:

GIVEN THE KINDS OF CASES I WAS TRYING, I HAD TO FACE PLENTY OF ACQUITTALS. MOSTLY THEY AMOUNTED TO THE JURY DOING THE WRONG THING FOR LOUSY REASONS.

Now, of course, all the above could be seen as just petty criticism of a personality so overbearingly odious as the one Mrs. Vachss possesses. That is, if her book delivered the goods in other ways. It is titled *SEX CRIMES*, after all, and it shouldn't sound trite to acknowledge that sex crimes are its selling point. Ultimately, the success of the book should fall on the strength of the crimes. Whether or not Mrs. Vachss is

as stupid as she appears to be should only be a slight concern. Should be. But isn't. No, Mrs. Vachss takes pride of place here and simply uses the crimes as backdrop for her own huge opera. There is a nice lengthy incest case that peripherally touches on a retard, a few serial rapists, and a rather busy politically connected pedophile. But it's all depressingly pedestrian, really. Nothing particularly moving or graphic. Nothing that one doesn't see often enough in the newspapers or newscasts. Which is why one is forced to look, in the absence of details, for some insight. It is frustrating to believe that someone would have spent so many years in such a rarefied position and yet remain so untouched, untainted, unmoved.

But perhaps that is too much to ask. With rape, child abuse, and sexual assault being so pervasive these days, perhaps it is impossible to raise the information above the conventional. Possibly. But then one must question Mrs. Vachss's motives rather than her brains. Certainly, she knows the difference between the criminals and herself. She mentions it every page. The line can get a little blurry, though, between her and her audience. And, it would follow, between her and the politicians—the "collaborators."

Ms. Fairstein suffers from the same lack of spark as regards her tales of rape and assault. But, thank fuck, she doesn't seem to suffer the same pretensions as those of Vachss. Ms. Fairstein still has her job and so would be less likely to blow the lid off of the corruption in her office, as is Mrs. Vachss's wont. But then it should be said that Ms. Fairstein still retains her sense of purpose.

Ms. Fairstein serves up more details than Vachss in *SEXUAL VIOLENCE*. She also offers more insight. She has imbued her anecdotes with history in an attempt to chart the progress made in sex-crime prosecutions. Each case furthers a point of how laws that needed changing changed, how victims were welcomed into the system, and/or how public perception had to be informed and adjusted. It is her opinion that great and necessary changes in the prosecution of rapists—and, more importantly to Fairstein, the treatment of victims—started with the almost simultaneous publication of Susan Brownmiller's *AGAINST OUR WILL* and the ascension of Robert Morgenthau to DA of Manhattan. She then maps her own progress through the judicial circus from '75 to now, using her strides as guide. Ms. Fairstein is quick to recognize and applaud the work of others, and, perhaps even self-deprecatingly, she sees her work as implementing ideas other than her own. Ironically, Ms. Fairstein, while being far more graphic than Vachss, even qualifies her emotional subjectivity:

THE FRONTLINE WORKERS—POLICE OFFICERS,

DETECTIVES, NURSES, DOCTORS, AND ADVOCATES—SEE THE VICTIMS IN FAR GREATER DISTRESS LONG BEFORE I GET TO MEET THEM, AND THEY MAKE MY JOB EASIER IN THIS RESPECT, BECAUSE THEIR INTERVENTION HAS ALREADY STARTED THE RECOVERY PROCESS.

And while all this is to say that Ms. Fairstein's personality doesn't get in the way of the details, it shouldn't denigrate her personal involvement. She is close enough to the action to see it all. And her humanist and feminist characteristics, no matter how philosophically empty, never cloud her details. Her recitations of facts and events seem genuine and trustworthy.

So, once again, it's down to the details. And, once again, some of the material will be seen as too insignificant. For those who don't mind a trifle, however, some smiles may be found in the case of a teenage virgin raped on her way to her first-ever job interview. Or the woman that gets done on her way out of a hospital where she was visiting her dying-from-cancer mother. (She begrudgingly left to take care of her "severely handicapped" son and, of course, the mother died just a couple hours after the attack.) Also, a *bon mot* about not letting a sixty-two-year-old lady drink a cup of tea after her attack due to fear of her having contracted VD while being face-fucked proffers a very charming picture.

Eventually, both of these books are bound to suffer by their very nature. Rape is the domain of the weak. And rarely does the initial attraction to the crime—its wanton selfishness, its cruelty, its dark, explosive violence, and especially, the victim's apparent inability to ever fully recover—seem justified. The attributes of rape are based, more often than not, in a lustful but empty-headed desperation. The victimizer is usually little more than a simple dog dick—prison fodder running on niggerish instinct blind behind some fat fucking ass. And the victim, far from being destroyed, is encouraged to wallow in her own innate dysfunction. She is swathed in sick sympathy and ugly female coddling until her "recovery" resembles little more than a permanent excuse for a midlife crisis.

Feminists, counselors, and all those with vested employment interests in psychology and its precepts love to spout A RAPE EVERY TWELVE MINUTES; RAPE IS VIOLENCE, NOT SEX; and A RAPIST'S PRIMARY MOTIVATION IS HATRED AND THE NEED TO CONTROL. And indeed, all these can be found in these books. So, read "control" as a distinct lack of control, remember how well knowing all this helped women (and men), and there you have it—therein lies the real problem with books and crimes and ideas like these.

Fucking typical. Then again, there may be some of you who like that sort of thing. From the sweat and stink of the attack to the ugly, base, sexual confusion to the bodily pain and morbid fear and right down to the reasons for breeding ghetto rats and loud, ineffectual poster children.

FAGS

GLORY HOLE Volumes 1-4:

TOM'S FORESKIN OBSESSION

TOM'S CUM CRAZY COCKSUCKER

TOM'S BIG DICK OBSESSION

TOM'S TOTALLY UNCUT FORESKIN GAMES

Palm Drive Video, PO Box 193653, San Francisco, CA 94119

Blow jobs—it all depends on what side of the dick you're on.

There will be some of you whose interest in getting sucked off will be the same as that of any dog, and any hole will do. Others of you will just go all wet and tingly about a tonguing on the tip of your cock. Or maybe a chin against your balls, a tight throat, or the ever-tiresome hand-and-mouth conjunction motion. For the sensualists, technique will be everything.

Or it might be a byproduct of a great philosophy. You wanna be prayed to. You want to be celebrated. Perhaps some of you will be attracted to the act out of a certain sense of hatred. Either for your slimy partner or for your flagellating christian self.

Maybe you see a difference between a male hole and a female hole. Some of you will suffer from a completely unimpeachable hatred of women, and fucking male face will be the only way you can enjoy that big sucking, slurping feeling. And it will be better that way, 'cause men are rougher, meaner, messier, and more available. Yet some of you will want to ram your dick into some bloated, made-up, female face because of that very same hatred.

There will be those of you who will prattle on endlessly about the difference between male and female faces. The greater empathetic understanding of homosexual acts. The degree of dedication—a queer pleasing himself on you, a wife putting up with your porno fantasies.

Tom, the gentleman for whom these four videos are a showcase, prefers the knees-on-floor approach to modern male sexuality. He's also a fan of huge, anonymous cocks. Tom's *oeuvre* contains upwards of fifty gooey sucks, and the only face we see is his. In a twist of a feminist's nightmare, the only other

personality in these consensual trysts is size, width, hairiness, cut or uncut, low-hung or pubescently tight balls, veiny or smooth shafts, and whatever else you size queens long for. Tom entertains all kinds—just as long as they're big—one after another.

The viewer can take tips from Tom's proficiency—generally the technique is built around a sloppy ballet of slow and languid licks, chipmunk throat-and-mouth massages, hands-on-ball twists, along with the very popular thumb-under-the-foreskin tug-and-pull. Or you boys can just enjoy the horse-cock parade.

Sadly, the videos are heavily edited, so you have no idea how many in how long Tom did in a row. He's also cleaned off his gump every time a new dick approaches his hole, which is rather disappointing.

The main problem with these videos is that they're intensely faggy. The glory hole itself is patterned after the booths you find in homo houses made expressly for that purpose: a large hole that's big enough for cock, balls, some thigh and stomach as well. One can't help but imagine that a real documentary about glory holes would be much more sexually exciting: where the holes are small and dirty and dangerously jagged, furtively and desperately carved out in a bathroom or peep-show stall. And where the blow jobs are equally sloppy and jagged—most performed by straight men, lonely and confused and on their knees, paying more attention to their own jerking off than to the smelly cock lolling around in their mouths. You can bet that Tom never scrapes one of his dicks with his teeth or gags and chokes out of overexcitement. Tom takes his time and slurps and licks and sucks and loves. Glory-hole pigs gnaw and pop fast and furiously. And clumsily. Tom just likes these donkey dicks a bit too much. He's a bit too good at it. And while it's nice to see a porno video bereft of any affection, pretense, or even self-respect, Tom fits the stereotype like a glove.

Which brings us to...AIDS. Not one of these cocks sports a condom. So the Boyd McDonald nostalgists and desperate recidivists among you will find just what you're cramping for. Tom eats up, laps up, and swallows gob after gob of disease-laden pig sauce. And, admittedly, it's a cheap thrill, but it can be nice to assume that Tom's more than just a wretched, debauched savage—he's an interface for infection. Passing on the golden age of fetal-cancer death for thirty-somethings. One of Tom's fave manias seems to be kissing, nuzzling, and playing blankly with the stringy pre-cum that pouts out at the end of thick sausage foreskins. You can't help but think of those old prostitutes that check their johns' cocks for VD by pulling the flaccid member tight to see if a pus bubble emerges. And then you can't help but wonder what AIDS tastes like.

DEAD

SHUT UP, LITTLE MAN! (Raymond and Peter CD)

Ectoplasm, PO Box 473, Prince St. Station, NY, NY
10012-0008

Liquor is a good excuse. Isn't it? The next day you can complain about your head hurting, your eyes burning, and your stomach pains. And you can tell yourself that you wouldn't have done whatever stupid fucking thing you did the night before if you hadn't been drunk. And you can believe it.

You can fuck your daughter.

You can piss on the guy next to you.

You can suck off your best friend.

You can vomit all over yourself. And shit yourself. And cry like a baby. And call up your old girlfriend and cry to her.

Liquor can soften those edges. Loosen you up. So can drugs. And, if used correctly, just think of all the brand-new avenues open to you.

What are you going to do after work? What else do those fucking niggers have to do except get drunk? How would you like to be a Mexican and work sixty hours for less than minimum wage?

You can beat your wife and children.

You can fuck that ugly, harelipped beast.

You can pass the time.

You can beat your wife and children every fucking day. Go to work, stop off at your local afterwards, and then go home a stinking soused pig. You can torture the whole family without actually hitting them. You can tell your wife what you really think about her. And you know your kids don't respect you.

But be sure to fuck your family up enough to make it special. Otherwise, they're going to be joining Al-Anon and parading their recoveries around everywhere. Or worse, writing one of those dreary circle-of-abuse tomes. Get them drunk—drive them out of the house and into the bar. But just fucking keep it quiet. Like your neighbors.

Eddie Lee Sausage and Mitchell D. had the questionable misfortune of living next door to a couple of old drunks. The drunks, Raymond and Peter, who no longer worked, were apparently as loud as these kind of dregs get.

SHUT UP, LITTLE MAN! is the edited highlights of these two bitter old men (faggots?) recorded, surreptitiously at first, by Eddie and Mitchell. Here, Raymond and Peter harangue and drool drunkenly, self-loathingly, at each other for seventy-two digital minutes. And these are just "highlights."

There's a cassette collection for completists and dedicated admirers. But this being about the length of time you'd want to be around this sort of shit, it's just about perfect.

Raymond and Peter are vodka-soaked. And mean. And hateful. And, charmingly enough, hurt. The real appeal of this release lies not in the camp quality that it's sure to acquire, but more in its brutal documentation of life by losers. These men have been stepped on and crushed by circumstances and situations. They have replaced their worthless personalities with liquor. They mean no more than the amount of vodka left in the bottle for the next day. And the drink has let loose the railing demons that lie underneath their contempt for themselves and each other, allowing them to spill out in blood-curdling, urine-soaked color. Their personalities, their lives, their existences, are anything but their own.

YOU LYING COCKSUCKER!

YOU WANNA FUCK WITH ME? I WILL KILL YOU IN A FUCKIN' MINUTE. YOU DIRTY COCKSUCKER. YOU KNOW HOW SICK YOU ARE. I DESPISE ALL FUCKIN' QUEERS. AND THAT MEANS YOU.

Right out of the box, Raymond and Peter pour all their rage and loss and pain and uselessness back into themselves.

It is refreshing, and a privilege to be able to eavesdrop on such a vivid display of slow death. Where life has been sucked out and forgotten and replaced by lame acceptance and resignation. Their small minds rebel against their emptiness, and liquor is the perfect cure—damage the demonic questions and quell the pain all at once. Make it worse. Make it better. Every word is rife with their destruction, their rot. Every slurred epithet that leaks out of those sour mouths is meant, honestly, intensely, physically, for each other at the very same time.



Perhaps frustration is inevitable when the subject is rape. The rapist, in most cases, isn't going to go far enough—HE SHOULD'VE KILLED HER! There's going to be a witness and her testimony hanging around—HE SHOULD'VE KILLED HER! Too many mouths all barking about a simple recovery process—HE SHOULD'VE KILLED HER OR AT LEAST CUT HER FUCKING ARMS OFF!

And as far as books go, if the rapist isn't a drooling, weak mess of too much testosterone and too little brains, then the author is, more than likely, a moralistic oaf out to prove his own reluctance at even touching a story as ugly as rape.

Case in point: a new book about one Eddie Wyatt.

THE UNMASKING: MARRIED TO A RAPIST (Free Press) is by Kevin Flynn with the unflinching accommodations of Eddie's born-again wife Rhonda.

Kevin pores through Rhonda's soul-searching diary—kept through all the years she was with Eddie—and constructs a story that could've been a lot better.

Putting the stultifying specter of murder aside for a moment is easy. You take what you get. And there's some really good bits here. Main problem, though, is that both Kevin and Rhonda don't have a fucking clue about what's right in front of their lily-white noses. Rhonda never did. If Kevin would have focused on Eddie and his problems instead of Rhonda and her plodding march to ever-suffering, ever-blind sainthood, maybe we could've gotten somewhere.

Rhonda prays her way through this book like she prayed her way through her life. And she never loses faith. Never. Her love of the lord is fucking unshakable. And while she dealt with all the depression, sexual confusion and coldness, the humiliation, the poverty, the loneliness, and the abandonment of her kids, it's good to see our little girl from Denver still had Jesus by her side to protect her. Would've been nice if he let her in on a couple of things—like when she felt inadequate and weak and ugly 'cause Eddie hadn't fucked her in over a year, even though she wore a sexy nightie for him and did those cunt-tightening exercises. Or when she realized that all the sacrifices she'd made for years and years for the love of her good Christian husband were completely wasted and fake. The real Eddie raped women, fucked side-pigs, burglarized homes, drank, and doped. No, Rhonda's belief and good faith and trust in God is permanent and concrete. One would suppose that Jesus can't punch holes in his glorious image by being arrested for raping a seventeen-year-old high-school student.

Eddie's got a good history. Spent a lot of his adolescence in reformatories and jails. He confessed to three rapes, was convicted of only one, and the author makes a convincing case for a total of at least eleven. And Eddie got God, too. It seems he wanted to believe and behave but was finally unable to cleave his lustful, violent urges away from his get-in-line, eunuchs-first, Jesus saves-style slavery.

Eddie states the obvious during a jail-cell interview with the author: I MUST'VE JUST LOST CONTROL. He had a penchant for taping up ladies' heads, fucking their faces, cunts, and, especially, their assholes. He called them "Whore" and "Bitch" and made them tell him they liked it. True to form, Eddie had an escalating taste for violence, and his latest victim, the high-school student, not only suffered all of the

above but also had her fun photographed and tape-recorded. Eddie stabbed her pet dog to death as well.

And there's more. Eddie tells of a rape he committed on a boy while in the reformatory. This boy had been fucking and sucking black men, and Eddie decided that was wrong. Eddie says he didn't know then that the niggers were forcing the boy to be their slave. He wasn't aware of the boy's continuous pain and degradation. And, charmingly, Eddie remembers the incident as WORSE THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER DONE. Which should make all you women out there feel a little safer.

All this could make THE UNMASKING a very nice book. But it doesn't. Because Kevin Flynn wants to tell you more about Rhonda than Eddie—which, actually, could be fun. Maybe Rhonda and her God were asking for all of it. Her pain and suffering would be highly entertaining if it weren't so fucking brain-dead. But even that isn't the real problem. Or the frustrating part.

The last page of the book ends with a postscript dated November '92. Eddie was released from jail after serving nine-and-a-half years of a thirty-year sentence. In September '92, a little more than a year after his parole, Eddie was arrested again. But the cops found videotapes that Eddie had been making—videos of his peeping at a woman in her bathroom, of his trespassing through a home while its occupants slept, and of him jerking off while he fondled and kissed a sleeping ten-year-old girl.

Either Kevin Flynn can't add it up or he just thought that Rhonda's more interesting. Whatever, the picture you get of Eddie is incomplete and uninformed. Frustrating—like being allowed only a taste when you know there's an entire sumptuous meal waiting there.

Kinda like rape.



Alice Vachss is the wife of famous novelist and child-rights advocate Andrew Vachss. The very, very famous Andrew can't seem to find enough time to help out abused children: He is a lawyer who represents CHILDREN AND YOUTH EXCLUSIVELY and is the author of many books all about child abuse and child abusers. His newest book is SHELLA (Alfred A. Knopf) about a dark character who, according to the cover flap, TRAVELS THROUGH THE CRUEL ALLEYS, THE TOPLESS BARS, THE DARK TUNNELS OF PORNOGRAPHY AND PROSTITUTION, INTO THE RAGING CENTER OF A NEO-NAZI ENCLAVE. Please.

Fiction fans who can't wait for the next Dennis Cooper novel are still encouraged to wade carefully....The lead character is named "Ghost."



Linda Fairstein figures in the Robert Chambers/Jennifer Levin chapter of Helen Benedict's *VIRGIN OR VAMP*, recently published in paperback by Oxford. Subtitled *HOW THE PRESS COVERS SEX CRIMES*, Ms. Benedict focuses on Chambers as well as some of the bigger rape cases of recent memory—such as the gang bang that spurred on the movie *THE ACCUSED* and the Central Park “wilding” case.



Palm Drive's stated concern is *MASCULINE VIDEOS FOR MEN WHO LIKE MEN MASCULINE*. This usually means videos of fat, hairy, cigar-chomping pigs muttering insults while jerking off at the camera. They produce some unfortunately tame punching-and-slapping videos, some tacky piss scenes, and some very silly mud fests. But there is one incredible standout.

HOT LUNCH features a leatherboy getting a nightstick shoved in and out of his mouth until he vomits all over himself. Of course, he vomits again. And again. This thick and frothy, beery, runny mess oozes and covers his face, bare chest, and the hot concrete underneath him. And, of course, he laps it up. Smears his face in it. Chokes on it.

Not quite in the same league as the brilliant *YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL*, or, for that matter, any of the bestial feasts that Slave and Master used to put out before their untimely demise. Or even any of the messier shit parties at which Christopher Rage was so adept. But it's good for now.



The November '93 issue of *HUSTLER* contains an interview with Richard Ramirez. Surprisingly, for someone so scattered and explosive, Ramirez doesn't come off all that bad. There's the usual Lucifer/evil/horror navel-gazings, but a few insightful quotables and some genuine introspection as well.



PARASITE

VOLUME 2 ★ NOVEMBER, 1993

GIRLS

ON THE PROWL (Jamie Gillis Video) 65 min.

ON THE PROWL AGAIN (Sin City Video) 77 min.

JAMIE'S FRENCH DEBUTANTES

(Dungeon Video International) 60 min.

GANG BANG VOLS. 1-30 (A & B Video)

60 min. minimum

ONLY WORDS Catharine A. MacKinnon (Harvard)

WHAT PORNOGRAPHY DOES, IT DOES IN THE REAL WORLD, NOT ONLY IN THE MIND.

—Catharine A. MacKinnon

There is intent. And there is the act itself. And all too often, fans of the visual must settle for either/or. Too few videos on the market today contain that perfect combination where the physical execution of an idea, or philosophy, satiates as well as inspires. Instead we are more usually relegated to the choice between vacuous aesthetics and the forced, petty deconstructions of ugly sublimations and stunted behaviorism.

Where are the products that the arch-feminists promise? The ones that complement and support their rants of brutal misogyny and sociopathic self-absorption? The pornography that breathes and breeds abuse? The videos, magazines, and photo sets that exist unequivocally above the common, simple-minded analysis of doggerel and money-charged excesses? The work crystal-clear in motive and hard action that lays waste to any need for the clichéd female rhetoric of thoughts-equals-action?

Where can one go for the good stuff? The mean, evil-minded material that proves the monolithic porno business beast to be as dirty and sad as the feminists need it to be?

The hardcore feminists end their every survey of pornography with kiddie porn and snuff films to show either just how bad porno is or can get. But that material is underground and appeals to a very dedicated and debauched group. The feminists tell us there is material readily available to the casual consumer—material subtly disguised as liberal, mindless sex acts but actually brimming with insult and enslavement. In fact, Catharine MacKinnon, Andrea Dworkin, and the rest of the hard-liners have searched through all the racks and argue that just about everything found there is abusive, degrading, and potentially crime-inducing.

But as child pornography is rather difficult to obtain (and keep), and snuff films exist in FBI labs and nowhere else, we could do worse than to follow the good women's example. Which is to say, though the photos and videos are there, the abuses perceived by them are, unfortunately, not. But there are exceptions.

Of course, one of the best barometers of female worth in pornography is the ever-popular “money shot.” But even this is hardly the exclusive practice of

rape-minded misogynists and their reluctant victims as promised by Dworkin, *et al.* After all, what's a little mucus in your face if the payoff is fame, riches, and influence—no matter how base or fleeting those benefits may actually be? Any kind of compensation (though it is a sad commentary to have to reduce ideas so lofty to that of money) tends to deftly separate intent from mere performance. Just as it does pleasure from prostitution. No, the money shot might be a bit rude now and then, playful now and then, but really, only really ugly and threatening in the right hands—or so to speak.

The fems argue that the very nature of the money shot is offensive and degrading—what can the appeal of thick splotches of cum on a woman's face be if not intentionally humiliating? But their argument travels straight through to simple intercourse as well.... But we're talking degrees here—we agree, why would you want to fuck it in the first place?

Jamie Gillis has the right idea: Trot a piece of meat around San Francisco and offer it up to whoever wants it. A new bent on the very popular (and very boring) amateur films. But a lot more.

The first in the ON THE PROWL series features the well-hung genius and a porn star of some renown. The second volume's got some Indian woman from nowhere. She appears in an early episode of DIRTY DEBUTANTES, also featuring Jamie Gillis, but that seems to be about it. And both editions include average beer Joes from pickup joints and bars, all too quick to slam any cunt in the back seat of a limo while Jamie films and comments. Both videos offer hardly incidental footage of Jamie amusing himself in various ways: convincing a different porno star to display her ass and spread, and paying a skinny, ugly, degenerate street hooker to lick his balls while he hand-pumps on her drugged-up, white-trash face.

Jamie's a big fan of the money shot. Aside from the aforementioned hooker, he's quick to entreat the more reluctant or shy Joes to GO ON, CUM IN HER FACE, DO WHATEVER YOU WANT! And in a very inspiring highlight, Jamie goes for sloppy seconds after watching some fatty beer pig jerk off in the Indian's face; he drops his pants, just a little, straddles her naked, sweaty chest, and beats off to shoot all over her already cum-soaked face. Added to all of this (and in the finest tradition of Ugly George), Jamie's comments behind the camera are wry, articulate, and brimming with incisive reality. He virtually controls the action, not simply by directing the camera, but by instructing and encouraging the particulars like a peep-show veteran with way too many tokens. GO ON, FUCK THAT CUNT. FUCK THAT BIG CUNT.

True fans of Mr. Gillis will also want to seek out JAMIE'S FRENCH DEBUTANTES, which sees Jamie in

France ostensibly casting an S&M movie. Same one-camera amateur-type technique, except this one has Jamie in the middle of girls who answered his newspaper ad. It's a languid, almost softcore video that relies on Jamie's spot-on understanding of reality and the situation at hand. No corny dominant play talk or pose, just Jamie getting a bit of what he wants in a very personal and personable way.

The title should say it all: GANG BANG. But the cover adds everything you need to know:

1 GIRL, 13 MEN. CUM DRIPS IN BUCKETS.

(Volume One, 75 minutes)

1 GIRL, 10 MEN. SHE DRINKS A TOAST WITH CUM.

(Volume Five, 90 minutes)

2 GIRLS, OVER 20 GUYS. SPERM-TACULAR CUM SHOTS.

(Volume Ten, 2 hours)

1 GIRL, 20+ GUYS, 29 CUM LOADS! 1 HELLUVA ORGY.

(Volume 19, 2 hours)

1 BLACK GIRL MAKES 12 GUYS CUM TWICE.

(Volume 24, 2 hours)

A money-shot-watcher's dream—and no bones about it. These guys are filmed by one hand-held camera: air-fucking the same holes one after another, and usually told by the director to GET RIGHT IN HER FACE, OPEN YOUR MOUTH, STICK YOUR TONGUE OUT, OOOH BABY, WHAT A LOAD, WIPE IT ON HER FACE NOW—NO, NOT, DON'T WIPE IT OFF, GO AHEAD SUCK HIM NOW, LEAVE IT ALL ON YOUR FACE.

Highlights of the thirty different volumes include: a white-trash pig with about ten different wads of cum in her face finally being handed a towel—but only to wipe the incredible amounts of sweat dripping from her matted hair. Not content with just shooting off in the beast's face, and ever-aware of the diseases she's no doubt rife with, a large number of the twenty or so assembled gentlemen take to draining and squeezing out their slimy used condoms onto the warhorse's old face. A freshly lactating motherly tit squeezed and prodded by the group is doused with wad after wad after wad.

It goes without saying that there's very little physical violence in these. If any, really. The perfect gang-bang video would have to feature force, Coke bottles, and, at the very least, a good fucking bloody beating. But any argument for mutuality or consent beyond an economic necessity would be hard to win. Here, the price of love is high—the train that rolls over these whores isn't run on concern for their satisfaction or well-being.

The GANG BANG series, like the Gillis series, can be found in the lonely amateur video sections of the better-stocked porno houses. But to classify them as

part of that genre—a genre designed to appeal mainly to jaded, pop-eyed, flesh-ogling jerkoffs who long for the girl next door (or any girl anywhere)—is insulting to both groups. They may share certain handmade techniques: single-camera fuzzy close-ups and shaky pans, sloppy editing, etc.—but that is all they share. The slavish desperation of the amateur video, or for that matter, most porno, is replaced with quiet brutality and onanistic self-concern. Good, honest kicks.

One point the feminists miss: They suspect that these videos appeal to the person who might enjoy rape but is afraid, for whatever reason, to try it out. They fear these videos can convince the viewer to lower his sights a little further and start to actually physically attack women. They imagine that seeing this sort of material engenders abuse by encouraging the view that women are just objects for pleasure. What they don't quite get is that this sort of thing is just all that's available. Available being the operative word.

Catharine MacKinnon, in her latest book *ONLY WORDS*, sounds like she'll never get it. Forgive the pun. Ms. MacKinnon wants to convince her readers (read: female fans) that she can see right through the pages and screens of pornography and into the souls of masturbating men. And, unfortunately for all the men who'd like to know exactly what it is they like and can't figure out how to get it, Ms. MacKinnon doesn't really have a clue.

Ironically, Ms. MacKinnon seems to have that rare requisite for making sex entertaining again: A thinking rapist's mind. MacKinnon grapples with the idea that nature—instinct—leads men to sexually abuse women. She sees an inbred, overwhelming, cave-manlike lust that controls every man whether he likes it or not.

INTO THE SYMBIOTIC DANCE BETWEEN LEFT AND RIGHT, BETWEEN THE MEN WHO LOVE TO HATE EACH OTHER, ENTERS THE CAPTIVE WOMAN, THE TERMS OF ACCESS TO WHOM THEY HAVE BEEN FIGHTING OVER.

But she maintains that this unfortunate, built-in baggage is vulnerable to rationalization and manipulation:

THIS IS MAN'S BELOVED 'HARD WIRING,' GIVING THEM THAT EXCULPATORY SENSE THAT THE SEXUAL DESIRES SO PROGRAMMED ARE NATURAL AND SO OPERATE BEFORE AND BEYOND THEIR MINDS—GOT THERE BEFORE THEY DID, AS IT WERE.

This is why feminists write such entertaining books. Ms. MacKinnon, to take only one, albeit extreme, example, is so obsessed with the dangerous possibilities of sex—and more to the point, its understated

violence and selfish viciousness—that she sees it everywhere. Catharine MacKinnon even suggests that the *ULTIMATE MALE BOND* is that between a pimp and a john.

To debate the finer (or house-demolishingly blunt) points of Ms. MacKinnon's anti-pornography arguments would be ludicrous and boring. Typically, they end with all the evils you've come to expect and can't find anywhere. Her arguments tend to sound closeted and hysterical, and her reasoning is based on using welfare-line ghetto rats as a rule. Added to that, an overwhelming sense of fear and hatred (she can't get beyond the notion that a penis can do anything but RAM into a vagina) and what you have is someone, a girl, who is almost romantically abused and beaten and raped into submission by her own mind. She knows that her and Dworkin's definition of pornography, just like the Supreme Court's definition of obscenity, is absolutely no definition at all, with no concrete, scientific evidence to back up the vagaries such as *SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIALS THAT SUBORDINATE WOMEN THROUGH PICTURES OR WORDS*.

ONLY WORDS is a short book of around one hundred and fifty pages (less forty or so for notes and index) of three reworked lectures on: Defamation and Discrimination; Racial and Sexual Harassment; and Equality and Speech. However, whatever Ms. MacKinnon says or thinks about these subjects is secondary to the literary beating she takes by allowing her own black demons full reign. *ONLY WORDS* is a self-flagellating dose of Tourette's. Everything is man eating up woman. And pornography is the rotting teeth that we use on their soft, unprotected flesh and spirit.

WOMEN DO NOT WANT TO BE PORNOGRAPHY. WHEN WORDS OF SEXUAL ABUSE ARE IN OUR MOUTHS, THAT IS PORNOGRAPHY, AND WE BECOME PORNOGRAPHY BECAUSE THAT IS WHAT PORNOGRAPHY IS.

Honestly, Ms. MacKinnon's book is a better idea than any of the aforementioned videos. It is rape in a charming and rather pure state. It is someone trying to entice others into her corner of the darkened, steel-shuttered, barbed-wired, TV-monitored hovel. She knows you're out there. She knows you're everywhere. She knows what goes through your mind.

I hope I won't sound glib when I say that, in all honesty, Catharine MacKinnon's *ONLY WORDS* is the best porno book of the year. It's the next-best thing to being there. Or more probably, it's better than being there—it alone is all that is promised.

CHEAP

Malevolent Creation—STILLBORN CD (Roadrunner)

Dead Youth—WRITHING CD (Grind Core)

Macabre—SINISTER SLAUGHTER CD

(Nuclear Blast America)

Burzum—ASKE CD & BURZUM CD

Mayhem—DEATHCRUSH CD

Merciless—THE AWAKENING CD

Abruptum—OBSCURITATEM ADVOCO

AMPLECTERE ME CD (Deathlike Silence)

Emperor/Enslaved—Split CD (Candlelight)

Psychopomps—PRO-DEATH RAVERS CD (Cleopatra)

What other art form takes a novel, paraphrases it, and claims it as its own? And has the balls to admit it? Where else can you watch CNN, read a newspaper, write a song about only what you saw, and then be considered "political?" Is there any other community where trite concerns such as green politics, dejected alienation, or high moral idealism are applauded as rebellious?

Music has always been a cheap kick. A distillation. Removed and self-important.

But a cheap kick is a good kick, and getting another dose of CNN with a blast furnace behind it is damn good value. And if the kids are reading the right books...

Death metal has always delivered. Based on obsessions with rage and violence, there was a time when that alone would entertain. But recently the ante's been upped. While the old guard, in the face of just-about-to-break record sales and brighter media attention, have been falling all over themselves to tow the old, tired "violence for a violent society" tag, a group of young extremists from Norway have devoted themselves to a purer sense of art.

There are five releases on Norway's Deathlike Silence label: Burzum's ASKE (anti-mosh 005) and eponymous LP (anti-mosh 002); Abruptum's first LP (anti-mosh 004); Merciless's THE AWAKENING (anti-mosh 001); and Mayhem's debut re-release from '87, DEATHCRUSH (anti-mosh 003). And that's all there'll be. The gentleman who ran the label and fronted Mayhem, Oystein Aarseth, AKA Euronymous, is no more. He was stabbed to death on August 10, 1993. And Varg Vikernes, AKA Count Grishnackh, already suspected by police for a string of church arsons around Sweden, has been arrested and charged with Aarseth's murder. Aarseth's body was found on the staircase of his apartment building, clad only in his underwear, his flesh ripped into at least twenty-five

times. A trail of blood followed from inside his apartment.

Another related band, Emperor, have half of a split CD with Enslaved out now on Candlelight—a British label set to release the Deathlike Silence material as well as new works by Burzum and Mayhem (recorded before the incident, obviously) throughout Europe and the US. Emperor's drummer, Faust, has recently been arrested for the murder of two homosexuals.

What you need to know about the music on these CDs is minimal. The Mayhem and Burzum releases are heavily influenced by early Venom, with the Burzum material being slightly more "crusty" and drony, the Mayhem heavier and less adventurous. The Merciless CD sounds like pretty standard fare, and they have a second opus, THE TREASURES WITHIN, out on large UK independent label Active. Abruptum sounds more like Nurse With Wound than death metal, but with a sick, ugly edge to their noisy bangings and cut-ups. Emperor seem closest to mid-period Bathory, and the vocals are heavily treated with studio effects. ALL of these items are essential death-metal classics. The vocals, when not backwards or tape whirrs, are completely indecipherable—either in English or Norwegian, it just sounds like a lot of deep, rancid screechings and pained howls. It's a nice effect.

What you need to know about these bands' commitment is much more important. Young and pretentiously morbid, all these boys take the cartoon trappings of Satan and turn them inside-out. Dressed in black with thickly made-up faces (white face with blackened eyes and mouths), the Black Metal Mafia, as they've come to be known, make up for all the ritual-abuse stories you love to hear but can't believe. Finally, a group of men willing to go the extra length to provide real entertainment.

Unlike Chicago's Macabre. SINISTER SLAUGHTER, the band's third release, is a collection of twenty-one songs all dedicated to a different serial or mass murderer. Macabre will read a book, write a song based on a silly rhyme like EDMUND KEMPER HAD A HORRIBLE TEMPER, or just title the song after their subject: "ZODIAC"; "THE TED BUNDY SONG." The biggest problem with Macabre, however, is their music. Short, punky songs with high-pitched suburbanite vocals just add to the heavy cheese factor of the lyrics. Pity, considering their impressive scope of interests.

Another Chicago band with a bent for mixing the sublime with the ridiculous is Dead Youth. They're a good example of having one's heart in the right place even though the brain isn't: A PRIEST WITH A HARD-ON IS A SICKENING THING/NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS

OOZING BLASPHEMY/LICK THE TOILET SEAT ON WHICH THE CHILDREN SIT/EAT THE PUS THAT HAS POPPED OUT OF THE NUN'S BUTTZIT. Can't fault them for a lack of imagination. Other highlights include "WHORRIFIED" (BITCH—YOU'RE SUCH A FUCKING SLUT/I'M GOING TO STAPLE SHUT YOUR CUNT) and the homophobic, puerile honesty of "FORCED INTENTIONS." Dead Youth are real, dyed-in-the-wool grindcore: quick blurs of guitar noise and blast beats with gargled, grunt-and-mumble vocals. Immature but violent-minded and enthusiastic, Dead Youth have a good sense for fun.

Malevolent Creation have always stood out from the pack of Florida's manic onslaught of bands and bad taste. Every song on their second release RETRIBUTION was about murder. Mean, white-trash, ugly murder. And their first LP, THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, boasted "THOU SHALT KILL" and "MULTIPLE STAB WOUNDS." Their third LP is STILLBORN, and the sound is the same. As is all death metal. The production is better, the lyrics a bit tamer, maybe, but the overall violence is all there. "ETHNIC CLEANSING" and "WAY OF ALL FLESH," and an even dedication to fast-and-brutal at all costs, make this one of the best in a very crowded garage.

While not death metal, Psychopomps' second full-length release and the first to be really available in the states, PRO-DEATH RAVERS, is sure to appeal to fans of the above. Fast, electronic rhythms and heavy guitars underneath porno samples and machine-distorted vocals—what is embarrassingly referred to as "industrial" these days. The Psychopomps come to Goth label Cleopatra via Zoth Ommog, a German label that specializes in harder-edged dance music. But while most of their stable is sub-DAF, posey, sex-obsessed, assembly-line fag beats, Psychopomps appear to have a taste for the extreme about them.

Witness a snippet from "DADDY'S GIRL":

COME TO DADDY/COME MY LITTLE SWEET-HEART/AND DADDY WILL SHOW YOU/WHAT DADDY'S REALLY MADE FOR/BE MY LITTLE GIRL/AND SUCK YOUR DADDY'S DICK/YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE/WHEN DADDY'S GIRL CRIES. Also included are favorites such as "THE SLAUGHTER," "MAD-DOG KILLER," and "DOGGY STYLE."

It's not just subject matter or food for thought. It's not just murder or "evil" or rape or abuse. It's the attack. The violence of the noise and the focus the lyrics provide. It's the packaging and the personality. It's Madonna's "OH FATHER" and The Smiths' "SUFFER THE CHILDREN." Big Black and "JORDAN, MINNESOTA." It's The Rolling Stones and the slow rapes of Marianne Faithfull and Anita Pallenberg. It's "BURNING HELL" by Brainbombs and everything by

Whitehouse. Jimmy Page's sweet tooth.

It's for sale. On CD. In magazines and clubs. On MTV and videos and T-shirts. Real Pop Music.

And if you want more, don't look here.



Long a staple of feminist outrage is the December '84 issue of PENTHOUSE. As part of their "HOLIDAY ISSUE," the magazine published nine shots of an Oriental woman bound in rope and, in one specific shot, had her hanging from a tree.

Catherine Itzen, in PORNOGRAPHY: WOMEN, VIOLENCE AND CIVIL LIBERTIES—A RADICAL NEW VIEW (Oxford), quotes Jeanne Barkey and J. Koplin's assessment of the images:

SOME OF THE MOST BRUTALLY RACIST PORNOGRAPHY IN OUR COUNTRY USES ASIAN WOMEN. THIS CORRESPONDS WITH THE HUGE TRAFFIC OF ASIAN WOMEN INTO THE UNITED STATES FOR PROSTITUTES AND SALE AS MAIL-ORDER BRIDES. TARGETING ASIAN WOMEN ALSO RESONATES FROM U.S. SOLDIERS' EXPERIENCES OF FIGHTING WARS IN ASIAN COUNTRIES.

And she reminds us: REMEMBER, A REAL WOMAN IS EXPERIENCING THIS TORTURE!

Melissa Farley considers the photos to be MURDEROUS IMAGES and was so upset by them that she, along with top feminist art poseur Nikki Craft, started a two-year campaign called RAMPAGE AGAINST PENTHOUSE designed to punish the magazine for CONTINUING A HISTORY OF PUBLISHING IMAGES THAT TEACH MEN TO EROTICIZE DEAD AND BATTERED WOMEN. This quote, and details of her motherly struggle, are feature parts of FEMICIDE (THE POLITICS OF WOMAN KILLING) edited by Jill Radford and Diana E.H. Russell (Twayne).

Boning up on the ire caused by these images is easy, because the case is an epiphany in almost every feminist review of pornography written since December '84. And your further study into this area is a recommended backdrop to viewing the BUSHIDO video series currently making its presence felt in adult bookstores around the country. (They're considerably cheaper if you happen to shop in the Times Square area of NY.)

Truth be told, BUSHIDO is all too tame. But its use of Oriental women's bodies as a playground for messier sex-play is somewhat unique. However, fans of Mole Video's ORIENTAL S/M release will find only the extended amount of time devoted to each act as new—and you'll find yourself missing the outdoor car-dragging scenes, no doubt.

The BUSHIDO series is from Japan, and all the

participants, male and female, are Japanese. Contrary to Ms. Barkey's and Ms. Koplin's understanding of inherent racism, almost all of the Oriental and play/torture videos have exclusively Asian casts. So far, there are about ten volumes, and the later versions are heavily cut by Japanese censors, meaning that the genitalia is computer-masked.

Depending on the degree of the viewers' mania, BUSHIDO's collection of scenes including hot-wax dripping, speculum gynecology, bondage and tying, light tit-torture, hanging, whipping, cunt-fisting, and water enemas may well be enough to delight and satisfy. Others may find it all too depressingly play-acted and consensual. Torture racks, black face masks, chains, and trusses sometimes look very silly when all the participants are willing....Also, feminists in search of examples of porno as rape fantasies might find just what they need in the opening segment of Volume One, where a young Asian lady has her clothes ripped to shreds by a man and his very sharp knife. Said knife is then brushed and poked around the "victim's" vagina and ugly Nip nipples. The blood which streaks across her body is real but, unfortunately, it's because the dolt wielding the knife cut his finger.

There's a head-dunking scene that starts to get ugly but is stopped before anything is drowned. And, of course, the soundtrack is Japanese, so the insults, or lovemaking instructions, aimed at the girls are up to anyone's guess.

The latest issue of HEADPRESS (PO Box 160, Stockport, Cheshire, SK1 4ET, England) contains an article written by Douglas Clark entitled THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT. Doug Clark is commonly known as The Sunset Slayer and is convicted of six sex-murders. He now resides on Death Row in California.

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT is about the use of Satan and god as excuses for crimes and guilt, rather than his own crimes, as may be expected. Doug's quick to tear apart Pat Robertson, Jimmy Swaggart, and Jesse Helms, and he name-checks Ted Bundy and Arthur Shawcross. It's especially interesting to note that Doug peppers his short article with sex references and calls Swaggart a PREACHER AND FUCKER OF WHORES.

Doug Clark's case got a lengthy and detailed going-over in HEADPRESS #5. Written by David Slater in cooperation with Doug Clark (obviously), the article contains intriguing evidence and information that presents a completely different picture of both Clark and Carol Bundy (his accomplice) than the ones featured in Louise Farr's THE SUNSET MURDERS (Pocket). Slater and Clark sift through the trial, evidence, and backgrounds of various particulars and

lay the blame squarely at the feet of Carol Bundy (and the late John Murray). Definitely recommended for those of you who enjoyed Farr's book and are confused as to how someone had the balls to shoot a whore in the head while she had his cock in her mouth.

HEADPRESS #7 contains a conspiratorial article about Peter Sutcliffe and a new suspect for the Yorkshire rippings.

The best magazines seem to be coming from Britain these days. Aside from HEADPRESS, top of the heap (and somewhat incestuous, it has to be said) is DIVINITY (Divine Press, PO Box 108, Stockport, Cheshire, SK1 4DD, England). Volume Two, Number One contains, as listed on the back cover, Adam Parfrey, Throbbing Gristle, Jack Stevenson, Nun Abuse, and Bondage Furniture. Mainly, it obsesses on sex and covers quite a lot of ground fetish-wise.

The second issue of REDEEMER is a SADO-SEX SPECIAL and features an overview of "sadistic" films, books, and fashions (REDEEMER, bcm box 9235, London, WC1N 3XX, England).

APOLOGY is a magazine culled from the transcripts of anonymous callers to a phone-in confession line. Unedited and uninterrupted, the callers just apologize for whatever is haunting them. The third issue has, as you would guess, a strong preponderance of sex and a very convincing gay serial killer. Also some rape and dog-fuckers.

PARASITE

VOLUME 3 ★ NOVEMBER, 1993

DODD

DRIVEN TO KILL (Gary C. King, Pinnacle)

MURDER BY NUMBERS (CNN Video)

One CNN Center, 7th Floor, S. Tower, Atlanta, GA 30303

MONSTERS AMONG US (FRONTLINE Video)

WGBH TV, 125 Western Avenue, Boston, MA 02134

You have to know where to look. And you have to know how to look.

How lucky you are. How lucky to possess the actual pictures as well as the reality behind them. How rare

and singularly important this information, these photos are. You couldn't ask for a clearer picture—you couldn't ask for any more information. You can't ask.

You've got everything right there. All in one, all together, all inside and personal and real. And there will be a moment of weak, ugly lust that, unlike all the times before when you're left weaker and dirtier and hungrier and all alone, will this time raise your pounding, fleshy chest high and deep into the back of your blurry eyes and cut everything you see, everything you are, into full, busy, running, bleeding colors and humming, vibrating intensities that chew and prick your brain and face and knees and cock and asshole and stomach apart and back together and then leave you...more.

More of everything: More real. More truth. But sated. Implacable. Impervious, yet fluid and relenting. More you. More of you.

Westley Allan Dodd was arrested on November 13, 1989. He was executed on January 5, 1993. And the circus that came to town between those two dates delivered much more than just the greatest show on earth. This circus set up tents with long, steel spikes set deeper into the earth than ever before, and the clowns, ringmasters, and performers all huddled together, pushed their fangs in, and dug deeper still. It wasn't the size of the circus. It was the quality. The dedication. The resonant truth behind the need for delivery. To make good on a promise. A dream made flesh. A dream made intransigent. A dream no longer a dream but a lucid reality. A breathing, thinking, loving mass.

Westley murdered three little boys. He molested many more. He exposed himself to them. He had them touch him. He touched, sucked, fucked them. He raped their lifeless bodies and had plans to do even more. He kept a vivid, anally precise diary, and he took photos. He kept newspaper articles about his crimes.

From jail he wrote letters to the papers. He wrote **WHEN YOU MEET A STRANGER**, a pamphlet designed to protect children from people like him. He eagerly granted interviews. He expressed remorse for what he had done but was resolute in his desire to do it again. He was possessed by a reasonably analytical mind that gave way to a dark, existential character, resigned to his lusts and his fate.

One of Dodd's interviews was broadcast on CNN over two nights after his execution. It was included as part of their **MURDER BY NUMBERS** news special. Now collected, re-edited, and released as a hundred-and-sixteen-minute home video, CNN celebrates its existence as the best cable channel ever conceived by delivering the goods for posterity. Drawing on its monstrous cache of news footage and prime access,

the CNN editors have pieced together interviews with murderers, psychiatrists, neurologists, FBI and police investigators, university professors, authors (Ann Rule and Jack Olsen among them), criminologists, forensic psychologists, anthropologists, even fans, and held them together with concise, knowledgeable (albeit coy), and informative reporting.

And, of course, there's nothing new as regards motive, reasoning, morals, and the usual ostensible designs behind these broadcasts. But the scope is impressive.

CNN films Dodd and lets him speak. Moody close-ups and irritating voiceovers can't dilute his exceptionally personal revelations and descriptions—his introspection. His confusion.

Dodd relates what he did to his three young murder victims in a cool and measured, somewhat dispassionate but not unemotional manner. His remorse, he says, is especially keen when he recalls one of the victims telling him, **I'M SORRY** just before Dodd stabbed him. Also, his youngest victim, four-year-old Lee Joseph Iseli, spat back, **OH NO, YOU'RE NOT** in reply to Dodd's whispering, **I'M GOING TO KILL YOU IN THE MORNING** into the boy's tiny little ear.

MURDER BY NUMBERS is more than just the Westley Allan Dodd show, though it does function as a showcase for him. He's such a rare breed that he stands deftly away and alone from the rest included here. But there is a good supporting cast. It's almost exclusively American (save a brief mention of Andrei Chikatilo and Jack the Ripper): Gacy, Williams, Ramirez, and Wuornos are here only peripherally, while Dahmer, Bundy, Brudos, and The Green River Killer receive just a little bit more spotlight. The main focus is left to Dodd, Robert Long, Donald Harvey, and Christine Falling.

Now, certainly, Christine Falling ("The Baby Sitter Killer" who strangled six babies) and Donald Harvey ("The Angel of Death" who confessed to killing eighty-six patients under his nursing care by poison) are hardly the sort of high excitement you're longing for. But Christine's white-trash, adopted/abused background—including an interview with her mama—and Donald's cold, bizarre sexuality prove very entertaining in fact. And Dodd's amazing feats should in no way detract from Robert Long's exciting performance: interviews with detectives in his case (**YOU CAN STILL SMELL THE BODIES**), a bitter victim kidnapped and raped for thirty-six hours (**AT LEAST SEVEN TIMES**), his mother and, especially, Long himself, make his turn frustratingly short. A shot of a disgusted Long spitting at and then taunting a news camera should be more than enough to convince any viewer of this man's special worth.

What's more, there is a wonderful preponderance of the victim here. Which, ultimately, is what will make or break any medium based on murder—that is, the act that everything stems from. And which saves this video from being just another same-old/same-old, talking head, shock-horror, cartoon parade that you knew all about before you even flicked the TV on.

HE STARTED BEATING MY HEAD ON THE CONCRETE, says Sharon Wood of her struggle with torture-murderer Jerome Brudos. Interviews are even included with family members of Dodd's victims. Justin, Lee Iseli's brother, and Bob, Lee's father, tell their side of the story. Mr. Iseli dismisses Dodd's remorse by remembering that his son was USED AS SOMEONE'S PLAYTOY.

What Bob Iseli means by "playtoy" can be clearly seen by pausing your VCR during one incredible scene in the FRONTLINE special MONSTERS AMONG US. There, in between a shot of a reporter looking through Dodd's collection of writings, photos, and whatnot, and another of him stomping off-camera disgusted and overwrought, is a full-screen shot of little naked Lee Iseli hanging strangled and dead by a belt in Dodd's closet. Also on display are five nude shots (small Lee, hands behind his head, looking back at Dodd by the foot of the bed, scared, confused, his little penis bent up, very alone) and a couple clothed, grimaced close-ups as well. Additionally, Lee's four-year-old underpants wrapped neatly into an evidence bag and stored back in Dodd's suitcase are removed for perusal. Which is a nice touch.

FRONTLINE's work here is more an exposé on Seattle's recent and daring sexual-predator laws. Other than Dodd, who is featured as someone who slipped through the cracks in the system, two nameless but not-unentertaining rapists are featured. Both are receiving therapy and have precious abusive backgrounds. Typical. But a good story.

MONSTERS AMONG US is well worth obtaining. On its own, it's another amazing piece of Dodd's history and an even closer look into the physicality of his fetishes. It is, in fact, an amazing piece of his fetishism. And although it's everything you really ever needed, as an adjunct to DRIVEN TO KILL, the only full-length book on Dodd, it becomes a pornographic masterpiece. A nation of lonely bedroom sadists need yearn no more.

And since writing to Iran is near-impossible these days....

As part of the true-crime paperback rush, one could be excused for thinking DRIVEN TO KILL is just more of the same—annoying, badly written, poorly researched cheese shat out by sweatshop hacks with no more access than their newspaper collections and

cop buddies. As nice a trend as those books make, it would be a disaster if the one on Dodd was relegated to their number. Dodd, with all his documentation—telling as much as being the story—makes the lowbrow good-taste ethos that creates brutal book covers, gory, modesty-cropped photos, and little content, nigh on impossible: just too close to the bone.

So Gary C. King lets it fly. Of course, he says what's expected of him in the "Author's Note" regarding the need to show the entire horror and his struggle with that decision, and he even goes so far as to laud the new sexual-predator laws. Thank fuck for his hypocrisy.

King rapes Dodd's diary for his plans...

WHEN CROTCH-FUCKING THE ONES TO DIE, I'LL CLEAN THE KID REAL WELL BEFORE KILLING, AND DEPOSIT MY SPERM IN SOMETHING TO REMOVE IT AS 'FORENSIC EVIDENCE.' WHEN BUTTFUCKING, I'LL USE A WELL-GREASED RUBBER (MAY FUCK EITHER WAY BEFORE OR AFTER THEY DIE, DEPENDING ON WHETHER THEY'RE BLOODY OR NOT). SOME OF THEM WILL BE FORCED TO PERFORM CERTAIN ACTS ON ME.

...his hopes...

I ALSO WANT TO DO MY MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS THIS TIME, ONCE FINISHED WITH SEXUAL PLAY ON THE BODY(IES). ALSO HOPING FOR MORE, BETTER PICTURES.

...his actions...

OH—YEAH—I KNEW FOR SURE THIS MORNING HE WAS DEAD. I'D HEARD OF MUSCLES RELAXING AND IT'S NORMAL TO 'GO POTTY' AFTER DYING—HE PEED ON ME TWICE AS I HID HIS BODY IN THE CLOSET, AND ONCE MORE ON THE SHELF IN THE CLOSET.

King interviews Dodd and the particulars (family, cops, etc.) for their memories. And he uses forensic evidence as the proof in all. King lets Dodd and his police records recount the many previous molestations before murder and is absolutely unflinching in detail after graphic detail.

You, too, can now have it all. Aesthetics become unimportant after confirmation. Now you've got proof. All you have to do is look. And know. How lucky you are.

ABUSE

AMERICAN HEART Directed by Martin Bell
(1993, 113 min.)

STREETWISE IN SEATTLE NIGHTLINE
(September 16 & 17, 1993)

MPI Home Video (1-800-ABC-9420)

VOICES FROM THE FUTURE

Children's Express/Susan Goodwillie (Crown)

GENIE Russ Rymer (Harper Collins)
**GENIE: A PSYCHOLINGUISTIC STUDY OF A
MODERN-DAY "WILD CHILD"**
Susan Curtiss (Academic Press)

With all the corpses around, it is odd that the vultures keep returning to the same old ones. Apparently, there's even more meat to be found on the old bones—they pick and chew until they're masticating only dust and air, but still they come and still they pick.

One particular species of vulture is the big, greasy, fat, nosy one. This one's main attribute is his insistence on not only biting and removing the biggest chunks of carrion, but also in displaying the large portions of pulled meat like a trophy. Blood and viscera dripping from a pound of human flesh, the sweaty animal waves his knotty head around, shaking the beef back and forth for all the other vultures to admire. The vulture, now covered in the dead's mess, proceeds to throw the carcass down and around in the hot desert lights, pounds and grinds the meat with his beak, and tosses it in our faces again and again. Rarely does it chew to swallow. That would be too prurient. Too damning. This vulture just wants to prod and prey and investigate, covet, and exhibit.

It doesn't look like he likes the look or smell of blood on his immaculate feathers. It must be so difficult to keep that finely detailed and manicured plumage so shiny and new when one's nose is constantly in blood and tears and pain and dirt.

Mary Ellen Mark sits on the bed in a seedy motel in Seattle. "Tiny" sits next to her. Tiny's been up for three days and is feeling the effects of her drug-and-drink binge.

Tiny doesn't look as cute as she did when Mary Ellen and her husband Martin Bell first shot her ten years ago for their film and book both entitled *STREETWISE*. Tiny was a skinny, fourteen-year-old street hooker then. Now she's a twenty-four-year-old street hooker. And ten years have added a lot of weight along with bruises, scars, three kids, alcoholism, and drug addiction.

Martin Bell and his wife have come back to find and film Tiny for two episodes of *NIGHTLINE*, ostensibly to update her progress just like they did when she was twenty for *TINY AT TWENTY*, but more to the point, to plug their new movie *AMERICAN HEART*. But Koppel & Co. decide to spend all their time on Tiny and dub the two nights of interviews and footage *STREETWISE IN SEATTLE*.

Before Tiny sits down with Ted, we see her in various states of depression and disrepair. But the motel scene, with Tiny crying and swearing like an old

black whore—HE JUST HUNG UP ON MY FACE. I'M JUST ABOUT TO FUCKIN' LOSE IT—at Mary Ellen, Martin, the ubiquitous film crew, and, on the phone, to one of her kids' fathers, proves the meat behind the motion. Tiny rants and shakes and cries, and Mary Ellen, lovingly, vacantly, pats her down with solid advice for a twenty-four-year-old piece of drug-addled, white-trash street beef:

IT'S TEARING YOU APART, YOU CAN CHANGE THAT, YOU GOT THE BEST KIDS IN THE WORLD, YOU LOVE THEM, REMEMBER WHEN WE FIRST MET, YOU HAD SO MANY HOPES AND THINGS THAT YOU WANTED, YOU GOTTA MAKE THOSE THINGS HAPPEN YOURSELF, etc., etc., etc.

Tiny reminds Mary Ellen about the drugs, the scars on her body (Tiny has deep self-abuse gashes on her arms and neck, along with the bruises and needle marks), and the mess she's made of her and her kids' lives. Mary Ellen tells her, YOU CAN MAKE THAT GO AWAY.

Martin Bell tells us SHE'S TOUGH, SHE FIGHTS, AND SHE CAN BE EXTREMELY VULNERABLE. Mary Ellen Mark tells us that UP 'TIL NOW SHE'S SURVIVED. BUT THAT COULD CHANGE ANY MOMENT and I WISH I COULD FEEL MORE OPTIMISTIC. ISN'T SHE SOMEONE SPECIAL? DON'T YOU WANT HER TO SURVIVE? We also hear from Tiny's mother, social worker, and Aunt Katie, the kids' keeper who pulled the little ones out of foster care.

Koppel asks Tiny about hustling, drugs, jail, her dead prostitute friend, and her hopes for the future.

STILL YOUNG, Tiny says. And she's glad she's got friends like Bell and Mark.

Martin and Mary Ellen took what they saw in Seattle again and again and turned it into the full-length fictionalized film *AMERICAN HEART*. Romantic, touching, dark, and oh-so-fucking-real-life, man, *AMERICAN HEART* is like a two-hour Bruce Springsteen song. We see child prostitutes, bums, a character based on LuLu (the bulldyke from *STREETWISE*), the squat hotel (also from *STREETWISE*) and, as the advance publicity lets us know, THE INCLUSION OF MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED HOMELESS STREET PEOPLE AND TRANSIENTS AS FILM EXTRAS. Jeff Bridges is an ex-con, Edward Furlong is his kid who needs to bond, and the streets are too tough for love. Really.

Mary Ellen makes her presence felt in *VOICES FROM THE FUTURE*, a book written by the kids from *Children's Express* containing nothing but interviews with street and problem kids.

Ms. Mark contributes photos to the project. Some pictures feature characters from *STREETWISE* and were published previously in her photo book from the

movie by Aperture. The photos are the best part. GIRL WITH TRACK-MARKED HANDS is new, as is an untitled, quiet moment at the pool with child, makeup, and cigarette. And SKINHEADS.

Most of the kids interviewed for the book are victims of neglect and parental (not necessarily sexual) abuse. Most of the interviews are typical heart-tuggers with dark edges and dirty faces. Real "Neath the tears, there's hope," or alternatively, "Under the grime, there's a gritty truth," or maybe, "It's too late for them, but not for us to learn from them" bullshit.

The kids blame their parents. The young editors blame their parents and offer irritating PC opinions. (I HAD A LOT OF RESPECT FOR JOSE BECAUSE HE REALLY WANTS TO EDUCATE PEOPLE, TO MAKE THEM REALIZE THAT HOMOSEXUALS ARE PEOPLE, TOO.) Too many gang stories. Too many drugs. Too little child sexual abuse. Too many thieves and layabouts and wastes. Too many misfits. Some people shouldn't have kids. Some people have bad luck. Some journalism students are protected and safe and could do better than to hang around Youth Drop-In Centers, Mental Asylums, Gay Youth Help Programs, and the like. Kinda nice to spot the difference a little fuck makes, though.

Not all abuse has to be sexual.

Genie's is an extraordinary case of extreme abuse at the hands of a psychopathic father.

Genie's story is splayed between two very remarkable books. Her case is so special and phenomenal that it can't be approached dispassionately, in the same way it can't be seen without investigating and understanding basic and revolutionary tenets of science and philosophy. Her case became a feeding frenzy for linguists and psycholinguists eager to confirm theories thought impossible to prove without the use of unethical human experiments.

One book details the experiments.

The other the circus.

Both are inseparable.

Genie is not her real name, but the name used to protect her identity for all these years. She was discovered when she was nearly fourteen years old when her nearly blind mother stole her away from her father's clutches. More real white-trash shit. Except with a brutal and amazing new twist.

Genie, between the ages of two and thirteen-and-a-half, was kept in a single room with nothing on the walls except two covered-up windows. She was kept strapped to a potty seat and could only move her fingers and toes. At night she was unharnessed and strapped into a functional straitjacket of a crib covered in wire mesh. No one talked to her. Her father would allow only very limited contact between the child and her mother and another older son. She was fed by

having baby food violently shoved in her face. She was punished and beaten for making noise. She only had two plastic raincoats hung in a closet to look at, and, once in a great while, she was allowed to play with a used thread spool or a torn TV GUIDE. Her father made growling and barking noises at her from outside the door to her room. He scratched her and beat her with wood.

Genie's story is the struggle for Genie and her doctors, foster parents, and scientists to try and find some semblance of sense as well as help in her most incredible plight. She was totally incontinent. Covered herself in spit and mucus. Hid her shit. Masturbated constantly. Was scared to death of dogs, even became panic-stricken around a photo of a wolf. She made no sounds, just a very soft whimper or squeak. Sobbed and cried silently. Could only see the ten or so yards to the end of her room. And so much more.

The Rymer book is the more "human" of the two. Susan Curtiss's book is a reprint of her University of California thesis in neurolinguistics. It contains data and experiments, and it details every move and utterance as Genie first learned how to communicate in her early years of freedom. Rymer picks up where Curtiss refuses to go and presents an engaging picture of scientists and doctors and their organic discoveries and ever-evolving theories, as well as their professional selfishness, petty jealousies, parasitic lack of responsibility, and phony, exploitative attempts at "help."

Genie now lives in a home for mentally retarded adults: A BUMBLING WOMAN WITH A FACIAL EXPRESSION OF COWLIKE INCOMPREHENSION.

Hers is a truly remarkable life of excruciating torture and its eternal recurrence, both physical and metaphysical, that lies beneath the tasteless, selfish veneer of love and concern.



The question is: Do you get what you pay for? And when the answer is no, and the emphasis is on "get" rather than "pay," where do you go—what do you do with the...impulse?

An ugly black whore opens her thrift-store junkie jacket and displays just one disgusting, water-heavy, flabby tit to you.

"C'mon feel ma' boobie—keep y'all horny all day. C'mon back when ya wanna blow job."

Big fat gross pig with her mama dug hanging out and alcohol burning from her low ape eyes and droopy, flat-meat lips.

This beast has a price. A simple offer. And you just want a blow job.

Or you want to fuck some hole.

Some tight black hole with a thick, dry, lipsticked tongue.

Or some bug-crawling, gristled, wiry black cunt.
Or any flesh, anywhere.
Or her in particular.
A bucket.

It all depends on what you want. You know it doesn't matter what she does. The way she moves, talks, moans, flatters, farts, barks, or bleats.

'Cause she is nothing.

And there is so much walking dead around. And there is so much money. And you're not really looking for all that much. The price of a promise can't be weighed. It's immaterial. The equation boils down to—simply—just how well do you understand, and control, the impulse? Just what is it that you want but don't need? How much will extra cost?

ONE BOY'S TRIUMPHAL STORY is the subtitle of A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE (Crown). Written by fourteen-year-old Anthony Godby Johnson, A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE is his autobiography: Abused by his parents 'til he was eleven, Tone—as his friends know him, or Tone-bob—as his "Pop" knows him, escapes into the protective, caring arms of a racially mixed couple and finds the true meaning behind the only word that really matters—love.

Even though he's dying of AIDS, even when he was being beaten and fucked and sold by his parents, even when his friends died of alienation, drugs, or suicide, and even when his new "Mom and Pop" fell in love with each other after coming together to help him, and when he found that he was NOT AN OBJECT OF SHAME, BUT A PORTRAIT OF PRIDE. I HOLD MY HEAD HIGH AND SAY MY NAME ALOUD, our Tone stayed true to his wonderful, giving, totally compassionate and rational fourteen-year-old soul.

Tone is that rare portrait of a little boy who remained unchanged by the incredible turmoil around his short life. After Tone is diagnosed with AIDS, his best buddy in the whole wide world asked him if he still likes the world. Tony, of course, said he did. And his best friend, who suffered from extreme parental neglect and abuse himself and was soon to die of strychnine-laced crack, replied, I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND YOU.

And neither will you.

Because Tony doesn't let you in on anything but his sparkling, childish innocence. Throughout the book you find out so much about his little girlfriend who saved mice from mousetraps 'cause of her animal-rights luv conviction; his little retarded friend who loved baseball and needed Tone's protection from the evil, uncaring neighborhood bullies; the old man who didn't want to be called names; the honest, all-knowing street busker; the apartment-house porter turned homeless bum; and every other embarrassing,

bittersweet stereotype that Tony can employ to tell you more about his saintliness and even-tempered good nature. Tony, if we believe his opinions, seems a modern-day Job loaded with the natural glow that only torture and degradation can bring. Which makes him as stupid and boring as any other god-fearing, closed-minded blockhead.

And at least Job filled you in on the details.

Can a book about child abuse written by a fourteen-year-old be too self-pitying? Does Tony tell us about his father shooting a brood of alley cats that he had grown attached to 'cause he wants us to know how mean the father is, the extent of his suffering, or just how much he cared about little fucking pests that can't take care of themselves?

One hates to sound jaded. Perhaps the little boy was born pure and remained so. Perhaps he is the real winner. A beacon in the dark. Perhaps those of us who would refuse to believe that a boy can actually come through the horrors that Tony did and still be such a good kid are wrong and blinded and ugly. It's weaklings like us who are the real self-pitying, self-loathing ones. Painted in cheap misanthropy and dwarfish alienation, we wrap ourselves in others' pain and degradation, and we become upset if someone's strength of character refuses to conform to our own fragile assumptions and rationalizations.

Perhaps Tony should give us some more information.

But we are made to understand that the thoughts and memories are too painful to pick apart, the realities too graphic, the actions too base and explicit to recount. However, we do know:

THEY DISCOVERED I HAD FIFTY-FOUR BADLY HEALED BONES. I HAD AN ADVANCED CASE OF SYPHILIS....IT HAD ALREADY BEGUN TO TAKE ITS TOLL ON MAJOR ORGANS IN MY BODY.

and

I'M HAUNTED BY THE FLASHBACK OF JAKE RELIEVING HIMSELF INTO MY BODY THE WAY A DRUNKEN SAILOR USES A TOILET RECKLESSLY, VIGOROUSLY, AND SAVAGELY. THE WORST CONSEQUENCE OF HIS ACTIONS IS NOT THE AIDS WREAKING HAVOC IN MY BODY, BUT THE INDELIBLY DAMAGING WORDS THAT HE SPOKE, AND THE CRUELTY FROM WHICH HE DERIVED SO MUCH PLEASURE. I REMEMBER JAKE AND MY FATHER DOUBLED OVER WITH LAUGHTER BECAUSE I WAS TOO UNSTEADY TO STAND UP STRAIGHT.

At the time of publication, Tony still lives, though he lost a leg to amputation and "steady-dates" an oxygen tank. His real parents are in jail over the abuse charges brought by Tony and his new parents—but we learn nothing about the arrest, trial, or even his personality. No motives are discussed. Just offhand comments about the pain that Tony will forever feel. And how much his friends and his protectors hate his abusers.

And as we learn nothing about these tormentors, and the physical torment, it is assumed that Tony also learned nothing. Despite his pontificating on absolutely everything else from TV to teen sex without love, to his hero Martin Luther King and Quayle and Bush's attitudes toward gays, Tony never reaches into his past and makes sense of it.

We learn that his parents THRIVED ON PAIN, PARTICULARLY WHEN IT HAD TO DO WITH CHILDREN, AND EVEN TRADED ONE ANOTHER'S CHILDREN AROUND TO PARTICIPATE IN BIZARRE RITUALS. TO STRIP AWAY A CHILD'S SOUL GAVE THEM PLEASURE AND A SENSE OF POWER.

His mother and father sold him to Jake when he was eight years old.

He didn't have a bed to sleep in.

Spearmint gum only takes the taste of dick away for a little while.

His parents beat and raped him and blamed him for making them do it.

And little else.

Instead, Tony fills his autobiography with his impressions of how messed-up the world is, with his parents as constant evil shadows and his friends and acquaintances as examples of just how bad it is these days.

And how love and respect and the most ridiculously cheesy morals this side of a TV sitcom can get you through it.

Get you through what, exactly?

Why would this progressive-schooled child not delegate the same care he uses to pry apart the mechanizations of his misfit friends to that of the people who, we are only to vaguely understand, had the greatest effect on his first eleven years?

And though a case could be made for such a young boy—just about to die, faced with scary uncertainty, and knowing only pain previously—cleaning up everything fairy-tale style and desperately trying to cling to some warmth or hope (which would be very charming), what you find instead is that you don't give a fuck what a fourteen-year-old thinks about MURPHY BROWN and NORTHERN EXPOSURE, dying of AIDS or not.

Unfortunately, without proof or details, one is led to the conclusion that the boy was numb to the pain before it even started. If and when it started. Maybe he did deserve it.

Or maybe he needs to get hit harder next time.

Or someone needs to shut the fucking TV off.

Or that pig should tuck that bestial bag away now that we've moved down the block to the one with the scars.

A blow job in the dark isn't a blow job at all.

PARASITE

VOLUME 4 ★ DECEMBER, 1993

WHORES 1.

THE DIARY OF JACK THE RIPPER

(Shirley Harrison, Hyperion)

THE DIARY OF JACK THE RIPPER

Presented by Michael Winner

(MIA/VCI video) 65 min.

TRUE CRIME VOLUME 1—THE YORKSHIRE RIPPER

(Connoisseur Collection Cassettes) 144 min.

GARDEN OF GRAVES

(Maria Eftimiades, St. Martin's Press)

THE MISBEGOTTEN SON (Jack Olsen, Dell)

ARTHUR SHAWCROSS: THE GENESEE RIVER KILLER

(Dr. Joel Norris, Pinnacle)

Do you believe that Ted Bundy only killed girls with hair parted in the middle? And that he did it because a girl with that same hairstyle snubbed him during his early adulthood?

Do you believe that Ian Brady fucked all sorts of different holes because his mother didn't love him? And that Myra Hindley would do absolutely everything Ian told her to do just 'cause she needed to be needed?

How about it's heavy metal or serial killing?

Or girls just like looking like that?

Or your husband loves to spend an extra hour and a fucking half trying to keep that fat cavern tight 'cause he cares about your pleasure just as much as his own?

Have you ever fucked a hooker?

A street hooker? Not like your greedy girlfriend or lonely boyfriend—one ugly, walking-dead cunt that'll suck your dirty, smelly, sweaty, unwashed cock and balls and swallow all the cum she can't spit out? And then talk to you about the other sticky slime poles she's tasted just before yours on the drive back to her ghetto corner?

Ever fuck one that wasn't drunk or blasted on crack, heroin, or niggerish stupidity?

Do you believe that the poor things are victims of circumstance?

Outcasts? Unloved? Do they suffer trauma from their fathers raping their eight-year-old ass night after night...still?

And maybe it's their pimp who's really the problem? Maybe they just don't know how to work a computer, and cunting is their only real job option? What with a child had under all the right conditions and everything.

And, most importantly, can you feel all the pain, retardation, or whatever you're there for, from the inside of whatever hole you're inclined to stuff?

Can you see it in your lover's eyes?

You know, just before you pop a load of thick, piss-colored cum into their slack fuck-maws, you can drift away and pretend that all the physical sensations you long for when masturbating are nowhere near as important as your emotional involvement, your coupling, your transcendence and commitment... 'cause, goddamnit, a hole is a hole. A bucket is a bucket. In the long run, big deal if she uses her tongue or her hand or the inside of her cheeks. Something makes them special, and it sure isn't that she just works your dick better than your wife, girlfriend, or favorite faggot.

Please...oh please, please, please let this pathetic beast crawl back to her roach-infested shit hole and jack up with the twenty bucks I gave her. Let her pimp beat the fuck out of her and torture her with cigarettes and car flares and Windex. Make her need three days of drug-blissed R&R just to forget her parents and friends and abortion and laziness and slow brain damage.

What makes whoreflesh special?

Define fun for the class, will you?

What makes you risk arrest and AIDS and robbery?

And what makes Arthur Shawcross strangle them?

And mutilate only a few?

And why don't you—instead of just reading about it?

And leave your poor sister alone.

THE DIARY OF JACK THE RIPPER has a whole story behind it. A brand-new history and theory for everyone to talk about and try to figure out. A new, mysterious figure out from the shadows with a big fucking neon sign around his neck blinking out motivation and addiction and weakness and dysfunction.

And it's all very interesting, really. The diary is supposed to have been written by James Maybrick, a Liverpool cotton merchant high on arsenic and obsessed with his wife's infidelity. A team of "ripper-ologists" is ready to argue over every detail—except whether or not knife-fucking a trollop is an acceptable manifestation of revenge.

There are so many Jack the Ripper books. So many theories. Pick your favorite one and treat it as a parlor game. Put music to it and pretend you're creating something deep and meaningful. Keep it warm and to yourself.

Maybrick is an interesting character. An entertaining fiction or speculation. A fun guess and fancy. Like Patrick Bateman. Or a Dennis Cooper fetish. Better than anything Andrew Vachss is involved with, certainly.

And there's an extra kick with Jack. To help all you with stingy imaginations or firmly rooted feet, there are autopsy photos and reports of probably the best use of whoreflesh ever. Jack got more bang for the buck than anyone in recent memory and, in the end, that's what makes whoever committed those crimes worthy of attention.

Both the book and video offer the photos and details you already know and love. The crimes are spectacularly brutal—even to this day—and thus, the idea of a group of professional whatnots sitting around a table ruminating over who could possibly eat a uterus and in what manner holds a certain salient, albeit comical, fascination. To that, the video also adds some cheesy recreations of the attacks that, when juxtaposed with the gory black-and-white cop shots, seem at best tacky, at worst very funny.

Martin Fido is the author of the newly released CHRONICLE OF CRIME (Carroll & Graf) as well as THE CRIMES, DETECTION AND DEATH OF JACK THE RIPPER (Weidenfeld & Nicolson) and is co-author of THE JACK THE RIPPER A-Z (Headline). He turns up all over the Ripper video and has just published his thoughts on the diary in the latest issue of REAL CRIME BOOK DIGEST (Vol. 1, No. 5).

But it's Martin's newest foray into Ripper territory that separates him from the rest of the students of whoredom. He is the author and narrator behind the TRUE CRIME CASSETTE SERIES, Volume One of which is all about Peter Sutcliffe.

At the risk of sounding very lonely indeed, one can only accept that these types of cassettes exist for those with enough time (spare or otherwise) for them.

Fido recounts the crimes of another one of the great whore-fellers in loving detail. But aside from some personal recollections of Leeds and other areas where Sutcliffe did his trash-collecting, Fido adds nothing new. He condenses the available information, focuses on the actual beatings and murders, and serves it up like an old-fashioned Christmas dinner.

And while it's slightly disquieting to see material such as this dragged down to train-spotting, true-crime-baseball-card-collecting ephemera, it's actually nice to see that moral line between outrage and entertainment made just a little blurrier. Fido's haughty delivery and children's-story intonations provide slight relief: D'YA FANCY IT? is drawled with smarmy aplomb, while JUST THIS SIDE OF A GORILLA is delivered with as much hawked professionalism as righteous indignation.

Of course, Sutcliffe didn't only nail prostitutes. And Fido is sure to note the distinction. He reminds us that the cops, newspapers, and locals knew the difference as well.

Thankfully, Fido doesn't feel the need to contemplate Sutcliffe's "madness." His wife cheated on him. And his mother. And then there's these voices....

And Arthur Shawcross strangled at least eleven of the poor unfortunates-for-hire because of some chemical in his body. And 'cause of Vietnam. And his rejections at school. And his mom. And his sister. And an aunt.

And Joel Rifkin was an adopted nerd who was picked on at school.

And whores are just fucking unlucky.

Rifkin collected news clippings on Shawcross. He also owned a book on the Green River Killer, but it's Shawcross who, according to Maria Eftimiades's potboiler about Rifkin, *GARDEN OF GRAVES*, gets the blame of inspiration.

Arthur Shawcross started strangling whores shortly after his release from jail, having served time for killing two small children. He mutilated some of his victims. He ate parts of some. He choked them with his hands, his cock, and even mud and leaves.

Rifkin's body count is presently eighteen. He strangled them with his hands.

And that's all you really get to know right now. About Rifkin's crimes, that is.

Maria Eftimiades's biography on Rifkin is exactly the kind of book you'd expect on a serial killer who hasn't been convicted yet: frustratingly short on concrete details and high on moral finger-pointing, with typical tabloid attention paid to victims' families. *GARDEN OF GRAVES* is a rushed *PEOPLE* paperback designed to be read in the bathroom, train, or wherever else one turns off half their brain.

What's most frustrating about *GARDEN OF GRAVES* is, given the very nature of the work (essentially a padded collection of court-gazing and family-hounding), the possibilities for a real ugly feast are all there. It's more often than not that interviews with the bereaved make a book greater than its usually boring white-trash subject. Jack Olsen's book on Shawcross is a good example of such a successful design. Maria Eftimiades's mistake is not.

Because Maria seems excessively lazy. First off, there are the details—or lack thereof. Rifkin picked up cunts and strangled them. No fucking, torture, abuse, and only the slightest hint at struggle. But that is possibly Rifkin's fault, not Eftimiades's. So it's down to her to pick up the trail and tell us about the hookers and their wretched existences. But it seems Maria can't really be bothered. She uses the formula, but

only if she doesn't have to dig too deep. Or walk too far. One quickly suspects that the reason Maria constantly mentions the pushy intrusiveness and insensitive crudity of the press as they circle the relatives of the dead meat is due to her rotten place in line. She views the circus from way at the back and then walks in behind everyone else.

The better part of the large-print paperback is devoted to the tales of the hookers and their mothers' attempts to save them from themselves. And they walk all over Maria as she listens to their tearfulness:

HE DID NOT KILL SEVENTEEN PROSTITUTES—HE KILLED SEVENTEEN DAUGHTERS. SOME OF THEM WERE MOTHERS. THEY HAVE SISTERS AND BROTHERS. AND THEY LEFT A LOT OF PEOPLE BEHIND SUFFERING AND MISSING THEM. THERE IS A STORY BEHIND EVERY ONE OF THEM.

and

WE HAVE TO SHOW THAT THESE GIRLS HAVE FAMILIES, THAT THEY HAVE FAMILIES WHO LOVE THEM AND MISS THEM. HE IS A MONSTER. HE IS A SADIST. IF I HAD A CHANCE, I WOULD KILL HIM MYSELF.

Maria listens like Oprah.

She explains why these wrecks ended up on the street. She never questions the mothers about their own failings or disinterest. Maria never looks for details or corroboration. She understands the big, bad world today and the mothers, of course, were mortified and distraught over their daughters' hideous plight. But they were helpless. Every move to help was thwarted by powers greater than their pristine rearing technique and love philosophies. The mothers, according to themselves and their Maria, are crushed by anguish. They're even anguished enough to follow Joel Rifkin to court and scream at him.

Pity then, that they didn't feel the same compunction to follow their daughters around late at night. Or into the crack houses they trolled through. What about tough love? What about the crack babies they were shitting out? What about the warm glow of the footlights?

The worst thing about Maria's book is not all this, though. Some of you might well enjoy the fact that beneath every worried mother's moan lies emptiness and falsehood. And maybe Maria propping up floral tragedies in such a way provides a sleazy tweak—maybe the mothers really are that stupid and weak and incompetent. And maybe there's hope for all of us with an extra twenty dollars and an empty passenger seat.

You can only close your eyes and hope.

Maria looks worse in company.

MISBEGOTTEN SON by Jack Olsen is as good as *GARDEN OF GRAVES* is shit. Olsen spends even more time with a pair of ex-mothers. He also dedicates a

considerable amount of time to a hooker who knew Shawcross and, more importantly, the life he hunted. Olsen's picture of the crimes, the criminal, the cops, families, and circumstances appears to be, if not accurate, at least immensely convincing and trustworthy. He delivers well-researched scenes and opinions by talking to everyone that matters. And without letting Shawcross rant and rave and distract.

Jack Olsen lets the mother's bile spill and slide where it may. He neither editorializes nor shrinks from exposing what other authors, in the interest of good taste or pity, might edit or over-rationalize.

One possible fault is that Olsen lets the trial slip by as he focuses on a Dr. Kraus and his odd and questionable diagnosis of Shawcross's unique biochemical makeup. But as the trial is usually the most tedious part of true-crime books, this may be a blessing in disguise. And, as it is, Dr. Kraus is allowed to sum up the Shawcross case perfectly:

SO MANY VICTIMS BROUGHT TOGETHER BY ILLNESS: THE PROSTITUTES, SOME WITH MENTAL PROBLEMS, SOME WITH AIDS, WORKING THE STREET FOR PIMPS AND HABITS. AND THEY ALL CONVERGED IN A GREY LITTLE PLEXUS OF MISERY AND UNHAPPINESS, ILLNESS, POVERTY, ADDICTION, DESPAIR....SO IT'S A STORY OF MANY THINGS, BUT ISN'T IT MOSTLY JUST SAD?

It is testament to Jack Olsen (more than Arthur Shawcross) that he's able to marry all these elements together in a lucid and panoramic chain of bloody portraits.

Dr. Joel Norris's cheap paperback on Shawcross is vastly different—showing, more than anything else, the huge gap between knowing and pretending to know your field and subject. Of late, Norris has come to be accepted as The Expert on serial murder by talk-show and tabloid circuits and regularly gets to assault us with misguided, misunderstood pop psychology about the true nature of violently confused souls. Fair enough. Everyone's got to have a job. And once you know that Joel Norris works for the defense as psychologist, the reader—like the prosecution, judge, and jury—knows exactly what Norris is going to say before he opens his gump.

Shawcross lies. Constantly. And his lies, particularly about Vietnam, are immensely entertaining. His lies about the whores he fucked and dumped are less so. And they're especially tedious when they're treated as truth.

The good doctor Norris comes up with a term "pathologica fantastica" whereby he explains that as Shawcross's lies are real to him, the law and medical teams involved with Arthur should be treating his self-aggrandizing words with far greater importance:

IF THEY (THE FANTASIES) ARE REAL TO THE KILLER, THEY MUST HAVE SOME REALITY FOR HIS INTERVIEWERS, BECAUSE THE KILLER IS OFTEN ACTING ON HIS FANTASIES AS IF THEY ARE REAL.

Norris comes up with the usual crap: post-traumatic stress disorder. Norris quotes the biochemical problems with Shawcross as simple fact (whereas Olsen gave the doctor room to explain the possibility of it being total miscalculation) and even suggests lead poisoning. Social factors, neurological disease, and all the rest are what Dr. Joel needs to come up with for a paycheck. The book is what he needs to assure he's asked back the next time.

And certainly, the pedophiles and child-abuse fans among you will be very disappointed at the extreme lack of attention that Dr. Joel dedicates to the early child murders Shawcross committed. Olsen, you'll be glad to know, uses the killings as a meaty backbone to his book and offers the lion's share to the mothers and their very special personalities and situations.

For that extra oomph.

For that full picture.

For that been-there feeling.

There are reasons for everything.

WHORES 2.

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

(Saundra Pollock Sturdevant & Brenda Stoltzfus,
The New Press)

SPIN (Vol. 9, No. 9/December, 1993)

Sooner or later, it all comes down to money. The great equalizer, the evil demon capitalism. You know your tastes would be so much wider if you had more disposable income. Your interests all that more deep, your exposure and access greater and growing more and more refined. Selective but educated. Learned, sated, and available. Sure. Sensible. Open.

So, until you grow up, you have to settle for proxy. The safety of your mom's bed. The flashlight in the closet. The new CDs and books and fantasies, and if those fucking cocksuckers only knew...

Right now, you can't afford a trip to Thailand. Let's say you're poor or you're concerned about AIDS or worried that your mother might find out you masturbate. Maybe you're bored with rented silicone tits and gym-class-shower hard-ons.

Right now, your hand knows exactly what you want. Right now, you're certain that any flesh mound on the end of your prick can't be as good as that image of that degraded junkie whore you know who slithers

around somewhere. Or just a small child—without all the blood and clues and guilt and sweat. Or the hammer, the razor blade, a shit-caked dildo, and teeth marks. A bigger dick. Fatter ass. Slant eyes. Nigger lips. Firmer tits. Flatter stomach, and she swallowed every drop.

Don't look to SPIN's current issue. THAILAND: WE FREE A SEX SLAVE, shout fat red letters above the logo and Eddie Vedder's phony concern. WE turns out to be a writer named William T. Vollman, his wife, and a photographer. Pretending that what he wants to do is rescue one (ONE!) little girl from her imprisonment in a Thai brothel, William T. takes us along for an article you could write first thing in the morning after watching JOHNNY QUEST cartoons.

William T. is Alan Alda with a faggy armchair taste for Clint Eastwood and Hunter S. Thompson. William T. makes the fatal mistake of wanting to convince others of his dedication, his daring, and his altruism. Of course, he knows about these Thai sex shops. And these child slaves. And he wants one. Fucking bad.

And he wants to take his wife along. And he wants to tell you about how they found the girl and helped her get away. And you can bet his balls are bluer than the bored readers'.

If you want child prostitutes in slavery, perhaps you should look to LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL. Though it doesn't focus entirely on little children, the slow, grinding human entropy of used and discarded women should fit the bill for those tastes adequately. Divided into three primary sections about prostitution around US military bases in the Philippines, Korea, and Okinawa, the authors give the girls from the sex trade free rein to rant on uninterrupted. Most of the girls' time is spent on the extreme poverty of their lives and the numbing lack of education. Most of the readers' time, then, is spent back home in the shanties and garbage-pile villages, rather than the brothels and fuck-bars. But it's not wasted time. You can't get what these girls offer with your drink, pidgin English, and tight pussy. Sandra Pollock Sturdevant and Brenda Stoltzfus have done their best to convince the reader that these girls are so much more than just fucked and fucked and fucked hot holes. Talk about value for money—the authors won't be done 'til everyone's happy: For the truly jaded, they offer twenty-fucks-a-night flesh beds. There's The Three Hole. There are blow-job vomit rags. Homemade abortions. Drunken beatings and heroin and robbery and falling in love.

And there are photos. The authors repeatedly use the caption WOMEN AT WORK, MEN AT PLAY. But, perhaps unfortunately, the photog wasn't allowed enough access to the actual sport. The poverty, ugliness, desperation, the uselessness of

Western values and inveterate disinterest of men everywhere is all still there, however.

Aside from some lengthy feminist soapboxing about men controlling women's bodies vis-à-vis their mindless lust, gross insensitivity, and stinking, fucking world economy, this three-hundred-and-forty-page paean to that great cock that stretches across the earth, slowly suffocating every Third World rice farmer and his wide-eyed, heroin-addicted daughter with everything from AIDS to nuclear war, offers even the most hard-to-please john quite a good time for twenty-five bucks.

Maybe it all comes down to value.

'Cause some things are as cheap as dirt.



Maria Eftimiades seems doomed to forever miss the point. Her second book, sandwiched between LETHAL LOLITA and GARDEN OF GRAVES, was MY NAME IS KATHERINE (St. Martin's), co-authored by Joe Treen and fitting snugly into her chosen *oeuvre* of tabloid-style knockoffs and headline cannibalizations. Pressed off an assembly line in record time to capitalize on semi-bored public interest, these sort of TRUE DETECTIVE and TRUE CRIME LIBRARY melodramas are, obviously, not designed for posterity. Indeed, to even read one, say, a year after the fact would seem to be an embarrassment for both audience and author. Rather like collecting old newspapers just because you don't have the time to read them right now.

Nevertheless, the market for these insubstantial little ditties is expanding, and Maria Eftimiades, no doubt, is just this close to finishing a new exposé on The Long Island Train Massacre for the racks at Walgreen's right now.

Given that these books—books seemingly written and released while the arrest, never mind the trial, is still in process, or books simply culled from newspaper clippings and previously published accounts—are designed to only figure on those cases spectacular enough to warrant another, more lustful, look, it is strikingly odd that a book on someone as mundane as Katie Beers exists at all.

To cite the copy for these books as hyperbolic and sleazy would be trite. To suggest that the appeal of a story such as this lies in the public not really knowing what they're buying is obvious. So the question before us is this: Is there anything in these books to sustain an interest that has already digested every newspaper and magazine article available? Leave the public to the public; what does the fan club get?

Not much from Maria Eftimiades. Her problem

(aside from those already listed) is that she seems to be confused as to what she's actually dealing with. Like some stupid woman with a nice tight dress and all the correct makeup and hair spray but, unfortunately, the wrong dark alley.

Katie Beers is quite possibly one story that should never have been written. There's the nice sucker-punch of a ten-year-old girl abducted by a family friend and held in a dungeon for seventeen days. And there's the slumming reflex fed on the white-trash history of Katie's obese mother and ugly, garage-dwelling family. But before you even picked up the book, you knew that Katie was released by her captor virtually unharmed—except for some fondling and maybe a finger-fuck and the obligatory-but-tired psychological trauma. And that her dungeon, along with its dog collar and chain, also contained cable TV and an outside video monitor.

So Maria just writes soup-kitchen style. No spice, no taste, no extra mommy's love in the mix.

Arthur Herzog's SEVENTEEN DAYS: THE KATIE BEERS STORY is a whole 'nother animal. Arthur is, in some respects, even worse than Maria. He seems to have had the cooperation of one of Katie's extended family and thus provides a somewhat hedged version of the turmoil and dysfunction that defined Katie's pre-fame days. Where Maria likes to remind her audience, whenever possible, of Katie's extreme lack of proper care on all sides, Arthur tends to dump it all on Katie's mom. And backwoods giggles provided by Katie's "aunt" Linda and her husband (who was charged with sexually molesting Katie) should not be brushed away so lightly.

But Herzog puts a unique little spin on the whole affair that succeeds in raising the book above the simply transient. Herzog seems dedicated to fitting Katie back in that box and keeping her there for all the possibilities a desperate-but-polite mind can dream up.

Arthur Herzog is an obnoxiously bad writer. Bad in the sense that he even insults you. He lists the TV shows that Katie could have watched for almost every day she was held captive and then makes a smelly little remark about their supposed irony:

SHE COULD HAVE WATCHED "COMING UP ROSES" (IF ONLY SHE COULD SPROUT) AND "JEOPARDY!" (BOY, WAS SHE IN IT).

Which is irritating, but also charming in the way he seems to want to keep the focus on Katie's continually pained mind-set for the entire seventeen days. But, as if insulting your intelligence with little game-show double entendres wasn't enough, Herzog really digs in when he lets you know you don't even have any imagination. So it becomes Herzog's tastes and not your own that become the real focus of the book. Herzog knows why you picked this book up. And he cares enough about your pleasure, almost as

if you met him at a Pedophiles' Anonymous meeting and he figured you could trade photos and addresses with him. Maybe it's best that Herzog doesn't have the entire story. The real details. Or maybe he does and they're just not good enough. He peppers every chapter with a frustrating cache of maybes:

HE MUST HAVE....

HE MIGHT HAVE TOLD HER....

KATIE MUST'VE GASPED WHEN....

There's even a HE CARRIED OR PULLED HER....But it's these could've's and would've's that read like should've's. They pay off the garish promise made by the headlines:

JOHN ESPOSITO HADN'T SHOWN HER HIS PENIS HEAD BUT HE LOVED HER SO HE TOUCHED HER VAGINA, THOUGH SHE MAY HAVE TRIED TO SLAP HIS HAND.

There's a big difference between the two paperbacks. Both tell you that Katie was called Dirty Katie and The Cockroach Kid, but only one talks about her mother's bra size.

To go along with her star-studded funeral service, PEOPLE cover story, and her father's appearance on LARRY KING LIVE, the late Polly Klaas can expect a deluge of books and videos to her honor any day now. Oprah Winfrey has even had the good taste to tie the twelve-year-old's abduction, possible rape, and murder to the deaths of two little girls (ages nine and ten) in St. Louis in a real tear-jerking morning-starter.

Linda fucking Ronstadt, Winona fucking Ryder, and that bleeding hippie beast Joan Baez have assured that you'll know every detail about the little girl's last nightmare just as soon as her parents do, so chances for a warts-'n'-all biography are not so good. However, chances for soft-focus valentines in the form of made-for-TV time-wasters for your mom, and family-and-friend autobiographies designed to help KEEP YOUR CHILD SAFE, are guaranteed.

On the other hand, while we're on the subject of ten-year-old innocents, you may want to keep your eyes peeled for the onslaught of books due to appear in Britain any day now that Bobby Thompson and Jon Venables have been sentenced.

In fact, a first book, EVERY MOTHER'S NIGHTMARE by Mark Thomas, has already been announced.

Thompson and Venables are, of course, the ten-year-old boys who murdered a two-year-old toddler named James Bulger by torturing him for a two-and-a-half-mile walk until finally bashing him to death with bricks and a twenty-two-pound railroad tie.

James's uncle yelled, HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW YOU LITTLE BASTARDS? at the two boys. The DAILY STAR used it as their headline the next day.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

PARASITE

VOLUME 5 ★ JANUARY, 1994

QUEER 1.

SCUM: AN S.T.H. CHAPBOOK, VOLUME 13

Edited by Boyd McDonald (Fidelity)

AS REAL AS IT GETS Carol Pogash (Plume)

UNSPEAKABLE ACTS Gregory W. Morris &
Thomas J. Waters (Morrow)

There you stand. Just a few inches behind your dick—or if you're a fag, hopefully, quite a few inches behind your dick.

And there before you lay an incredible array of holes.

There's a six-foot hunky fag on his knees behind a bathroom stall. His mustachioed maw is hung open, and a fat, drooling tongue beckons from the hole that some pioneer ACT-UP renegade cut out in the press board between cubicles with a rusty nail and sweaty palm.

There's your fat, ugly wife. She's got her wobbly, cellulite-pickled thighs high in the air, and her greasy, ten-years-more asshole cunt gapes your way.

There's a little—very little, very naked—five-year-old girl who's been snatched from her mother in a shopping mall and taken here to be waiting just for you. She's crying. And very scared. And tied to a chair with black electrician's tape and rope. Tight. A video camera and a hammer lie on a table next to her fleshy, quivering mass.

There's some silicone-pumped, collagen-injected fuck stinking of cheap or expensive perfume. Wearing leather, rubber, lace, spandex, dildos, whatever it takes, old man.

Or if you're a priest, there's just a hole. Any fucking hole big enough for your cock. There's the wife you never had in the shape of a ten-year-old altar boy, or there's the ten-year-old altar boy you never had the balls to attack in the shape of some ugly, skinny faggot you met in a forty-plus queer bar.

So pick a hole and stuff your cock in. Pop your load. Clean up and get the fuck out.

And when you get home you can worry about what your mom and dad would think. What would your best friend say if he knew you fucked a nigger's cunt?

And paid for it? Or if he knew you sucked a dick or ate some cunt, felched some sweaty ass or scissored off a little boy's genitals?

And when it really starts to bother you, you can pretend you were doing something revolutionary. That deflating feeling was necessary. You were making a point. And there's a fan club you can join. Maybe they'll give you a badge like a pink triangle to wear, or a tattoo and a copy of MODERN PRIMITIVES to cleave under your arm at the coffee shop. Take Back the Night, sisters! Sucking big, fat, lesbian cunt means so much more than ugly pimples and hair on your cheeks and chin. Sticking bells on your balls means more than cheap exhibitionism; why, if you know what endorphins are, it means spiritualism and catharsis and *Übermensch*.

Boyd McDonald, in his last interview, published just after he died, told a reporter from THE GUIDE:

MY WORK IS AN ALTERNATIVE TO THE GAY-LIBERATION MOVEMENT AND TO THE GAY PRESS. THE GAY PRESS HAS TO BE SEXLESS BECAUSE THEY ARE PUBLIC. AND IN ORDER TO BE PUBLICLY GAY THEY HAVE TO BE CLOSET HOMOSEXUALS.

A nice sentiment. And it makes sense in the same way PENTHOUSE FORUM makes sense. Men, hopefully honest, write about what they fucked or got fucked by, and an interested public is allowed to draw their own conclusions. There's no need for politics, for soapboxing rationale, when you've got the evidence splayed open and bleeding in front of you.

Which is why Boyd and his collection of STH magazines and anthologies are disturbing to both fag politicians and bashers alike. Certainly, not all dick-lickers like the faceless and filthy, cock-obsessed sex that Boyd's boys chronicle. They don't care for his tentlike use of the word "homosexual." And those of you prickly queens and well-adjusted heteros who find Howard Stern and his tit-and-bush panderings puerile will most likely find Boyd's work similarly boring. Or annoying. Or obscene.

Boyd's last STH anthology is SCUM. Lucky number thirteen. Apparently, Fidelity Press will continue to edit new editions, so real fans who aren't interested in slumming via the cheap imitations (FIRST HAND, TRUCKER) won't be tizzied into a panic.

Thirteen volumes are quite a collection. Quite a history. And in Boyd's interview, he acknowledged that he was aware of its important (but separate) place in the gay diaspora. Which is nice. It's one thing to be above proselytizing; it would be quite another not to be aware of the ramifications of an act—of the personal politics, philosophy, and conclusions that are necessary to the understanding and fulfillment of desire and lust.

Which is where Boyd misses the mark.

Because while Boyd is going on about the importance of sex—dick-sucking, ass-rimming, cum-swallowing, *et al.*—and all it says about the athletes involved, he forgets who the books belong to. Boyd does capture and document a history, and his service as an anthropologist and a purveyor of fag jerkoff porn is duly noted. However, the real pleasure to be found in his *oeuvre*, life, and opinions has nothing to do with the sparkling spotlight corner he pretends, or hopes, he and his bathroom boys fit into.

I CONTINUE TO CIRCLE THE GLOBE FOR DICK. I HAVE TO. IN AMERICA, THE 'GAYS' ARE SO BUSY BEING POLITICALLY CORRECT AND TRYING TO ASSIMILATE INTO HETERO CULTURE THAT THEY ARE ENEMIES OF TRUE SEXUAL PERVERTS AND DEVIANTS SUCH AS MYSELF....

ON THOSE RARE OCCASIONS WHEN I WAS LEFT ALONE IN THERE, AFTER A GUY HAD CUM AND LEFT AND NO ONE ELSE WAS PRESENT, I WOULD GET DOWN OFF MY SEAT AND SCOOP HIS CUM OFF THE WALL WHERE IT HAD LANDED AND SAVE IT ON MY FINGERS, LICKING THEM ONE-BY-ONE....

AFTER HE CAME, HE GOT KIND OF SHY SO I JUST JERKED OFF ONTO HIS CHEST. I ENJOYED THIS GREATLY, TOO.

Just a few exemplary quotes from the many contributors to SCUM. Pages and pages of dedicated cocksucking and ass-munching. For those unfamiliar with Boyd and his work, SCUM is another edition of two hundred or so pages of greasy pig-dicking. There's little romance in the sense of love and relationships, but not in the sense of seduction, chance meeting, and "that look in his eyes" which is pervasive. And the politics are after-the-fact byproducts. Secondary to the documentation which serves, due to its graphic succinctness, as more sex than sexual.

What would Boyd and the typical legion of cock-in-the-mouth, fist-in-the-air back-patters say to the suggestion that SCUM and its counterparts are a unique peek into a very damaged fishbowl? A gory autopsy rife with virulence and pain?

You know what they'd say: "Homophobe! You're repressed, insecure, scared, embarrassed, inadequate, closeted." And maybe you are. And maybe you aren't. Maybe you're fat and ugly and couldn't match up to the proper toilet prerequisites. Your dick is too small. Too old. And then again, maybe you're just not that lonely. You're not that fucked-up yet, not that far gone to think that eating cum-and-shit-covered cock is an acceptable adjunct to an evening's entertainment. Either way, all factions agree that what you enjoy is paying attention to some degenerate loser's lust and desperation. He pleads and begs for some meat to be

shoved in his asshole/mouth. Some warmth. Some muscle. He wants to clean the shit out of your underwear and talk about dick cheese, ball smell, and rectal scratches, and you're only too happy to listen. It's a nice position to be in, pardon the pun. You don't have to stay for the Sphincter Health and Mutuality lecture.

Desperation can be lovely when worn by someone else. Pain and rejection and abuse and sickness all rolled up and beating hard on its knees in some gum-and-cum-stained tile floor. Like animals locked in a cage, no self-control or sense, just raw wanting and confusion over their aches and lack of understanding. That look in their eyes can be: A) lust; B) love; C) loneliness; D) rage.

And so it is to Boyd McDonald's credit that these tales are edited so as to eschew the gay plague of politics. You can get whatever you want from them. Fool yourself that jerking off is a revolutionary attack the same way you might pretend that you're the one on your knees or on your feet shoveling it in. One-handed reading is as removed from the action as you may care to be.

Yet still it has to be said: Boyd's personality notwithstanding, SCUM is but a patch of what the earlier volumes were. These later editions seem to offer a great deal less raunch than the original five or so. And though that may be due to burnout (after all, the first volume was published in 1981), one can't help but smell expanding sensibilities and consciousness-raising concern creeping in more and more. Of course, AIDS has done real damage, but as most letters are remembrances of times past (Boyd calls the forties through the late sixties the GOLDEN AGE OF HOMOSEXUALITY), one suspects the preening is due to editorial pressure via PC expansionism. It was probably a bad sign all the way back in Volume Five (SMUT) when under the headline BOY, 12, FORCES BROTHER, 6, TO EAT HIS DICK, Boyd felt compelled to note:

IT IS AGAINST THE LAW FOR ADULT MEN TO HAVE SEX WITH UNDERAGED BOYS. I DO NOT PUBLISH ACCOUNTS BY MEN OF BOYS THEY SEDUCE, ONLY ACCOUNTS BY MEN OF WHAT HAPPENED IN THEIR OWN BOYHOOD.

There are other avenues for such celebrations of open-minded sexuality, Boyd could argue. And, of course, that isn't to suggest that child molestation is uniquely or somehow included under the great pink armband of homosexuality. Neither is shit-eating or fisting or eating cum off bathroom floors. We can only assume that Boyd edits what he includes due to personal preference and that any politicizing of his decisions be conducted well outside the pages of SCUM and its sisters.

As always, you just have to know where to look. If the sort of sex that Boyd delivers isn't exactly to your taste, you can't blame Boyd.

Not in the same way you can blame Carol Pogash.

It may seem cheap to review a book on AIDS along with a book on cocksucking. Obvious, trite, tacky, and opportunistic...silly, even. A bad joke. And especially ugly in its macho, locker-room pose.

Apologies then for all those who may be offended, not by the insensitivity, but rather by the inconsideration: the reluctance to offer some new and brash and witty way to look at licking testicles. But the real reason for including *AS REAL AS IT GETS* here is based less on a suck-it-and-see sense of comeuppance and more on the aforementioned irritating trait of over-politicizing sex between men (or between men and women, men and children, men and television sets). But still, that shouldn't lighten the shadow cast by the huge specter of AIDS in Boyd's or any other fag rag. While the pall of politics hangs over these trysts like thick, clown-painted stage curtains, it's not nearly as heavy as the Sword of Damocles that AIDS is.

Faggots ricocheting off the windscreen left and right. And safe sex can't mean a thing now—not after ten years of sucking off your neighbor and his entire family tree.

AS REAL AS IT GETS is about *THE LIFE OF A HOSPITAL AT THE CENTER OF THE AIDS EPIDEMIC*. Unfortunately, the title is all wrong. *AS REAL AS IT GETS* should include everything in Boyd's books, possibly but more likely just yards and yards of tubes sucking mucus and feeding painkillers and bandages covering running cancer sores and mothers and children and drag queens crying their eyes out at your bedside. The book that Carol wrote has frightfully little of that. Rather, it's got that great beast politics. It's not preachy. Just politics by performance and implication. But it's politics at the expense of reality. It's window dressing and a warm held hand.

Page after page, chapter after chapter tells you about the problems getting drugs tested and other things you don't care about: Lorraine Day and her surgeon's argument over HIV disclosure, Jane Doe and her seroconversion, Brownie Mary and her pot cookies.

Who gives a fuck?

Fags? Their long-suffering bum buddies who get to watch them die and suffer and seep? Lonely nurses who need a boost? Gay lobbyists? Moms looking to find their sons?

AS REAL AS IT GETS only gets real once in awhile: *YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO ONLY BE TOUCHED BY RUBBER....*

YOUR ARROGANCE. YOUR EGOS. YOU DON'T LISTEN TO US. YOU NEVER APPROACH US AS HUMANS....

I WANT YOU TO GET IN BED AND HOLD ME....

ALL A PERSON NEEDS SOMETIMES IS A TOUCH OR A WORD OR A LOOK. IT'S PROBABLY WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR THEIR WHOLE LIVES, ANYWAY.

Carol writes as if every act done by people at this hospital is done by people aware of their special place in history. The nurse's struggle, the scientist's plight, the crashing human element—everyone is concerned about the future and their place in line. Which, admittedly, only stands to reason, as the book covers a hospital dedicated to a cause without a clue. So the problem is space—with all the headless chickens running around and all the shrieking and bitching and gospel singing, we just don't get enough meat. The din covers the cries.

If Boyd McDonald knew what sex before AIDS was, Carol Pogash forgot it ever existed. Because everything here seems the opposite of what's actually going on at SF General. AIDS apologists and gay historians would argue that the real picture of the pain is in the struggle to overcome it. Gore photos and reports are, sadly, lifeless statistics. But that can't be. Carol tells us about the *BAY AREA REPORTER* being forced to change its obituary policy:

DUE TO AN UNFORTUNATELY LARGE NUMBER OF OBITUARIES (THE NEWSPAPER) MUST NOW RESTRICT OBITS. TO TWO HUNDRED WORDS.

If people are dying, it's only fair to want to see it. Smell it, taste it—talk about IV-tube sizes like dick sizes. Maybe Carol needs the space to reassure her target audience that there is hope, there are angels who care. It's all altruistic humanism without a body. Like most humanism, it conveniently doesn't include any humans. If it did, the postscript would feature RIPs exclusively. Instead, we get reports of promotions and lecture circuits.

At best, Carol offers thumbnail sketches of victims. And blows her chance at the last word on AIDS.

When is a blow job more than a blow job?

When someone is watching.

Or when you have to spend the rest of your life thinking about it. Or regretting it. And hating your sick little moment of weakness. And you can't change it. You needed to stick that bathroom cock deep down your throat and let all that thick cum slide straight down into your soul.

Just like you had to suck off that little boy. That boy that had been entrusted to your care by the good people at the foster-care service.

Or maybe you were forced to suck off your new foster dad. Maybe your thoughts are clouded by a

different form of regret. Maybe you'll grow to hate your dad and his ugly, middle-aged, saggy balls more and more every day for the rest of your fucking miserable life.

Take the **ORDEAL OF THOMAS WATERS-RIMMER**—the subtitle of **UNSPEAKABLE ACTS**, written by Thomas and his new buddy Gregory W. Morris. Almost five hundred fucking pages of blow-job aftermath.

In a nutshell, Thomas had a bad childhood. He was placed in the care of a family friend and his wife after his real father was arrested and jailed for abusing his sisters. Tom was only four. For the next ten years or so, Tom's new dad liked to have Tom suck on his tool. He also enjoyed returning the favor. Cut to Tom's burgeoning adulthood and the realization that he could sue the foster-care service that placed him with the family friend for five million dollars. Tom gets a lawyer, an agent, and a co-author.

What the reader gets is a new version of **ROOTS**. Morris structures the book so as to take us on a trip through Thomas's family tree. We go on the interviews with his first dad, lawyers, sisters, aunts, everybody that matters that will talk, as well as all those who won't talk or can't be found. And we meet Thomas's girlfriend and her family. And when Thomas has an affair and gets the trollop pregnant, he screams:

THIS IS A NIGHTMARE. PUT IT IN THE BOOK. THIS IS A CLASSIC FOR SEXUALLY ABUSED PEOPLE: THEY ARE PROMISCUOUS.

Thomas breaks down. Experiments with cocaine. And, toward the end of the book, he engages in wild, violent fantasies.

It's just ridiculous. Putting aside the natural cynicism when one first hears about the later pain of abused children and even the lawsuit isn't too hard if the details are there. But Thomas's tale is so frighteningly unspectacular that even the most pathetic earth mother will find herself hoping for some descriptions of bodily torture, or at least some preteen butt-rape. No chance. Some white-trash trailer child abuse is there on the periphery, and then there's Thomas's sisters. But again, no real meat. Too many afterthoughts. Too many politics. Too much bullshit. Too much face-painting and explaining.

There may be no such thing as simple sex. But there should be truth in advertising.

Maybe what's needed is a cross between all three books. A four-year-old is raped by his dad. The rape continues for years and spills over into bathrooms across America. Naturally, he gets AIDS and suffers horribly. Just before he dies he releases his daily diary. No apologies.

How much?

QUEER 2.

KILLING FOR COMPANY Brian Masters
(Random House)

THE SHRINE OF JEFFREY DAHMER Brian Masters
(Hodder & Stoughton)

Jeffrey Dahmer and Dennis Nilsen are very much alike. Both lonely drunk homosexual necrophiles with high body counts (seventeen and fifteen, respectively) and a penchant for rather gory corpse-disposal. That they both sucked bathroom dick now seems incidental.

In fact, Jeff and Des are so much alike that Brian Masters has seen fit to write one book and share it between the two. Masters began in 1983 after writing to Nilsen shortly after he was arrested and offering to publish his side of the story. The results were published in Great Britain in 1985 and proved very successful. But it is only now, due in large part to the popularity of Jeffrey Dahmer, that the book sees release here in the states. And just a few months prior, Brian Masters published his investigation into Jeffrey Dahmer's case, but, again, only in Great Britain.

KILLING FOR COMPANY is one of the very few books on a murderer to feature dedicated cooperation by the subject. Masters formed a sympathetic bond with Nilsen that, along with the roughly fifty journals, diaries, copious letters, and prison interviews that Nilsen provided, coalesced into a unique examination of the murderer just as much as the dynamic nature of murder itself. Masters freely speculated on Nilsen's crimes and did his homework. He befriended and prodded Nilsen yet remained detached enough to bring to bear his own insights and theories about what Nilsen is to himself and to society.

In Nilsen, Masters found rare access to a subject who desperately wanted to sort himself out as much as explain himself. Together they wrote a book that looked at a specific form of murder from the inside and outside, neatly sidestepping the typical pratfalls of hysteria and armchair psychology. Masters was knowledgeable and Nilsen sentient and honest.

Now in 1993, Masters attempts to repeat the formula by focusing on Dahmer and his crimes and peculiarities. Masters, however, didn't get as close to Dahmer as he did to Nilsen and instead relies heavily on a doctor's exclusive interviews. Accordingly, **THE SHRINE OF JEFFREY DAHMER** pays more attention to the subject of "madness" and is no worse for it.

Some of Masters's opinions stretch a bit (**HE WAS NOT KILLING INDIVIDUALS BUT SOCIETY ITSELF**),

but they are his summations and are clearly stated as such—he even refers to them as amateur. But it is ultimately to his credit that he presents both books as attempts to understand the characters and the exact nature of their acts/madness rather than applying cheap labels and knee-jerk terms like nearly every other book in the genre.

Masters's greatest contribution to the annals of crime reporting may well be his arid comments on the essence and depiction of the crimes rather than any shocking ironclad theory or risible quote gleaned from the killers. Masters concentrates on the compulsions of these individuals in such a way as to strip apart the legal definitions of the words and expose the moral and social implications of such ideas.

Certainly he had both books in mind when he stated, at the beginning of the 1993 preface to the American edition of *KILLING FOR COMPANY*, that THE ONLY JUSTIFICATION FOR A BOOK SUCH AS THIS IS THAT IT MIGHT OPEN A WINDOW UPON HUMAN BEHAVIOR WHICH IT IS WORTHWHILE PEERING THROUGH IN ORDER TO LEARN AND REFLECT. And when he adds, OTHERWISE ONE IS LEFT WITH LITTLE MORE THAN A PRURIENT TITILLATING OF THE IMAGINATION, the reader will not mistake the words for shallow moral posturing usually associated with such intentions.

So is Masters trying to paint a turd? Isn't "prurient titillating of the imagination" all a good murder book should seek to offer? Why, Masters even tosses in the most dreaded enemy a true-crime reader has: THE REST IS NOW FAMILIAR, AND THE READER WILL BE SPARED RELENTLESS REPETITION OF THESE INCREASINGLY TRAGIC EVENTS. Is it possible that Masters's intellectualizing is just unnecessary banter and distraction from...the meat?

No. While it's possibly due more to the fact that the crimes perpetrated by Dahmer and Nilsen were extremely gory owing to necessity more than sadism or sense that makes such editing acceptable, it should in no way detract from Masters's success with murder as a subject loaded with lofty implications and reference. Though Masters's stated concern may be elsewhere, he understands that his opinions are attempts to explain manifestations and evidence *ex post facto*. Masters sees the men as men and their actions and thoughts as more than simple failure or sickness. He uses both men to examine morality as much as madness but never at the expense of their singularly colorful, depressive, and desperate lives.

It should also be noted that Masters delivers as much, if not more, explicit details about both men's peccadilloes than any of the many other books on them. And in so doing, he actually succeeds in raising

the pallor of the crimes above the tacky cartoon horror show and into the vivid reality of sexual egomania.

THE DAHMER CASE DESERVED RIGOROUS ATTENTION TO PHILOSOPHIC AND LEGAL NICETIES AND PROMISED TO RAISE QUESTIONS WHICH WOULD REVERBERATE DOWN THE YEARS. JUDGE GRAM'S COURTROOM WAS NOT AN ADEQUATE THEATER FOR BOLD AMBITIONS OF THIS SORT; IT WAS ESSENTIALLY PAROCHIAL.

Masters tries to introduce those questions. His answers are fluid and devoid of pedantry. He talks of VARIOUS POSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS FOR SUCH GROSS DISTORTIONS OF CONDUCT OFFERED BY PSYCHIATRIC, PHILOSOPHIC, AND THEOLOGICAL IMAGINING and strives to illuminate ONE WHOSE DEVELOPMENT IT IS POSSIBLE TO TRACE, WITH SOME EFFORT AND NOT A LITTLE CONJECTURE, AND WHOSE ROOTS MIGHT BE THEREBY UNCOVERED.

The only real criticism then, aside from specific and personal disagreements with Masters's inoffensive conclusions, is that both books cover the same ideas—including many of the very same examples and references. Dahmer and Nilsen are very much alike, and if it was Masters's intention to prove that, it would be better served by new supporting evidence. Regrettably, Masters's reluctance to build on the subject he first investigated ten years ago seems lazy and suspicious.

Dahmer and Nilsen are as different as they are similar.



At best, *THE SECRET LIFE OF JEFFREY DAHMER* (Magnum Video, 100 minutes) reminds one of the old gore movies of the seventies—the ones like *LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET* and *HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK* that made up for their lack of blood by their mean spirit. Always much better that way, really. At worst, it reminds one of the reason why Jeffrey Dahmer trading cards, comic books, and T-shirts are so popular: sensational, easy to grasp, and empty. Girl stuff.

Of course, *THE SECRET LIFE OF JEFFREY DAHMER* is nowhere near the likes of the two classics listed above. But as most of the movie is just scene after scene of Jeff (played by scriptwriter Carl Crew) offering various men money to pose nude and then killing them, there is a certain charming and brutal economy to the film. The gore is rare and badly done, the acting sets and script all low-budget and undemanding. Aside from the cheesy and insulting morals before and after (THIS FILM IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF JEFFREY DAHMER'S KNOWN MURDER

VICTIMS AND TO THOSE THAT SURVIVED, ESPECIALLY TRACY EDWARDS FOR BRINGING AN END TO IT ALL) and the headline voiceovers, it's just a quick catalog of deaths.

Which is nice. Fun but fleeting, disappointing camp. And perhaps frustrating only in what could have been. Since it's not particularly graphic or accurate, it boils down to a bit of a time-waster.

Its real worth however, is that it's packaged with a separate copy of THE TRIAL OF JEFFREY DAHMER, which is a two-hour compilation of filmed highlights from the actual courtroom trial.

You get portions of the following: opening statements by the prosecuting and defense attorneys (Michael McCann and Gerald Boyle), detectives Pat Kennedy and Dennis Murphy going over their dealings with Dahmer, Dr. Frederick Berlin and Dr. Carl Wahlstrom bungling psychiatry for the defense, Tracy Edwards (for eight minutes), Dr. Park Dietz for the prosecution (going on about the FACES OF DEATH videos), closing arguments, verdicts (by Judge Gram), and, what everyone really wants, the sentencing hearing where motley members of the victims' families parade their unconvincing pain before Jeffrey, judge, and camera. Rita Isbel and her ghetto explosion of I HATE YOU MOTHERFUCKER is, of course, showcased, although it's ridiculously censored.

You also get Dahmer's statement to the judge. (I KNEW I WAS SICK OR EVIL OR BOTH; NOW I BELIEVE I WAS SICK and I SHOULD HAVE STAYED WITH GOD. I TRIED AND FAILED AND CREATED A HOLOCAUST.) And, finally, portions of the attorneys' last press conference where Gerald Boyle says he believes the victims' families showed "great dignity" and that Rita's outburst was "appropriate."

For those without COURT TV—whence this has been directly lifted, this video serves as an acceptable distillation of a nineteen-day ordeal. Unfortunately, the producers opted not to show any of the testimonies from February 7, 1992, when three sexual-abuse victims (Somsak Sinthasomphone, Luis Pinet, and Raymond Flowers) took the stand. This is probably due to the fact that COURT TV was unable to broadcast their names and faces. However, their appearances were certainly more telling and interesting than the detectives or the clipped psychiatric drivel.

File it alongside your letter from Gacy.

There is one particularly ugly strain of child abuse that Roseanne Arnold typifies: child-fucking for attention.

Normally it would be hard to turn down a glimpse into a world of sexual abuse that included as its outcome drug addiction, nightmares, cheap prostitution, suicide obsessiveness, and overwhelming

hatred. It's even tempting to throw her fat and plastic-surgery mutilations into the mix. But Roseanne is very unconvincing.

Perhaps this is due to basic capitalist blindness, where because of her incredible wealth and influence, the have-nots feel she either deserves her problems or can easily overcome them. But more likely it's due to her gross Hollywood stink. Her money only affords her the spotlight for an extra long time, and to make her focus worthwhile, she straps on the tired weight of trailer fuckery. It's convenient. And titillating. And the only evidence of the crime lies in the display of her weaknesses.

And she knows it:

...PEOPLE GET SEXUALLY EXCITED HEARING ABOUT MOLESTIN' CHILDREN.

Her cover-story interview (by Kevin Sessums) in the February issue of VANITY FAIR promises much but delivers little. Her "trademark honesty" is garish Hollywood honesty, and her "feminism" is all silly reflection.

HONESTLY, WHEN I CAN LIVE ONE DAY AND...AH...FEEL LIKE I WANT TO LIVE, THAT IS A GOOD DAY TO ME....

I BELIEVE THAT ONCE YOUR DAD FUCKS YOU IN THE ASS YOU CAN KILL HIM, AND IT OUGHT TO BE LEGAL IF YOU'RE A BOY—AND ALSO ONCE YOUR DAD FUCKS YOU ANYWHERE WHEN YOU'RE A GIRL.

Roseanne barks on about the Bobbitts, the Menendez brothers, Michael Jackson (HE IS THE PERFECT PICTURE OF A CHILD MOLESTER), her Prozac addiction, her philosophies on recovery, and big-budget TV bosses. She just can't talk about her attempted suicide when she was young. You understand.

Ten years from now and she's on late-night TV hawking her tell-all recovery videos and walking tapes on a million-dollar infomercial, her fat, pickled face stretched so fucking tight she can't even turn her head.

Another ugly strain of child abuse is the regular Joe/stand-up-guy revulsion approach. This example is a mite more entertaining than the Roseanne type in that it clearly evinces a perverted, sublimated lust underneath the ire, where the other is merely frustrating in its speciousness.

The latest CD by Motorhead (BASTARDS, ZYX Music) is a good illustration. The sixth song is "DON'T LET DADDY KISS ME," and it reeks of your father telling you to protect your little sister while all the time cherishing the Polaroids he's got of her with her little lips on his red-hot cock. Even worse, it smells like he's talking to you in a gym locker room while all his jock-strapped buddies pat his back:

AND HE NEVER TURNS ON THE LIGHT/AND SHE'S WIDE AWAKE, SCARED TO DEATH/SHE SMELLS HIS

LUST AND SHE SMELLS HIS SWEAT/CURLED IN A BALL SHE HOLDS HER BREATH.

Lemmy sings it with strings and heartfelt throat holes, and you know he means every word. It must've been rough crawling that far down, but Lemmy knows you have to be told just how bad it is. And, more importantly, you have to know just how bad Lemmy thinks it is:

WHY, TELL ME WHY/

THE WORST CRIME IN THE WORLD.

The latest issue of PENTHOUSE (February) contains an article on Joel Rifkin and his NY hooker stranglings. Even in limited article form, writers Lisa Pulitzer and Joan Swirsky offer more details as regards Rifkin's crimes and tastes than GARDEN OF GRAVES, the paperback on Rifkin released less than a year ago. The article is culled from a forthcoming book just in case you can't stomach fat, pumped-up Guido cunts.

PARASITE

VOLUME 6 ★ FEBRUARY, 1994

GORE

THE MUTILATORS Edited by Rose G. Mandelsberg
(Pinnacle)

MASS MURDERERS Edited by Rose G. Mandelsberg
(Pinnacle)

TORTURE KILLERS 2 Edited by Rose G. Mandelsberg
(Pinnacle)

SPECIFIC INTENT O'Neil De Noux (Pinnacle)

CROSSED OVER Beverly Lowry (Warner Books)

You know what you want. And what you can afford. But it's what you'll settle for that'll pull you out of puberty and into the real world.

You woke up this morning with a hard-on built for more than just a piss. And your dream was of a lovely little thing with razor blades jammed into her cunt. Her disgusting sex was ripped to ribbons and bathed in pain and blood, and your fingers, and then your cock, groped and fumbled and poked and peeled and pushed into that gory, fleshed-up rat hole. You picked it apart. And spread it wide. Wider. And split the edges and chewed and bit and sucked.

You came when the faceless black experience screamed. Turned a headache into blinding white fuzz. Just screams on screams on screams and fucking terror and her pain; begging and pleading and more and more and again and again.

You liked it so much. Blank pig whore cunt. It defined you. It was meant to be real. And you want it so fucking bad.

Any cunt. Any straight-edged razor. Maybe dull and rusty and worn. Any beast with lumps and a black, hairy hole and shitty ass and too much makeup and jagged, smashed fucking teeth and spitting and coughing out blood and farting, pissing, crying, screaming, praying, begging.

Cunts are a dime a dozen.

Control is too expensive.

Proxy. Weak and removed and grossly unacceptable. Singing about it won't help. Politicizing it won't make it real. Reading about it will make it worse. Jerking off is nothing. Nothing at all, now, at your age.

Halfway is less than nothing. Anything.

THE SIMPLE ACT OF BRUTAL MURDER IS NOT ENOUGH FOR SOME KILLERS. THEIR INSANE BLOODLUST CAN ONLY BE SATISFIED BY TORTURING THEIR VICTIMS UNTIL THEY BEG FOR DEATH....

and

WHAT THEY DID TO THE LITTLE GIRL WAS MORE THAN MURDER...AND LESS THAN HUMAN!

fucking cheap cunts

whores. easy fucking cunts

bloody dirty begging crying cocksuckers

Don't believe it. Not here. Not in the ghetto.

too much rap...snoop doggy dogg chasing some smelly fat black vagina pit. All fake, stupid instinct. Blank going limp to hard and back again as fast as food stamps. Small. Simple. Stepped on.

HE WOULD BE RAPED, THE SKIN PEELED OFF HIS BACK WITH PLIERS, HIS ARM AND JAW BROKEN, HIS NECK SLASHED, AND A LUG WRENCH PUSHED SO FAR UP HIS RECTUM IT WOULD PUNCTURE HIS LIVER. INCREDIBLY, GORDON'S ATTACKERS ALSO USED JUMPER CABLES TO LINK HIS GENITALS TO A CAR BATTERY, AND FOLLOWED THAT BY CLUBBING THEIR VICTIM ABOUT THE HEAD SO VICIOUSLY THAT PORTIONS OF HIS SKULL WOULD BE FOUND FORTY FEET AWAY FROM WHERE THE KILLING OCCURRED.

Fucking is for niggers. The hard-on you got wants to fall in love. Give the bucket a name and a slice of your personality. Santa Claus. Third Eye. Would you like to come upstairs for a cup of coffee?

Ah...dreams. The darling child closes his big blue eyes and drifts away. Up into the clouds and hugs of some sick, sticky, fat cock ramming in and out of his tight, cute mouth.

THE BACK WOUND INDICATED THAT THE VICTIM MIGHT HAVE BEEN STRUGGLING AND TWISTING ON THE BED WHEN HE SUSTAINED THE KNIFE THRUST IN THE BACK....THE BODY HAD BEEN SLICED OPEN IN THE FRONT FROM THE THROAT TO THE GROIN AND HAD BEEN CASTRATED....(HE) HAD BEEN STABBED AND SLASHED BEFORE AND AFTER HE WAS DEAD AND HAD BEEN KILLED IN A SLOW, PAINSTAKING MANNER.

Fag. Size-queen pussy. Suck and swallow and spread.

Not by a long shot.

TORTURE KILLERS 2 has twenty-five stories of murder FROM THE PAGES OF TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE. So does THE MUTILATORS and MASS MURDERERS. Each title tells you the general gist of the stories included. Most stories are about twenty pages long.

And even in the most base episodes of hormonal excitement and confusion, these lowbrow, white-trash, brown-paper-bag scrawlings don't contain enough of anything you want. Too many niggers. Too much romance. Too many easy outs.

Twenty pages and a formula. Which is usually: the discovery of the body, the detective work, and the cheesy moralizing of the cops and (if you're lucky) some of the victim's family, the hunt, capture, and sentencing. The gore—the act—is always there, but its effect and importance is missed due to the cheap-'n'-cheerful detective focus. And regardless of what the covers pretend (and how embarrassed you would be to read this in public), this is not just a collection of fetishy autopsy photos or a sadistic, blood-drooling feast. Everyone knows there's a typical and self-righteous veneer of good taste here. But the real problem is that there's too much to sift through and not enough when you find something nice. Huge mounds of black, black shit and so few pearls. All the murders meld into one big ugly ghetto project. Like the ones in every city that you just drive by. And all the cops become one big fat asshole and his buddy left alone at their own side of the bar. There's just one corpse, too. One huge body with more and more holes, more and more stains and dripping viscera. Less and less pain.

Cheap reaction. Lab rats. Mental defectives. Niggers. Bores. Wastes. Fuck-ups. Crackheads killing for dope.

And rape by broomstick and heated knife burns.

Horse-fucking homo tries to rape a ten-year-old, then beats him to death with metal bar and concrete block.

Two Mexican devil worshippers want to see WHAT THE INSIDE OF A GIRL LOOKS LIKE.

Most dismemberment is for disposal. Like the husband who tossed his wife in acid and the fat son who killed his dad with a baseball bat.

Chinese gambling-house massacres.

College students who can't handle the stress.

Some stories just don't deserve to be told. And if they do, then doctors' files and police reports will be less than half the story.

SPECIFIC INTENT is a sort of TRUE DETECTIVE story spread out to three hundred and seventy pages. A spectacular, if not interesting and exciting crime, but typically light in sense and style. John Wille convinces his girlfriend and her fourteen-year-old daughter to get him (and a buddy) a little eight-year-old girl. John fucks her. So does the buddy. They kill her. And fuck her again. A couple times each. John then kills the buddy and lets his girlfriend stab up the body. All of this, of course, happens in front of the fourteen-year-old.

Just the tracking of the fourteen-year-old's mental destruction as she slowly discovers guilt, manipulation, and REAL rape outside her trailer camp would scream out for more than the usual twenty pages. And the other elements of sadistic assault and brutal youth beg for more than three hundred and seventy. But, true to TRUE DETECTIVE style, this book delivers only on the promise of gore. Reluctantly.

THE HITCHHIKER (John's buddy) MOVED TO JUDITH AND FORCED JUDITH TO PERFORM ORAL SEX ON HIM. WILLE TOLD JUDITH SHE'D BETTER DO IT RIGHT. AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, THE HITCHHIKER WITHDREW FROM JUDITH, SAYING THAT SHE WASN'T DOING IT RIGHT. THE HITCHHIKER WENT BACK TO ATTACKING THE DEAD GIRL'S BODY WITH WILLE....SOME MINUTES LATER, [AS] WILLE WAS STILL ATTACKING THE DEAD BODY, THE HITCHHIKER WENT BEHIND WILLE, INSERTED HIS PENIS INTO WILLE'S ANUS, AND SCREWED WILLE.

O'Neil De Noux (please) serves up old soul food: fatty and spicy, and the cheap meat is hard to find, if not highly questionable. Vague on details. Virtually empty of insight. And riddled with silly red herrings and time-wasters.

To be fair, though, you do get to spend some time with the mother of the deceased (SHE LOOKED PRECIOUS) as well as her sister and grandmother. (I REALIZED THAT IF MAMA HADN'T GONE, THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED.)

But it's the writer and his marketing style, rather than the crime and its progenitor, that fails to separate the action from the old white-trash ethos of drink it, fuck it, stab it. And run away.

Beverly Lowry is a real author. She makes her living from fiction and only turned to true crime when (it seems) fiction couldn't accurately depict her very special needs.

CROSSED OVER is about the HOUSTON PICKAX MURDERS. About Karla Faye Tucker and her boyfriend Danny Garrett who, after a three-day speed

binge, attacked an acquaintance and his barfly girlfriend, killing them both in the obvious way. Their original intention was to steal motorcycle parts.

The sensation was that Karla said she climaxed during the murders.

Karla had a rough life. Drugs started early (heroin at ten). Became a whore. Killed two people. Death Row. Made friends with a writer.

Lowry crosses Karla's tragedy with her own: that of her eighteen-year-old son being killed by a hit-and-run driver. Her son Peter was in trouble with the law at the time of his death, and Lowry seems to see the whole mistake as somehow symbiotic with Karla's white-trash sludge fest. And so *CROSSED OVER* becomes more than just Karla's story. It is two sad sacks commiserating.

Lowry's intention may be noble. She befriends Karla and runs through her life story (as well as Peter's and Bev's) with sympathy and understanding that go beyond the usual talk-show "victim/abuser" cliché:

DO I CREATE HER BY LIVING OUT HER LIFE AND THROUGH HER CRIME, OR IS SHE IN SOME WAY RE-CREATING WHO I AM BY EXPANDING MY WORLD, TAKING ME BEYOND WHAT I THOUGHT I KNEW?

Unfortunately, what Karla allows in place of outrage and fear is nothing more than a mother's empty, understanding nod and pat. Karla's father calls his wife a whore (which, in the literal sense, she is, as well as a drug-addicted dick pig), and Bev just checks it. Karla states that her mother's death was a watershed event for her as she felt so extraordinarily close to her throughout her life. But Bev is too good a friend by now to look at the damage there, and so a full and correct portrait of Karla and her motivations is impossible.

CROSSED OVER is very different from the *TRUE DETECTIVE* style. Well written with an artist's eye, Bev attempts to make the stories live beyond the details—which are basically no more than typical *TRUE DETECTIVE* fodder. She provides unique and intimate access to Karla—something *TRUE DETECTIVE* never even thinks about. But then it's Bev's failure to see Karla as *TRUE DETECTIVE* might that ultimately lowers the crimes and the book to tacky potboiler status.

Karla's life becomes just another notch on a busy bedpost. Another morning on *GERALDO*. Another nineteen rats found in a pigsty apartment crack hole without diapers.

Too many fucking niggers.

FREAKS

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE NAKED

Tim Keefe (Barbary Coast Press)

TENTH ANNUAL ADULT VIDEO NEWS AWARDS

(VCA Pictures Platinum video)

HATED directed by Todd Phillips (Film Threat Video)

There is a truly disgusting little section of NY's Times Square where two dollars buys you a feel of lanolin-glazed whore tit. It's a peep-show booth where the traditional glass partitions have been replaced with a small wooden slot big enough for your hand and arm and eyes. Rancid, clipped-and-crimped cunt hair is four dollars.

It's just not where any reasonably sentient person would want to be.

But it is a perfect example of the primary mistake made in the buying and selling of sex. Which is based on the confusion men (or whatever) suffer over what they really want (or need) to do with their cocks.

'Cause most of the queue are convinced that they've been relegated there due to some misfortune or inadequacy. That what they're looking for is nothing more than a quick, vicarious fix—a cheap and, above all, available substitute for the real thing. Naturally, a feel is better than a look and—oh, boy!—a hand job is really living.

Never mind that some nigger junkie whore's bucket feels the same as your fat wife's or retarded sister's. Never mind that if some siliconed pump-beast wipes her asshole the wrong way, she'll stink the same way as a seventy-pound crackhead. They'll move differently, moan differently, and see different movies but, unless you're under some delusion about love, mommies, or respect, chances are good you're not sticking your dick in and rubbing your hands and tongue all over their sweaty, rubbery personality.

Arrested puberty: laziness disguised as confusion and desperation and explained away as loneliness. Willfully.

But some of those in line will be above the tawdry end of the experience—the lowly human element trying to surreptitiously refurl their tongues as they check for stains on their pants and shirts.

These soldiers are here for another reason.

They're not in the same line.

And they've got the tattoos to prove it.

They're above the clumsy gymnastics and bar crawls and cold cable-TV deconstructions.

They're here to fucking share.

They're here because the whole experience—the lust, the weak-kneed need—is honest and open and explained by pop-psych definitions of sensuality and humanism.

It's a shiny new tribe down at the pull party these days. And it's only the disgruntled old men who miss the old days when the girls were ugly and wasted and

blank. Needle marks and cellulite and bored-but-hateful disinterest have been replaced by trendy boredom and wide-eyed, fascinated, fake disinterest. Some newly liberated suburban pitch-black fat Goth knows her pierced clit and wobbly dugs are an easy way to pay for her new Christian Death and Einstürzende Neubauten CDs. Or some collegiate slacker mannequin wants to snort coke and tequila with her favorite bouncer/barback in the bathroom of her favorite techno E club and wants some yuppie's twisted tit dalliance to pay for it.

Good for the girls. Absolutely. It's wonderful to see sisters doin' it for themselves. Making money off of manly ineptitude. 'Cause the dick-tuggers don't get it, tee-hee, that the titted beast is a lesbian. Or rich. Or human. Or at least doing quite well, thank you. Her kid is safe at school in new clothes and teeth that your lonely pool of cum on the floor paid for. That fat clit-push and press-and-wiggle mean less than "doyouwantfrieswiththat" and a fuck of a lot more money. That ridiculous tongue-wag pointed at your blurry hard-on squeeze is easier than scrubbing floors.

So the new grrrls dance and parade. And the new boys wish they could fuck them and dream of the chance. Or everyone pretends to live the dream there and then.

And the old men leave.

And the new girls don't care. 'Cause their tits won't spring hideous blue veins shortly after they start to show their sag. Their cunt lips won't turn brown and wither and fuse tight and dry like old black-and-blue bruises. And their pimples will pop and fade just like their morning sickness. They can suck their pudgy bellies in and never turn so as to see their thick varicose veins in the mirror during those deep-knee bends.

Bright lights. Quick, clean floors and a new breed of dancer. And more than just pig dirty and pig washed; it's a sparkling-new philosophy.

Some of the trollops that bump and grind and ripple at one of these new nineties-style flesh parlors in San Francisco have contributed their thoughts to a new book titled *SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE NAKED*. Seven upscale beasts are interviewed and recorded by one of the male staff members from the club. He asks basically the same questions to all seven girls, and it would seem from the lack of follow-up questions that he merely provided the monsters with a printed questionnaire and a tape recorder.

The author, Tim Keefe, is a friend to all the girls. He is a feminist with a freewheeling spirit, fresh attitude, and charming sense of adventure. He wants to dig down and touch all aspects of naked, gyrating femalia. So the reader gets questions like:

I WAS QUITE SURPRISED WHEN I FIRST HEARD THAT HEALING OCCURS HERE, WOMEN HEALING

THEMSELVES, EACH OTHER, AND CUSTOMERS. DESCRIBE WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS....

and

WHAT WOULD A SEXUALLY POSITIVE SOCIETY LOOK LIKE?

instead of

"Do you think that in a couple years there's a man here that'll pay to see your old, gross pigness?"

and

"Why would a man want to look at something as disgusting as you (or your inner self) in the first place?"

The real problem with the book, though, is probably not Keefe's questions, but the girls' answers. Keefe actually hits on a lot of possibilities. But it's his closeness to the girls and the fact that this is San Francisco that creates a decidedly evil soup of new-age sexuality, pro-porn-with-limits feminism, and lesbian madonna sanctity.

And what you really get is the realization that not one of these cows seems to know where the fuck she is. It would only take a few seconds to take each one aside, wave a gentle finger, and explain to them plainly: There is no sharing. These men don't connect with you, dolt. They cum on the floor and walk. They'd be happy with their daughter's baby mouth, their sister's skinny cunt, or mud. Stupid and desperate and lonely and doggish. And if they're not, then they're here for the freak show. You want to share femalia with us? Show us a picture of your mother to let us know what you're gonna droop into. With your tattoos and clit ring and nigger boyfriend and crack habit. Who's got a better chance of being here in five years?

Same with porno. Porno the big business, that is. Gone are the days of Linda Lovelace and red hots and dog-fucking gun shows. John Holmes's chainsaw drug addiction and AIDS-fuck of Cicciolina. The new porn "stars" make a lot of money. And only a few blow their brains out after drug binges.

But these barking poodles and their trainers still evince a small appeal. It doesn't lie in their tight muscles and athletic stamina. In most cases, it doesn't even lie in the money shots they more and more willingly perform (just as long as the cum hits the air first). Their empty-headed prancing; their tarted-up preciousness and ad hoc Hollywood fantasies fill their lumpy cartoon bodies, and, just like a cop who starts searching for cheap crack ass-fucks, these new girls take their work home with them.

To suggest that there is an actual awards show for porno films that exists beyond this video is just embarrassing. But the flesh props that pick up the awards during THE TENTH ANNUAL ADULT VIDEO NEWS AWARDS don't seem all that sure.

Giggly little Melanie Moore wins Best Supporting Actress (Video) and drunkenly drools:

I CAN'T BELIEVE I WON...THANKS FOR GIVING ME A CHANCE.

Me?

Aging crow's nest Ona Zee bleats, HEY, THIS IS FOR US as she holds aloft her award for Best Supporting Actress (Film).

Ashlyn Gere and Deidre Holland talk about biting down on the dildo during their dyke scene, and Best New Starlet Alex Jordan coos: EVERYONE JUST LINE UP AND I'LL GIVE YOU A BIG OL' HUG AND KISS....I'LL BE AROUND FOREVER AND EVER.... GOD BLESS.

Ashlyn Gere, again, this time winning for some other fuck-'n'-suck thing, burps up: THANK YOU TO EVERYONE THAT HIRED ME just before she, too, thanks god.

Lovely. Fat siliconed to the sky fat lipped hollow cheeked doe eyed balloon assed cunts that hide in the day due to their clown status in real life. Use 'em up. Shit 'em out. Seal 'em up and I hear real tits are coming back. Jug-sized scars and man-made assholes are out, grandma. Time to start injecting something else.

The girls and boys strut and pout and cluck on missed cue and pretend to have a brain. And like the SF dancing chimps, they need to think they're doing something worthwhile. Giving these things a personality is: 1) a mistake; and 2) very difficult.

You want a freak show with a little more meat on its bones? Look to G.G. Allin. To describe G.G. as anything other than a freak would be a waste of time. And, regrettably, the just-under-an-hour HATED documentary on his life wastes just about all of it.

It's the usual fare. The same pathetic grappling for meaning or status beyond their station that connects Allin with the SF farm and its porno-mother.

HATED offers up all sorts of misfit assholes talking about G.G.'s importance as REAL ROCK 'N' ROLL or (worse) PUNK ROCK. Of course, defining rock 'n' roll or punk—or whatever the need for real ones would be—is beside the point here. And because G.G. wants your attention and acknowledgment and validation, rock 'n' roll, here, is a bigger poodle show than vaginal dancing or filming.

Cheap, convenient criticisms aside, what really is on display here are short bursts of G.G. playing in his shit, a vomit-and-piss sequence, and a couple chances to wallow in a drug addict's slow and total implosion. And Allin's damage and clawing alienation permeate all the misfits around him: the hangers-on and loser fans with obvious mental and sexual problems and their sick excuses and their titillating learning disabilities.

Allin's appeal lasts just a bit longer than a blow-job queen's or a new-age mindless waste case's. Because he involves other people. A nice scene of him tossing some dumb woman around a room (after slicing his chest about with a crushed beer can) is very entertaining. As is his frighteningly pathetic I HATE YOU MOTHERFUCKER...I HATE YOU MOTHERFUCKER mantra. And some silly felching and weak punching here and there.

A circus and freak show and not a bad way to spend an hour. A cigarette break or a quick lunch diversion. You know how you want to get the fuck away as quick as possible from the thing you just came on/in? It's a shame others don't know their place. Thank fuck for the glass.

★★★★★★

It may be worth mentioning that **CROSSED OVER** by Beverly Lowry was first published in hardcover by Knopf in August, 1992. The paperback version, just released by Warner, sees the original subtitle of **A MURDER, A MEMOIR** replaced with **THE TRUE STORY OF THE HOUSTON PICKAX MURDERS**.

Clearly, it wasn't Lowry's intention that her book be treated as just one of a million true-crime case redresses. But, after awhile, arguing over advertising is a lot like saying that just 'cause transvestites refer to each other (and fag hags and every other woman who has the misfortune to cross their high-heeled paths) as "Miss," that there's a genuine respect there. However, her fiction audience, her therapist, and, no doubt, Miss Lowry herself may appreciate the benefit of the doubt.

Aphrodite Jones (ahem) does not seem to suffer these same pretensions. At least her publisher doesn't. **CRUEL SACRIFICE** is Jones's latest book and the newest release under the Pinnacle True Crime imprint. And while the title may or may not be appropriate to the action contained within, it most definitely is appropriate to Jones's reporting style.

Jones sets up at least seven tubby, blubbery pigs—flops 'em up on a big dinner table, slashes their bulging, wobbly bellies open, and lets the fat guts and blood spill and splash every-fucking-where. And, surprisingly, there's a lot of meat here. Four teenaged girls (fifteen to seventeen) beat, torture, rape, and eventually murder a twelve-year-old girl. Added to that viscous feast, you get an incredibly abusive sex-mad father and enough white-trash mean-spiritedness to stock more than a few dessert carts.

The best thing about this book—and it's what perfectly separates it from the rest (or most) of the Pinnacle pack—is that it doesn't condescend or over-

sensationalize the lurid, ugly facts. And while the crime is tailor-made for toothless Appalachians everywhere, it shouldn't disappoint the more sensible murder-and-teenage-sex fetishist among you.

Jones has gone the extra distance with this crime, covering the explosive action by looking at many different (and equally lustful) aspects of the personalities involved, as well as the repercussions. It would have been easy to cover this crime with padding and mock moral outrage. Thankfully, Jones not only sifts through all the evidence (and with four individual trials and hearings, there is a lot) but seems to possess a keen, almost sadistic, arbiter's eye.

The book begins with the murder of Shanda Sharer—a long, drawn-out death full of beatings and slow teenage female indecision that climaxes with the twelve-year-old being burned alive and crying for her mommy.

After that, we are allowed a livid peek into the life of Larry Loveless—the father of the crime's progenitor, Melinda Loveless. Larry trolls through the book, stuffing his asshole (as well as his wife's) with vegetables and dildoes, raiding his girls' underwear collections, and molesting just about everyone with a hole: young or old, willing or reluctant. Keeping the focus on sex, the reader also gets a large portion of the murderers' correspondence: letters filled with lesbian lust, cheap pubescent manipulation, self-mutilation, and stupid innocence.

And, of course, Shanda's mother is there at the end of the book to voice her painful feelings at all the girls' trials:

IT IS MY WISH FOR YOU THAT YOU LIVE WITH THE MEMORIES OF HER SCREAMS AND THE SIGHT OF HER BURNED AND MUTILATED BODY.

The reader never finds out who exactly jammed a tire iron up Shanda's asshole, but since the very last page of the book contains a revelation about gun-fucking, one can hardly complain about a lack of detail.

MS. magazine continues its thrust at being the very best porn rag ever with the publication of its Jan./Feb. issue. Those who enjoyed their NEW TESTIMONY FROM THE RAPE/DEATH CAMPS REVEALS SEXUAL ATROCITIES BEING USED AS PORNOGRAPHY issue a couple months ago won't want to miss the new issue:

PORNOGRAPHY: DOES WOMEN'S EQUALITY DEPEND ON WHAT WE DO ABOUT IT?

Andrea Dworkin (of course) says:

IT'S VERY HARD TO LOOK AT A PICTURE OF A WOMAN'S BODY AND NOT SEE IT WITH THE PERCEPTION THAT HER BODY IS BEING EXPLOITED, BECAUSE SO MUCH HAPPENS THAT WAY IN THIS CULTURE. IT'S VERY DIFFICULT TO DRAW A LINE

BETWEEN SENSITIVITY AND HYPERSENSITIVITY....

...and more.

Friendlier milking and feeding facilities mean the meat business has changed. That fucking stench is a natural womanly beauty, and those scabs and stretch marks are much more becoming in their honesty outside of unsightly makeup cake mix number six.

And in the meantime, could you please splay your wretched earth-mother sewer hole just a bit wider?... Yes, yes, a wonderful example of love and form, and those marvelous child-bearing hips and full fat deposits and deep black wrinkles and spider veins are a celebration of your unique individuation. Your freedom is every woman's freedom. Why, I can see your soul up in that black fucking gut hole.

And on the other side of the glass is a thinking human. So say the girls of SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE NAKED:

I HAVE TO FIND VOCABULARY, PATHETIC IS GETTING OLD. THEY'RE LIKE STRAYS. IT REMINDS ME OF BEING AT THE HUMANE SOCIETY AND SEEING A BUNCH OF DOGS IN THE KENNEL. BUT THESE YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE HOME. THESE ARE THE ONES THAT YOU WANT TO SEND AWAY TO BE DESTROYED....

PARASITE

VOLUME 7 ★ MARCH, 1994

FAMILY

A FATHER'S STORY Lionel Dahmer (Morrow)

THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES Janie Jones
(Smith Gryphon)

THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER Christine Hart
(New Author Publications)

DATELINE NBC Transcripts: 1-800-777-TEXT/
Video: 1-800-420-2626

Membership is easy.

Like faggots whose greasy fucking and dark, drooly tonguing automatically enrolls them in the PC daytime drama club called Gay. Like niggers who've become African-Americans by their numb theft of some Uncle Tom cassette or Maya Angelou paperback.

(Rat fat meat flies nattering and pricking around a flat, saggy, black womb. Drawn to the smell; parasites

hungering at the stink and sweat and stick licking and biting a feed-hole into home.)

Like watching your girlfriend suck your cock and eat your cum. Mouth open and wet rubs and those lovely, favor-filled eyes looking up and sucking you in. Like your mom and dad fucking each other.

(Those little gnats tickling and chewing at mama's thick, wiry pubic nest and juicy, inflamed, red pig-meat gash. Love and lust and need and help, the womb-eaters feed, fart, and spew. They bathe in whatever personality is needed simply by reputations placed on them. Or their tackle. They live as children. Sons and daughters and MCI's Friends and Family and all just know they belong. Rut and suck; stay stupid and high on methane and blind and confused on gross dysgenics.)

Like Jeffrey Dahmer's father.

In between the time it takes you to figure out there's no difference between your hand and a hole, and then a hole and a toilet, should be the realization that a womb is just another cunt. Should be.

What can you expect from these more-tenacious flies, these cuntlappers, these womb scabs? What can be gleaned from their experience of mindless, supposedly selfless, love? What do you see in the simple actualities of those marked, deformed, and defined by others? Those whose personalities belong to their weepy, clawing, clinging, and burrowing others—whose self-worth is determined by their close place in line?

Can you hope for details? Nearer to the cunt than most, one of those insects might just know what makes it worth plunging in a little deeper. Insight? Pain? A more refined, intimately crafted account of the person's life separate from cheap lies and airy speculation? A honed portrait based on experience rather than sound-bite professionalism or quick-fix sensationalism? Maybe even some grey area? Hardly.

Because the first rule for these crabs is if they're going to live off someone else's blood and meat, then the only way to save face—public face geared to acceptance and reward—is to beg forgiveness in whichever inventive way they can.

So access to a unique reality is sidelined in favor of commonality. Don't accept blame, only suffer misunderstanding. And dissect—or rationalize—only what the public has already masticated. Any new *bon mots* must be treated delicately, offered only as fresh excuses or as copyrighted buyer incentives.

Jeffrey Dahmer is a bore. A victim cartoon. Or, at least after seven or so books and fuck knows how much news time and print, that's the firmly planted picture of this drunk queer with maybe a bit too much time and not enough friends.

But the idea of Dahmer's dad writing a book is exciting. The possibility that everything—fake, honest, or impressively inflated—hasn't been said about Jeffrey's thoughts, actions, and lusts lays as much with Lionel as Jeffrey.

And if that is true, then A FATHER'S STORY is either a full-length fib or just another sadly missed chance. Because there is little, if anything, new here.

Maybe the vultures just picked Jeffrey's corpse clean, and dad's simply too late to shove his chunk at the camera. However, it hardly merits mentioning that this block of wood shouldn't be purchased for new details or anecdotes alone. Certainly, dad's feelings, his suffering and confusion and—possibly—acceptance or even denial of how he created a monster could be worth the peeking price.

So you get dad talking about the bones and the homosexuality (barely) and the cops and media and the alcoholism and shyness OK. And dad takes it on the chin. He shoulders the blame like the beefy fifties guy he wants to be throughout the whole book. Even lets you know he jerked off to big tits and fat asses, bub. But it all seems like lazy fabrication.

On one hand it's as if Lionel wants you to say, "Ah, don't be so hard on yourself," while on the other, he patronizes the flimsy suburban stereotype of armchair hate and outrage.

His descriptions of events, with their "I was there" tint, always sound as if he's telling you a story about a loud argument he had in a crowded restaurant—and he only wants to tell you about it before someone else does. You know he's leaving out the good, deeply personal, bits.

And it goes without saying that if Lionel is not telling you something new or exciting—or, more importantly, real—then you wouldn't want to hear him. What is he? An absent father? A chemist? Him and his fucking wife and his ex-wife and his mother and god. Big deal. Cheap and embarrassing. The problem with these parasites is that they confuse themselves with the foreground.

MY SON HAD LIVED IN A HIDEOUS WORLD, BUT I COULD NOT SEE IT AS A WORLD THAT BORE ANY RELATIONSHIP TO MINE. INSTEAD, IT WAS AS IF I WERE BEING FORCED TO WATCH A HORROR FILM I DID NOT WANT TO WATCH, FROM WHICH I ONLY WANTED TO ESCAPE.

And despite Lionel's sloppy, self-deprecating dedication to RETHINK NOT ONLY MY RELATIONSHIP WITH JEFF BUT WITH THE ACTS HE CARRIED OUT, you can trust that Lionel is no different now than he was when he didn't give a rat's ass over what, who, or how his son fucked.

The best you can hope for is for something to slip through the cracks of Lionel's weary exculpating.

And, true to form, the best incident of that is when the father steps (or is wrestled) aside and shuts his mouth. DATELINE NBC helped Mr. Dahmer promote his book by featuring it on a half-hour segment this past month. Of course, Lionel had to bring Jeffrey along as part of the deal. In between Lionel reading bits of the book and condensing his wife's drug-pumping and errant youth excuses into over-rehearsed characterizations, Jeffrey is allowed a few choice moments. And, surprisingly, it is to anchorman Stone Phillips's credit that he manages to elicit more from Jeffrey about the crimes and reasons than Lionel ever cared to. Stone has the sense to ask Jeffrey the questions directly rather than through the old acolyte who sits between them. Jeffrey admits to the sexual aspect of his murders, citing the cannibalism and dismemberment as particularly stimulating only after Stone poses the question specifically. And while Jeff mimics the Freudian camp fed to him by psychologists (and, no doubt, his father and his press agent) about his motivation being control and compulsion, blah, blah; again, it's Stone's probe that produces LUST PLAYED A BIG PART IN IT.

Stone also allows Jeffrey's mother to rebut some of her ex-husband's charges. In fitting summation she mumbles, I ASK THE UNIVERSE WHY WOULD THIS BE ALLOWED TO HAPPEN. Mom says she has no answers but that she is also writing a book. Fortunately, the show was broadcast before her suicide attempt.

Janie Jones's book is cut from the same mold. Her story of Myra Hindley is based on their relationship and is therefore heavily biased. But to explain that bias, she has to tell you her life story. The fact that the reader couldn't give a fuck about Janie or her life without Myra doesn't seem to matter.

But Janie does have a nice twist. And it is perhaps the frustration of her hedging on the facts of her life that ultimately, oddly, makes THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES so disappointing.

Janie's well into sex. And better than that (or so she says), she's less interested in having it than in knowing about it. Who's fucking whom and how, etc. The first half of her book is spent on her life as an almost-ran. Apparently quite popular (briefly) in England as a pop singer and later notorious as a call-girl madam for show-biz middle-grounds, Ms. Jones is quick with charming anecdotes and gushy sixties-style pomp and puffery. Unfortunately, she denies the charges of hooker support and blackmail that led her to a seven-year prison sentence and thus clouds the book with high-camp morals, smiley kisses, and ass-caning as opposed to sleazy, cum-soaked shitholes and lipstick stains.

She also suffers from an intensely over-inflated sense of self—enveloping everything from psychic flashes to “gaze upon my beauty if you must” womanhood. And this, combined with her protestations of naiveté and innocence, leaves absolutely no room for any real discussion of sex or sexual matters. The chance is forever lost. Someone with such unique exposure could certainly add something new to the canon of sex murder. She, who has spent so much time enjoying the exploits of rich degenerates and hedonists, finds herself face-to-face and friendly with someone who killed children strictly for pleasure.

So the reader is again relegated to a pathetic search for details and dirt. And, even there, the author fails to deliver. Regurgitated information—nothing that hasn't been covered in the fifteen-strong library of Ian-and-Myra books or the almost-daily newspaper articles that continue to this day. Janie discusses meeting Myra in prison, initially hating her (as would be expected of such an upstanding socialite), then their friendship, and finally, their tiffy parting. Myra, Janie contends, fooled her into believing that the murders were Ian's fault and that she was, emotionally, just another of his victims. When Myra finally helps police find the body of Keith Bennett, Janie says she saw through the lies and felt deceived and used. And, of course, Myra was back to evil again. Janie, out of prison for some time now, never stops to imagine that Myra had to lie due to continuous threat of attack in jail. Or that now that the truth is out, maybe something revelatory or worthwhile can be approached. No, her sense of betrayal is too much, and her perfumed, fur-hanging personality is brought to full hysteria. It's almost depressing.

In the same way that Janie's and Lionel's ugly personalities block whatever real access they ever had, Christine Hart's personality serves as a funnel. She presents as skewed a reality as the other two authors but, owing either to her particular connection to the subject or the subject's very special personality, THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER presents the reader with wonderful fare.

Briefly, a young English girl stuck in a nasty foster/orphan situation finds herself drawn to Ian Brady's similar upbringing and sense of tragedy. She writes to Ian in prison and finally, years later after much difficulty, receives a reply. A correspondence builds while the girl's life goes from bad to worse—due in no small part to the heated and angry response to her relationship with Ian. Fleet Street gets wind of her, chews her up, spits her out, and she has to flee to New York. Somewhere along the line the possibility of her actually being Ian's daughter is raised and considered.

Typically, Christine stumbles through her life—just as Lionel and Janie whine—innocent and unbearably

exposed. Her liaisons are almost exclusively ugly and one-sided, her fragile, girlish personality always ripped and shredded to pieces by cruel inconsiderates and abusers. Certainly, some will find Christine's teenage exploits and grave mistakes exciting, others boring. But since the worth of the book lies with Ian Brady, and Christine's bumbling doesn't detract from or hide a fresh insight into Ian's world, presenting, as it does, that world largely through Ian's own words, **THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER** pays off.

It is unfortunate, however, that so few of Brady's letters have been included unexpurgated. There seem to have been quite a large number, but Brady's solicitor has made an attempt to have all actual words from Brady excised from the work. But what there is, is worth a lot. Ian Brady presents a formidable figure. A libertine with the sense to examine the world rather than rail against it. A man disturbed by his situation but yet respectful of his urges. So much so, that his current situation might be seen as less tragic than that of a fearful self-imprisonment in untested and unlivable waters.

Brady's letters to Christine are full of references to Dostoyevsky, Nietzsche, and Sade, and it's clear that for all the years he's lived (the last twenty-five or so in prison), Brady has struggled with a real sense of existentialism—an intricate inspection of his personality and its place. And it's a testimony to Brady's character that the importance of **THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER** lies not in the details or hysteria of his crimes. Nor is it marred by the same.

FRIENDS

SECRET LESSONS Don W. Weber &
Charles Bosworth, Jr. (Onyx)
LITTLE GIRL FLY AWAY Gene Stone
(Simon & Schuster)

Such a wonderful time it was. Remember? Remember, honey, when we just lay there for...what was it...it must've been hours...when we just held each other? And we were so sweaty and tired but exhilarated and...I don't know, it was just...beautiful, magic. It was so special to me. And us.

Those others. They can't do what you do. Uh-uh...they were just...you know, fucks. When we...you know, have sex...make love...it's so much more. I mean, I know it sounds cliché but, honest to god, it's true, isn't it? I mean, having sex with you is so different...it's 'cause we're in love. You're such an angel. I really love holding you and feeling you and being inside you and...you know, like being part of you...being one together.

And she closes her eyes and dreams...yes, it is true. And so does he and, goddamnit, he means every word.

Fucking is such fun. It can be fun and rough and dirty but tender or transcendental or cathartic or sport or angry or hateful or giving or apologetic or mmm...loving.

Expensive. Cheap. Lazy. Foolish. Sick.

And your lover might really like it in her ass. And she likes the way sperm tastes. Cause it's yours. And when she spits it back in your mouth it's a very important, very daring, very compassionate moment.

And that smell on your finger. Those bruises on your knees. That crab on your cock just didn't matter at the time.

There's the weight gain you don't mind now. The saggy, Jell-O, flat, sucked-out, hairy, stretch-marked, beaten cow dugs and that slimy, stinking, sweat-matted hair-hole, and I gotta get the lights on so I can watch that hog blow me.

How 'bout if we titty-fuck? How about if you use your tongue just a bit more? I honestly think you should swallow or quit talking like that. Or grab your tits or wear this dildo and pretend you're a man, there's nothing wrong with it, is there? You know I can share this with you 'cause we're in love....Your sister looks like she's been working out.

It's a simple thing.

Made complicated.

Like, for example, when it involves little girls.

Like ask, for example, the State's Attorney for his opinion. And then your lonely fat uncle. And that big guy at the end of the bar.

Like:

THIS S.O.B. IS WORSE THAN WE THOUGHT. HE NOT ONLY VIOLATED HIS POSITION OF TRUST AS A TEACHER, BUT HE VIOLATED THIS GIRL'S TRUST AS A BABY-SITTER. WHAT A SLIME! HOW LOW CAN SOMEONE GET? IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO SIT THERE AND MAINTAIN MY PROFESSIONAL DEMEANOR WHEN SHE DESCRIBED THIS GUY HAVING SEX WITH A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD STUDENT ON HIS PARENTS' BED.

So says Pam Klein, director of the Rape and Sexual Abuse Care Center at Edwardsville, Illinois, about one Richard Van Hook, a teacher convicted of molesting nine teenaged students and the subject of **SECRET LESSONS**.

Mr. Van Hook's plight and pleasures are covered by Don W. Weber and Charles Bosworth, Jr., for the length of this made-for-TV reject. **SECRET LESSONS** is the story of the investigation, arrest, and trial that caused Richard Van Hook to commit suicide, all while protesting his innocence. One of the authors, Don Weber, was the DA who pursued and prosecuted Van Hook.

Van Hook didn't fuck all of the girls. Some only complained of cops and gropes. But, of course, who really knows? We can hope (like your mother and Don Weber) that the girls weren't damaged that severely. Or we can hope (like your uncle and Don Weber) that what was done to these girls had to be the worst thing in the whole world. When Van Hook stuck (RAMMED, FORCED, STUFFED) his tongue in a budding teen's mouth, or felt (PULLED, GRABBED, SQUEEZED) another's breast...one can only hope and pray that the girls can somehow get over it.

Maybe the lawsuits against the school board will help.

The truth is, the reader of SECRET LESSONS won't give a fuck who gets better, falls into a life of homeless split personalities, or becomes a hard-nosed executive with a hatred for men. And that's 'cause the book is written by the very image-conscious State's Attorney and filled with every cowboy cliché ever thought up to help explain the (very questionable) reasons he cares so much for the little people of whom Van Hook is the enemy. And Weber is the knight in shining armor with the kind heart and dirty face.

And the crimes may or may not be as bad as they seem. And Van Hook may or may not have committed them. But when Weber concedes...

IF RICHARD VAN HOOK WAS PLACED ON PROBATION AND NEVER COULD TEACH AGAIN—CONFESSED AND DISGRACED—(THEN) EVERYONE COULD FEEL THAT JUSTICE WAS DONE....

...you know you're in for a long haul filled with crying girls you don't believe, mothers' outrage formed from boredom more than hate, cops and lawyers full of the usual fat, self-aggrandizing shit, and teens that lost their virginity without the flowers and sparks and songs that always follow a back-seat youth bang.

Unlike LITTLE GIRL FLY AWAY, which, to place far too fine a point on it, legally speaking, is what a kidfuck should be:

"SO NOW THE MAN'S IN BED WITH THE LITTLE GIRL, AND IT'S TERRIBLE!" SHE SAID. "IT'S REALLY TERRIBLE. THE LITTLE GIRL WANTED TO LEAVE, BUT SHE COULDN'T. SHE WAS SO FRIGHTENED. THEN IT GOT WORSE. IT'S LIKE, WELL, HE'S POKING HER WITH A STICK; THE LITTLE GIRL DIDN'T THINK MUCH ABOUT WHAT THE STICK WAS BECAUSE AT THAT POINT SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENED. YOU SEE, THE LITTLE GIRL NOW KNEW THAT SHE WAS GOING TO DIE. SHE WAS CRYING, AND THE MAN WAS ALL OVER HER, POKING HER AND PUTTING IT IN HER MOUTH. SHE WAS FEELING REALLY SICK, AND SHE JUST KNEW SHE WAS GOING TO DIE."

Ruth Finley's story is as incredible as most

child-abuse stories get these days. But no silly Satan rituals and baby-eating and at least some, however slight, corroboration.

Ruth suffered from disassociation (oh, dear) rather than fully blown schizophrenia, all starting from episodes of child-molestation by a neighbor way back when. Her disassociation was so severe that Ruth created a villain to harass her—literally. She wrote threatening letters to herself and cops and TV news crews under the guise of "The Poet." Even went so far as to stab herself in the back, mail herself shit and piss, and just generally suffer around the house.

And, once again, as with almost all child-abuse tales, the psychotherapy takes center stage. And, as always, it all sounds rather impossible. Safely vague and expensive.

Honesty and believability are problems here. However, as it is most possible that all of Ruth's actions stem from a simple lack of attention, it is nonetheless an attractive, tortuous string of episodes whatever the reason.

And if the crimes are no more than psychodrama, they are still unique and inventive:

I CAN'T EVEN YELL I'M DYING. I HOPE I DIE ALL THE STINK AND NOISE AND HURT ON MY NOSE AND TEETH. MY TEETH ARE GONE. I WANT TO BE A CLEAN LITTLE GIRL IN MY CLOTHES. THE BOOK IS BLACKER AND ALL THE PAGES ARE FULL. I HURT ALL OVER. I WANT MY DADDY. MY BACK IS GONE WITH MY LEGS AND MY HANDS. I'M ALL GONE SOON. BAD STUFF TO EAT IN MY MOUTH. IT IS ROTTEN AND NASTY AND I WANT SOME AIR AND MY DADDY.

Ruth, now an old retiree, continues to wash her hair twice a day at least. And, yes, it's because her molester cummed in her baby hair again and again. And he stuck keys up inside her. Right, so she can never come across a key without one of those dirty little flashbacks.

LITTLE GIRL FLY AWAY was written with the full cooperation of both Ruth and her miracle-working therapist. So, true or not, the story doesn't suffer from a lack of detail.

Ruth's past history is pieced together through her therapy sessions, with the weird manifestations taking second place to the childhood rape attacks.

Your uncle will enjoy LITTLE GIRL FLY AWAY much more than SECRET LESSONS. So will your mother. So will Don Weber—if for no other reason than it'll make his job a lot easier next time.



The March 13th issue of SUNDAY MIRROR shrieked, VICTIM'S HEADS AND LEGS WERE CUT OFF:

ALL THE BODIES EXCEPT ONE HAD THEIR

FINGERS AND TOES CHOPPED OFF. SOME HAD THEIR HEADS SHAVED. THE BODY OF SHIRLEY ROBINSON, EIGHT MONTHS PREGNANT WHEN SHE DIED, WAS FOUND SEPARATED FROM HER UNBORN CHILD. MURDER SQUAD DETECTIVES FEAR VICTIMS MAY HAVE BEEN GAGGED, ASSAULTED, STRANGLER BEFORE BEING CHOPPED UP.

On the 11th, THE SUN published an eight-page PHOTO CASEBOOK that contained two full pages of GRUESOME DIG FOR THE BODIES. The next day, THE GUARDIAN focused on LAWYERS TRY TO CALL BACK THE PACK CIRCLING 25 CROMWELL ST.

And somewhere, someone is sitting down to compose a letter to Fred West offering either advice or prayers.

The April 4th TIME pronounces:

AMERICA'S FASCINATION WITH SERIAL KILLERS IS REACHING AN ALL-TIME HIGH—AND MAY BE FUELING THEIR DEADLY DEEDS.

A February CHICAGO TRIBUNE preceded TIME with: THE INTEREST IN MURDER MULTIPLIES. BUT SERIAL KILLER BUFFS SAY IT'S NOT A CRIME TO BE FASCINATED WITH THE DARK SIDE OF HUMAN NATURE.

Axl Rose and Manson.

And those cheesy T-shirts.

Comic books.

And neat little fanzines—with or without moral bias—that scare your mother and impress your buddies.

DEAR PETER:

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRADE VIDEOTAPES? I'M CURRENTLY LOOKING FOR CHILD OR RAPE PORN, BUT I'M ALSO INTERESTED IN SHIT AND PISS. I'VE ENCLOSED MY LIST OF GORE MOVIE AND TV DOCUMENTARIES.

And Joyce Carol Oates writes about SERIAL KILLERS in the March 24th NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS.

You know somewhere else, right now, there's a guy on his knees with his mouth stuffed full of cock.

His eyes are closed, his jaw is stretched, and his neck is tight and bent. His tongue tries to slide along the warm, thick shaft that jams quicker and harder between his lips and into his throat, but cannot. Instead, he just mimics noises and motions to pretend he's licking something.

Whatever his hands are doing is unclear. He could be playing with the guy's balls or fingering his asshole or maybe just jerking himself off. Maybe just picking and scratching at the gum wads stuck to the floor that're making his kneecaps burn.

But we'll never know. 'Cause the photographer only caught the action around the gnawed balls.

Concerned more with either dick size or suck technique, the gritty photog never considered your burning interest in the fag's hands. And he didn't even stop to think that you might have developed a party game whereby you discern motivations by examining facial expressions on the suckee. Clenched teeth, half-hitched eye, slight blush, and brow sweat....Anything could be possible, but unfortunately, that world is now forever closed to you.

So you'll just have to pretend.

Guess.

Imagine you're there—what shall you be today: the top, the bottom, the photographer, or maybe the innocent wife waiting up for the shock of loveless ass-rape?

And how 'bout those Benetton ads?

That very sexy diaper commercial...

Claudia Schiffer and David Copperfield. Ryan White and Westley Allan Dodd. Andrea Dworkin and an ass egg.

But it's all too easy to constantly complain about limited or censored access. Just as it is about empty advertising. And when the focus switches from the seedy celebrity to the safe, vicarious-thrill-seeking fan, is it possible that it's just another in a long line of excuses and rationalizations?

Is your interest, or fascination, with incarcerated libertines morbid? A lustful, masturbatory dalliance based on your attraction to hurting children and their cuntful mothers? Or perhaps you need a personality—a reactionary, private rebellion based on your alienation and uncoordinated misfit status at school or work? Is it psychotic? Chemical? Worst of all, could you be involved with a deconstruction of media muscle? Is getting a date a problem, Diogenes? I bet you're a closet homosexual...or a full-blown self-hating one...or a happy homo with a big(ger) hole fetish.

How do you explain all the morons who write to John Gacy? Ottis fucking Toole or Ramirez? MORE LETTERS TO MR. GACY (Myco) may help you answer the question of who, but probably not the why. The second volume of SELECTED CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN WAYNE GACY picks up where the first (THEY CALL HIM MR. GACY) left off. Which is in some weird grey area closer to autograph-hunting guides and bad punk rock bands than it is to boy-fucking snuff porno or true-crime histories.

The catch is that MORE LETTERS is actually a very entertaining book. And a very worthwhile addition to the annals of crime history—if that's the control favorite of yours. Certainly, a more accurate portrait of Gacy you're unlikely to find. And a more detailed cross section of murder fans is simply unavailable.

The problem with MORE LETTERS, then, is that all its worth is found between the lines and beneath the borders. And its appeal is more sociological overview than sexual or personal.

Kinda like pointing and giggling at a retard tripping off a school bus.

Gacy says the same shit over and over and over: EIGHTY PERCENT OF WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT ME IS FANTASY AND FRAUD. He constantly denies the crimes, drives and, honestly, fits the stereotype he looks like—a fat Polack from a Chicago suburb who knows more about fixing a Weber grill than getting the most out of a howling teenager. His replies to the letters he gets become quickly tiresome, and the reader will find more Value For Money in his fans.

Who also become tiresome. The media letters—from all the talk shows, magazines, and celebrities you can imagine—are, at least, understandable. They know what their audience wants. But the nerds who write to buy Gacy's boring kitsch paintings and ask questions about THE TRUTH just line up for a fan's glance. Gacy's infamy gives them a badge to needle their enemies with. Since they know Gacy won't own up to the crimes, these losers have really no other reason to write. And, with one exception, none of these goofs try to pin Gacy down or even mention the only reason to pay attention to the gross, lonely pig. Having said that, however, the exception—a rather inventive perv with a couple names and an entertaining use of euphemisms—only underlines the ridiculousness of the book by suggesting the sadly unrealized possibilities of the others. True to form, Gacy's replies to him aren't included.

Like Christine Hart, sometimes the fans can't help but draw out the best in people. No matter how hard they try.

AILEEN WUORNOS: THE SELLING OF A SERIAL KILLER is a new film currently making the rounds of America's art-house theaters. Ms. Wuornos has never been a subject for the *hoi polloi*. Her image as the first female serial killer or feminist icon are both only part of the fun. In fact, even those of you who find her entertaining as an extreme abuse victim (and whether you're outraged or excited by that) will find something new in this movie. Something completely different and separate from the three extant biographies and, surely, the six or so to come.

Film maker Nick Broomfield (from Britain's Channel Four) follows what can only be described as the Aileen Wuornos Circus around Florida and captures it all with his three-man crew, camera, and mike. It's almost MAN BITES DOG come to life.

Mr. Broomfield keys on the parasites that surround Aileen and digs up incredible stuff: A shyster lawyer

and an adoptive mother (who, naturally, met Aileen by writing to her in jail) are shown in all their brainless, greedy glory.

The movie purports to be more of an exposé on the media—and information on HARD COPY and CURRENT AFFAIR *et al.*'s sleazy dealings are included, but nothing you don't already know. But, in reality, it's a brutal romp through the backwoods personalities that flock to these crimes.

Like the film maker himself. Like Janie Jones and Christine Hart. And Lionel Dähmer.

For those of you who care more about screwing and choking young men, a forthcoming issue of THE NEW YORKER (April 18) is due to feature a new interview with John Gacy. For those of you who want to know about the weather in Illinois or the food in prison, you only have until May 10, which is when Gacy is scheduled to finally be put to death, having exhausted all his appeals now.

PARASITE

VOLUME 8 ★ APRIL, 1994

KP

EVERY MOTHER'S NIGHTMARE Mark Thomas (Pan)
THE SLEEP OF REASON

David James Smith (Century)

RE-EXAMINING THE EVIDENCE (2/6/94)

APPROACHING THE TRUTH (2/13/94)

**Gitta Sereny (The Sunday Review,
The Independent on Sunday)**

THE POST MORTEM HAD SHOWN THAT JAMES HAD DIED FROM SEVERE HEAD INJURIES. THERE WERE MULTIPLE FRACTURES OF THE SKULL, CAUSED BY A SERIES OF BLOWS WITH HEAVY BLUNT OBJECTS. DEATH HAD OCCURRED SOME TIME AFTER THE INJURIES WERE INFLICTED, BUT BEFORE THE TRAIN HAD SEVERED THE BODY....

THERE WERE BRUISES, AND SOME CUTS, AROUND THE BODY, ON THE SHOULDERS, CHEST, ARMS, AND LEGS. THERE WAS NO CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE OF ANY SEXUAL ASSAULT, BUT THERE WAS A SMALL AREA OF HAEMORRHAGING IN THE

PELVIS, NEAR THE RECTUM, AND THE FORESKIN APPEARED 'ABNORMAL'; IT SEEMED TO HAVE BEEN PARTLY PULLED BACK. THERE WERE LINEAR ABRASIONS ACROSS THE BUTTOCKS, BUT THESE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY THE BODY BEING DRAGGED.

—David James Smith, THE SLEEP OF REASON

After awhile it's so tight down there you can't even breathe. The pressure on your shoulders presses the pressure inside your head and back behind your eyes.

And thatdumbnigger who leans across the table and looks you in the face knew every button to push and checked off every blank in his book before you even sat down.

Thatdumbnigger is going to tell you how he does his job. What it means to him, his family, and the society he cares so much about. And especially to the kids—here in these pictures. Responsibility, he mumbles.

And you're thinking he's as much a pervert as you. He's a bigger pervert than you. Every day he's poring through pages and pages of tiny, tight mouths crammed to the edges of their skinny, stretched, porcelain faces with thick, hard cock and screaming, tear-streaked babies on the naked laps of fatty Danes and bent, pale faggots. Chubby Mexican boys smiling and pointing and bewildered. Laughing blonde cuties sitting spread-eagled on a cheap couch somewhere.

But you knew that before. And it did you no good. Hanging the similarities and differences between your tastes on hypocrisy, desperation, moralism, denial, gay liberation, domineering mothers, or simple genetics and lack of brain cells, is as sad as it is safe, convenient, and isolated.

Anotherdumbnigger wants you to know he won't tell anyone if the detectives that handcuffed you were to knock you down that flight of stairs.

Yetanotherdumbnigger pats you down and, loudly, wants to know if you've got any more of those kiddie pictures on you.

The truth isn't down to degree.

Or luck.

Or sense.

The fat guy that wants to suck your dick. The one that wants to be pissed on and fucked hard up his ass, the ugly one that wants to rim and taste your shit. Whose ruddy complexion and acne-scarred, bloated, overfed beer face wants to be smeared with spit-wet cock and sweaty pubic-hair stink. He wants his bulging, hanging flab slapped and a heavy leather boot stomped on his back and his cotton mouth filled with clammy drops and spurts of thick, piss-soaked cum. He wants cigarettes burned out in his ass and

the biggest, thickest fist he can find fucking jammed all the way up to his throat.

And he'll return the favor, motherfucker.

You want to suck this here stubby fat cock, you want to suck and swallow some greasy ass juice and runny shit cum? You want me to punch your face in, fag, you want to bend over and grab your ankles while I yank these hanging balls straight out of your sac?

This desperate fat queen's been around too long. His wife doesn't care more than she doesn't know, and all his cop buddies understand but not to each other. Too long on the wrong side of the glory hole only lasts so long before these rutting pigs want more than pretend.

Chased the motherfucker through sixteen fucking yards. Motherfucker hit right in the face. Motherfucker's got a cock like a fucking horse.

You gimme six feet, boy. You stay right over there and make sure I can hear your answers. I don't want no child-abusing motherfucker up by my desk, you understand me?

What's your full name and spell it.

Lotsmoredumbniggers wanna get their hands on you.

Lotsmoredumbniggers hope you make it to their section.

Lotsmoredumbniggers line up and follow suit. They open their yellowy cataract eyes and get right behind the other thick monkey stereotype. Drool some shit, tuck it in, and head back home to their dirty fuckhole pit.

Dad's liking mom less and less these days. She's let herself plump out. Huge, matted, blue-and-brown varicose veins snarl their way up her meaty calves, and wiry black hair sticks out all over her ankles and toes. And her armpits, her fatty, wobbly belly, and her flat, wrinkled old nipples. She sags and burps and farts and laughs right up his spine.

But dad knows how to stay fair. christ's sake, I'm no winner either, he thinks, and smuggles a PENTHOUSE into the bathroom. Pays his cable bill. The video is nice when he gets a quiet evening, and there's always Lake Street and Cicero—which he immediately regrets every time and swears he'll never be back again.

He keeps it in check. Tries to be careful, tries to consider all the options and possible legal problems. She's a good woman and I love her—giving her AIDS or gonorrhea or crabs even—I'd hate it more for her than me. An arrest would kill her.

And lord knows a minute after I jerk off, I'm not interested anymore. I mean, if I get off that way, then what's the point of risking all the embarrassment and problems and pain and hate?

What is this infernal lust after flesh—the real thing?

The colored dots on TV and in magazines should always be enough. Some smelly-breath'd crack pig with a body uglier than my wife's, a gross, toothy tit-cunt shaking her watery bags behind glass, a drunk temp with crow's feet in the hard light, and a half-filled bottle of VO that'd be of more use jammed in her shitted, bloody asshole. Tampons.

Remember that cunt who blew you in your front seat when you were a teenager? Remember feeling her warm, firm tits and being pushed away when you tried to dig at her sweaty bush? How you put her hand on your blue-jeaned hard-on and when she pulled it away, but didn't yell, you knew it, man, you were gonna get laid? And, for whatever reason, she thought a blow job was more acceptable than a full fuck?

But it only happens in moments now. It's not all the time—but, oddly, it is those moments that seem most important now. That seem worth living, that seem more vivid and real, that seem less trial and struggle and more honest.

And it just doesn't matter.

It really doesn't.

Until you're stuck getting your seven-year-old son ready for bed 'cause your wife is doing anything else but. And as he keeps running around the bathroom with his tiny penis wiggling up and down and you just don't think. And he giggled and cried and yelled and you stuffed, licked, sucked, and started to beat. In a frenzy, your fists and feet pounding the little skinny boned body and bright-cut screaming tears and wet and run and slip and squirm and rolled up into a vulnerable, fragile, breaking ball.

And there's another guy—a well-versed fag who's more than happy reading his copies of *LOVING BOYS VOLUME ONE* and *TWO*. He bought them over-the-counter at his local queer shop, and they're quite wonderful. Published by Global Academic and written by Dr. Edward Brongersma (*ONE OF HOLLAND'S MOST DISTINGUISHED JURISTS*), the author tries to make a fine distinction between *PAEDOPHILES* and *PSEUDO-PAEDOPHILES*. He also discusses such relevant topics as *SEX IN SURRENDER TO THE FORCES OF NATURE* (Volume One), *ETHICS FOR BOY-LOVERS*, and *THE EFFECTS OF SEXUAL REPRESSION* (both Volume Two). This guy files his dog-eared copies with *NEARLY 200 EXAMPLES OF MAN-BOY SEXUAL BEHAVIOR TAKEN FROM PUBLISHED SOURCES AND PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE* right up there with *PAEDOPHILIA: THE RADICAL CASE* by Tom O'Carrol (Alyson), *THE CHILD-LOVERS* by Glenn D. Wilson and David N. Cox (Peter Owen), *FOR MONEY OR LOVE: BOY PROSTITUTION IN AMERICA* by Robin Lloyd (Vanguard), and *GANYMEDE IN THE RENAISSANCE* by James M. Saslow (Yale).

And lately he's taken to hanging out at the schoolyard near his house. He sits and reads a paper and watches the boys at play. Nothing more. All he needs to do is watch a fresh, smiling face—the kind that would make your mother moan—and gauge the age. Then it's back home to his words and memories. And his Vachss books. And some David Hamilton and Sally Mann.

And there's Jack O'Malley, a *CHICAGO-BASED SPECIAL AGENT INVESTIGATING CHILD PORNOGRAPHY FOR THE U.S. CUSTOMS SERVICE*. In a *CHICAGO TRIBUNE* interview some years ago, he told of one of his cases:

USUALLY WHEN YOU SEE THESE TYPE OF PICTURES, THE PORNOGRAPHERS MAKE SURE THE CHILDREN ARE SMILING. THAT WAY A PEDOPHILE CAN SHOW THE PICTURES TO ANOTHER CHILD AND CONVINCE HIM TO DO THIS SORT OF STUFF. BUT THE KIDS IN THESE PICTURES AREN'T SMILING. THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE IN A GREAT DEAL OF PAIN.

And when he testified before the Senate's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, Mr. O'Malley was asked to describe the sort of stuff he worked with:

EACH MAGAZINE IS SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT IN THE SUBJECT MATTER PORTRAYED, BUT IT'S SAFE TO SAY YOU'LL FIND SEXUAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN ADULTS—ADULT MALES, PRIMARILY—AND SMALL GIRLS.

He guessed that some of the children were as young as eighteen months old, the *CHICAGO SUN-TIMES* reported.

And in *ENSLAVED* by Gordon Thomas, a book published in 1991 by Pharos on *THE CHILLING MODERN-DAY STORY OF ABDUCTION AND ABUSE IN THE GLOBAL TRAFFICKING OF MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN*, O'Malley is again quoted during a lecture:

WHEN THINGS ARE MOVING ALONG NICELY, THE AGENT WILL BEGIN TO REQUEST THE REAL HORROR STUFF. BABIES BEING VIOLATED. LITTLE GIRLS BEING RAPED. LITTLE BOYS BEING SODOMIZED. THAT SORT OF STUFF REMOVES ANY WORRIES AN AGENT, OR I, HAVE ABOUT GOING TO THE VERY EDGE OF THE LAW TO GET THOSE SUPPLYING IT. THE SORT OF FILTH WHICH IS LITERALLY SICKENING TO SEE. STRONG-STOMACHED AGENTS HAVE THROWN UP AFTER VIEWING SOME OF THAT MATERIAL. WHEN THOSE LIBERAL LAWYERS YELL "ENTRAPMENT," THEY SHOULD TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT HAS BEEN TRAPPED.

The difference isn't in what you can get or how much of it. Or how close you are.

It's how it fills your day.

It's what you take home and live with when you watch the most mundane TV show or eat a simple meal. It's all that runs through your perfect blood and makes your time—all your time—special.

It's the photo that is on everything here. No nudity, no violent act, no sex or blood action—not even in focus. Two ten-year-old boys walking inside a shopping mall: one leading, while the one behind holds the hand of a third, much younger and smaller, boy. The littlest child's other hand is tucked neatly in the pocket of the darling parka his mother bought for him. Shot from above and behind by a foggy security cam, the image offers, at once, almost no information, and yet more than you can ever hope for. No faces, no leers or smiles or stern dedication. The shot even makes the youngsters appear older and taller than they were at the time. The natural glide, the ease of the boys and their symbiosis, describes the entire scene—the murder, the lust, the media outrage, the parents' pain and the public fascination and distress.

All the rest is filler. Two books and an especially brilliant article (separated from thousands of reports and opinions published almost daily for the last two years or so) only serve as highlighter.

The murder of James Bulger is a spectacular crime. There is the actual murder, perpetrated by two very young boys who normally wouldn't even be thought of as having ideas equal to their actions. And it is this factor that accounts for so much havoc being wreaked upon their little heads—the inability of the public (in particular, the tabloid press and its influence on the cops, judges, and lawyers) to adequately explain the crime, as well as the victim's family's needs, forced an incredible, bloodthirsty panoply of vengeance, torture, and sick justice. The most obvious, and brutal, aspect being that to spare Mr. and Mrs. Bulger even more public pain, details of the murder were kept out of court—thus insuring the somewhat comfortable confusion that circled around the boys and their actions. Thus insuring the rather uncomfortable confusion that circled inside the boys and only exacerbated the pain of all the families (especially the Bulgers). The horny, hungry, and powerful media is but one facet of this remarkable crime—but, unique to this, the media isn't its usual faceless black hole made up of "they," but rather a flesh-and-blood swarm of caring, brutally naive knives and prods. Reality like a tank.

And the boys.

And the baby.

And the mothers.

All three works are excellent. All three contradict each other in facts, as well as opinions, and yet all three work together to form one complete whole.

Mark Thomas was one of only six journalists allowed into the reserved press seats during the trial of Jon Venables and Robert Thompson. He was one of only five journalists allowed to attend James Bulger's funeral. As a regional correspondent based in Liverpool, he was there from the very beginning following the incident as it unfolded in front of him and recording the process, pain, and circus by way of firsthand witness. He also grew close to the Bulger family and liberally quotes from day-by-day interviews with mum, dad, aunt, uncle, grandmother, and what seems at times, the whole of Liverpool who took the lad's killing to heart.

David James Smith enters with a different perspective. Writing in a fairly silly fiction style, Smith pretends he's an unseen god scoping all the action as he looks down from on high. But in so doing, he embellishes more and drops the veneer of good taste (and compassion) that hamstring Thomas. With more of an outsider's view, Smith is able to focus on the actual crime, publishing information which Thomas missed, as well as offering a clearer, less bitter, biography of Venables and Thompson and their families. Thompson's mother, in particular, is painted in a much different light. Something other than the fat, evil, uncaring shrew who's pointed at by Thomas. It is Smith's avowed intention to illuminate the pain of all three families and, admirably, he succeeds.

However, the real worth of this book is stifled a bit by the two Sereny articles. *THE SLEEP OF REASON* digs further under the skin of James Bulger's murder—further than *EVERY MOTHER'S NIGHTMARE*—but doesn't scratch the bone like Sereny does. As such, it seems to fit perfectly as the second book—read in publishing order—on the case.

Gitta Sereny has an angry opinion and uses fact-filled interviews with the families of Jon and Robert, and also the investigating cops, to bolster and inflame her ire.

Gitta's previous books are all estimable classics. Her first, *THE CASE OF MARY BELL*, was about a remarkably similar case where an eleven-year-old girl killed two small boys aged three and four. She is also the author of *INTO THAT DARKNESS*, one of the greatest books ever on the crimes of the Third Reich, being a series of interviews with Franz Stangl, commandant of Treblinka. Never turning her head, Gitta's next project was *THE INVISIBLE CHILDREN*, one of the most succinct exposés on child prostitution ever published.

The uniqueness and intensive reach of the Bulger murder is perfectly summed up, then, when Gitta opens the first part of her investigation:

THE DAYS I SPENT (IN LIVERPOOL) LAST MONTH

WILL REMAIN AMONG THE SADDEST I HAVE LIVED. BUT THOUGH JAMIE CONTINUES TO BE MOURNED BY THOUSANDS, I THINK THE SADNESS ONE FINDS IN ALMOST EVERYONE ONE SPEAKS TO THERE IS LESS NOW FOR HIS TERRIBLE DEATH THAN FOR THE TOTAL INEXPLICABILITY OF IT, WHICH THE TRIAL LAST NOVEMBER DID NOTHING TO DISPEL. THE MOST IMPORTANT THING I AM REMINDED OF IN LIVERPOOL LAST MONTH WAS THAT IN ORDER TO COME TO TERMS WITH SUCH A TRAGEDY, THEY NEED TO UNDERSTAND WHY IT HAPPENED.

Ms. Sereny picks up where both full-length books leave off and peels, plunges, and spits back twice more. She is responsible for articulating the barbaric treatment of the children, which is due, she says, to the authorities' refusal to fully investigate Jon and Robert's backgrounds.

CHILDREN WHO KILL ARE NOT PRODUCED BY A CLASS, BUT BY UNHAPPINESS. UNHAPPINESS IN CHILDREN IS NEVER INNATE, IT IS CREATED BY THE ADULTS THEY "BELONG TO": THERE ARE ADULTS IN ALL CLASSES OF SOCIETY WHO ARE IMMATURE, CONFUSED, INADEQUATE, OR SICK, AND, UNDER GIVEN AND UNFORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES, THEIR CHILDREN WILL REFLECT, REPRODUCE, AND OFTEN PAY FOR THE MISERIES OF THE ADULTS THEY NEED AND LOVE. CHILDREN ARE NOT EVIL.

She condemns the prosecution for refusing the children therapy before the trial, and also for only going so far as matching evidence to deed during questioning. The sexual details of the murder weren't defined, and it is those details that mean everything in terms of motivation and cause.

She then divulges new information missed in the other books: The attack was definitely sexual. All three authors give considerable weight to the questioning of Jon and Robert. The Thomas and Smith books come very close to printing the transcripts verbatim. You know that little James was walked almost two-and-a-half miles before he was killed. You know about the paint splashed in his eyes and about the kicks and punches and pushes. You know about his crying for his mum and about his pants being pulled down and his penis being played with. You know about the bricks and rocks thrown at the child and the railroad article that killed him and the train that sliced the tiny, skinny body into two pieces.

You know autopsy photos exist. Crime-scene photos and all the written reports. And it's left to the authors to flesh those out for you. Thomas, in one instance, uses James's point of view:

IT IS DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE THE EMOTIONAL STATE JAMES WAS IN BY THIS TIME. THE SHEER EXERTION OF A FORCED TWO-MILE WALK

THROUGH A WARREN OF BACK STREETS MUST HAVE BEEN TORTURE FOR HIS TINY LEGS. ADD TO THAT THE TERROR AND DISTRESS OF BEING LOST, AWAY FROM HIS MOTHER, AND ENCOUNTERING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE TWO OLDER CHILDREN WHO TURNED OUT TO BE ANYTHING BUT FRIENDLY AND PROTECTIVE. HOW HE MUST HAVE LONGED FOR ONE FAMILIAR FACE, FOR SOMEONE, ANYONE, TO END HIS LIVING NIGHTMARE AND TAKE HIM BACK TO THE WARMTH AND SECURITY OF HIS FAMILY.

In another, he employs Ray Matthews, brother of Denise Bulger, James's mother:

JAMES STARTED TO DIE FROM THAT MOMENT WHEN THE CAMERA CAUGHT HIM IN THE STRAND. IT WAS TWO-AND-A-HALF HOURS OF SLOW AND TRAGIC DEATH. I COULDN'T WATCH.

Smith looks directly at the sex and fumbles to pull out what Thomas missed:

THE EXTENT TO WHICH SEXUAL ASSAULT HAD BEEN PART OF THE ATTACK, AND PERHAPS EVEN THE MOTIVE, WAS A DIFFICULT ISSUE. IT HAD PROBABLY TORMENTED JAMES'S FAMILY, BUT IF THE KILLING IS EVER TO BE EXPLAINED, IT CANNOT BE IGNORED OR HIDDEN AWAY. IT IS POSSIBLE THAT OTHER INJURIES, PARTICULARLY TO THE MOUTH, ARE INDICATORS OF SEXUAL ASSAULT. THE EXTREME REACTION OF BOTH BOYS TO THIS AREA OF QUESTIONING DURING THE INTERVIEWS—"THEY'RE TRYING TO SAY I'M A PERVERT"—IS SIGNIFICANT. IF THE BOYS DID DO THIS, IT HAD ALMOST CERTAINLY BEEN DONE TO ONE OF THEM, OR BOTH, AT SOME STAGE IN THEIR BRIEF LIVES.

Gitta Sereny is hard and fast. She gets a police spokesman to admit what Smith only speculated—that there was a rip in James's anus, and the probable cause was some batteries stolen by the boys at the mall and found near the corpse. Also, Jon's father admits that Jon finally confessed to stuffing the batteries in the child's mouth. She also discloses the overlooked importance of:

A SMALL QUANTITY OF FAECAL MATERIAL IN THE FORM OF A STOOL [WHICH] WAS PRESENT UNDER A BRICK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RAIL ADJACENT TO THE BODY: BLOOD DRIPS WERE PRESENT ON THE OUTER ASPECT OF THE RAIL JUST ABOVE THE FAECES....IT COULD HAVE BEEN THAT LITTLE JAMES'S BOWELS HAD REACTED TO FEAR, OR TO THE INSERTION OF A FOREIGN OBJECT (WHICH THE POLICE HAD SUSPECTED ALL ALONG); IT COULD HAVE COME FROM THE BOYS, OR, OF COURSE, THOUGH LESS LIKELY JUST IN THAT SPOT, FROM SOMEONE ELSE ALTOGETHER.

The feces wasn't sampled. Gitta argues that it

should have been compared to the contents of James's stomach. How will we know the killing wasn't just a prank that got out of hand, or an unthinking mistake of frenzy; instinctual, bad seed, the never-ending circle of child abuse, playtime got a little rough? Unless the two ten-year-olds decide one day to make full, detailed confessions, the world and its guides—Mark Thomas, David James Smith, and Gitta Sereny in front of the pack—will never know for certain. And even then, without proof—without a video camera buzzing away at the time of insertion or footprint or, "Come on, baby"—how can one be expected to know the difference between reality and imagination?

Gitta wants to know what causes "unhappiness." David James Smith wants the Bulgers to FORGIVE ME WHEN I ALSO ACKNOWLEDGE THE SUFFERING OF THE TWO BOYS WHO WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE KILLING, AND THEIR FAMILIES. Mark Thomas suggests that JAMES WOULD HAVE LIKED THAT, now that Denise Bulger can take her new baby for drives.

Fine. Commendable. Good luck.

Everyone is looking for the truth, or at least, the perfect photo.

One argument against child pornography is that the children in the porno continue to suffer by the image taking on a life they cannot control. Long after the crime that produced the picture is over, the crime continues to assault and haunt that person's well-being. Which, in the real world—one that expresses the handling of reality, one that can't be bothered with small, insulting arguments constructed by lazy prosecutors and feminists' word fantasies—is not true. But in this case—the case of James Bulger and Jon Venables and Robert Thompson—it almost certainly is.

The photos that mum took of James sitting in his father's lap. The snaps of the little tykes laughing and skipping down the mall walkway. The school shots of Jon and Robert smiling in their neat clothes and (sort of) combed hair. Those images have only now started to live. And the once-throwaway cuteness and everyday banality become a tool. A wedge in someone's destroyed life, a razor across someone's memory. Perhaps even a life-affirming symbol of hope and change. A mother's obsessive madness or a pervert's fetish.

But never something as sick and thin and ugly as what a cop or a drunk might suspect. Or wish. It's so much more important. And real. As real as flesh.



Maybe you can't fault Gacy. Not like you can the geeks who write him. Sixteen years in a jail cell 'til you die could certainly be one of the best excuses for writing to every moron you can. Especially if you're going to try to convince every one of them that you're innocent. Under the circumstances, what else have you got to do?

Of course, it would be nice if Gacy would just come clean in the end. Tell what got him off and how he'd love to do it again. And drop all the god bullshit and what else was he going to do with his free time? I fucked and murdered thirty-three young boys and men just 'cause I liked to hear them scream and cry and beg for mercy. I liked the way they bent when I rammed a shit-covered dildo in their assholes and the way they burned when I beat the fuck out of them. I liked to cum in wet, bloody mouths, and I really like it when I see their fat mothers on TV crying about how their kids weren't queer. They were when they died, cunt.

But the chances are slim.

Maybe, then, you can fault Gacy. If just for bad entertainment. The worst scenario would be if he's really convinced himself of all the shit he's spewed for so long now. Could he really be no more than the fat jagoff he pretends to be? So full of himself that he'll die still trying to impress everyone just for effect? Can he really be such an average bore?

A lengthy interview in THE NEW YORKER this month points that way, unfortunately. And another in EXPRESSIONS OF DREAD pounds the last nail in his coffin.

ON HIS EXECUTION'S EVE, A SERIAL KILLER BREAKS HIS SILENCE, promises the April 18th NEW YORKER. Their reporter, Alec Wilkinson, talked to Gacy over six visits—two lasted a little more than an hour, and four for between five and six hours each.

And Gacy is his usual, professional-drip self. The same stories, excuses, denials, and rationalizations. But for once, the author pins Gacy down. Not as much as you'd probably like, but more than any sycophantic art-collector/autograph hound has ever tried.

TALKING TO GACY REQUIRES PATIENCE. HE DOESN'T LISTEN TO WHAT YOU SAY, AND CONSIDER IT, AND THEN RESPOND. HE MERELY DEFENDS HIMSELF.

There is a perverse pleasure to be had in post-crimes Gacy. The usual rule for most true-crime aficionados is a healthy distrust for most authors of the genre. An acumen is developed whereby one sifts through the information and does away with the silly moralism, pathetic psychobabble, and lionizing of any

victim anywhere. It's odd, then, that with Gacy one finds oneself immediately siding with (and trusting) the author.

Mr. Wilkinson puts up an admirable fight. Though he continually thinks of things he should have said, or was going to say, he still confronts Gacy as much as possible, even stating:

I DIDN'T MEAN TO ARGUE WITH GACY, BUT I DIDN'T SEEM ABLE NOT TO.

and

THAT'S CRAZY, JOHN. THAT'S THE CRAZIEST THING I EVER HEARD. THAT'S A LUNATIC IDEA. DO YOU UNDERSTAND THE PROBABILITY OF SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPENING?

Even more amazing is that Wilkinson was able to drag something new out of the old, fat, dying dog. He peeks through Gacy's infamous "Victims Research" folder (LARGER THAN THE MANHATTAN TELEPHONE BOOK) and describes it such a way as to make it sound more like extreme fetishism than silly detective/rationalization garbage. Talking about some of the photos in the book, including color snaps of some of the victims' graves, Gacy says:

WE KNOW WHERE THEY LIVED AND WE KNOW WHERE THEY ARE NOW.

The days before his execution (May 10th) should be fun. Though Gacy promises they won't:

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT—I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE NO DAMN TED BUNDY LAST-MINUTE CONFESIONS. NONE OF THAT SHIT. I'M NOT GOING TO PUT MY FAMILY THROUGH THE MEDIA CIRCUS.

A shame, really.

For those who want a retread of Gacy's every excuse and self-aggrandizing sex philosophy, they need look no further than the new issue of EXPRESSIONS OF DREAD. It's mainly a horror magazine featuring interviews with writers, artists, film makers, and actors ranging from the very famous to the rather obscure. Somewhere in there is a good-sized contribution of twenty-five questions answered by Gacy in tiresome jail-cell lonely style.

Maybe this will be interesting somewhere down the road after May 10th, but for now it's just a waste of time, even sociologically speaking. Gacy always sounds like his biggest problem with his crimes is that he might have to admit he sucked some dick.

Much more interesting is yet another article written by Douglas Clark ("The Sunset Slayer") in the latest issue of HEADPRESS (#8), finally getting some greater distribution here in America.

This issue, Mr. Clark reviews the case of Veronica Lynn Compton—the young lady imprisoned for trying

to commit a copycat killing in the style of the Hillside Stranglings. Clark argues that, far from the accepted view of Compton as a serial-killer groupie who was easily manipulated by Ken Bianchi into the idea of murder, she was actually a SCREWED-UP FEMALE PLAYING WITH FIRE [WHO] GOT HERSELF BADLY BURNED SIMPLY BECAUSE A PACK OF RABID, AMBITION-BENT AUTHORITIES NEEDED TO NAIL EVERY PERSON EVEN CLOSE TO THE HILLSIDE STRANGLER SUSPECTS. She wasn't really going to kill a girl and dump some of Ken's cum at the scene. But WHAT HARM COULD THERE BE IN PRETENDING TO GO ALONG, GO NORTH, AND THEN SIMPLY TELL HIM (KEN) NO VICTIM PRESENTED HERSELF?

Once again, it is forever impossible to know the exact truth, although so much of what Clark has to say is just silly.

However, Clark continues to be quite an inspiration. In jail for the rest of his life, he's at least spending his time on a subject close to his heart:

I HAVE BEEN CALLED VERLYN'S BOYFRIEND, AND I HAVE INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF EVERY FACT OF WHICH I SPEAK.

Added to that is Clark's charmingly lustful writing style:

THERE THEY WOULD GET 'STARTED' WITH GIRL-TO-GIRL SEX, ALONE. VERLYN WAS NOT GOING TO ATTEMPT TO INTRODUCE A NOVICE GIRL TO LESBIANISM WITH A HALF-DRUNK HORNY MALE TRYING TO TAKE CONTROL, ENDEAVORING TO RAM HIS SPURTING COCK INTO ALL SIX AVAILABLE ORIFICES.

Along the way, Clark tells about the differences between Ken Bianchi and Angelo Buono and, not surprisingly, he blames the murders solely on Ken. He never mentions the incredible difference between the stranglings in LA (where Angelo lived) and in Bellingham (where Ken was alone). He also provides a photo of Verlyn and her Hollywood tits, which is a nice touch, considering...

The latest issue of NECRONOMICON may appeal to those interested in very cheap kicks. This horror and gore zine has dedicated most of its fourth issue to "serial killer films." Its real worth may be as a comprehensive collection of titles rather than as an incisive overview. It touches on a few obscure titles but seems to spend most of its time on the old favorites like the silly HENRY: PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL KILLER and the farcical SILENCE OF THE LAMBS. The focus seems to be more on genre than taste (which means no SALO, IN A GLASS CAGE, etc.) and is, therefore, nice but ephemeral.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

PARASITE

VOLUME 9 ★ MAY, 1994

PLAY

SCOUT'S HONOR Patrick Boyle (Prima)

HUSTLING John Preston (Richard Kasak)

MY LIFE AS A PORNOGRAPHER & OTHER

INDECENT ACTS John Preston (Richard Kasak)

MORE BAD GIRL HANDLING (RedBoard VHS)

MARDI GRAS 1994:

PART ONE—BOURBON STREET

PART TWO—PARTY FROM HELL

(The Frat Boys VHS)

There's this painfully emaciated white man—old, sunken, grey; not wrinkled as much as he is withered. His rib cage juts over his skinny, loose stomach with way too much fragile weight. He's got a big, long, fat cock and low-hung, saggy-ball, sparse, dirty-chalk hair on his bruised, fallow, thin legs and wiry nipples.

He leers almost to the point of drooling; his lips and nose and eyes all seem runny and red and frail. And he pats the steely table he teeters in front of. Fucking hunchback all bent and used and tired and fucking hurting under the strain of just standing. Just trying to stand. And to stay focused. And then excited.

His thick, uncut, pendulum cock gets some rough, long tugs and just droops and squiggles. No snap or response. No blood or expansion; just bony-skinned fingers uselessly pantomiming youth and interest and confusion and habit.

He wobbles another hand to the table. Bangs it, open-palm, weakly; one hand yanking down, the other flopping down with a metal crash. He wants the little girl in front of him to get up.

And she'll have none of it.

This is one of the best kiddie porn films you ever saw. She can't be over six or seven. And it's rare that they're so unwilling, so undrugged, so stubborn and frightened.

She's got to end up on the table. You didn't pay all that money for her not to. But, for now, it's fucking amazing that the pervert who made it left this scene in.

She even fucking cries. Even screams and tries to fucking run. Only to be wrestled into the arms of the

scarecrow, only to be sucked into his imploding skeleton and thin guts and have his swinging meat package flattened and squashed into her back and neck and hair. Her precious soft dark black long baby hair. His hands on her arms and across her boned flat chest.

He throws her on the table. She quickly stops wriggling, 'cause you know the cameraman told her to shut the fuck up or he'd:

kill her

dope her

slap her

give her a present

let her go home.

Or better, maybe her mama is there, snorting up some burning heroin and worrying that she won't get any more if her fucking cunting brat doesn't act right, fucking little cunt.

And when they're done with her, done fucking her and sticking things inside her and on her and all over her: pissy cum and sweat and the cutest red-faced cheeks and tiniest bouncing flesh bags and muscle you ever saw in your life so far, she goes home with mama and gets sold again. Without even the dignity of a record being made this time. Just a one-off. 'Cause it don't even matter that much.

And the mama sucks some ass and eats some cock and shoots and yawns and snorts and vomits and spreads and drifts and bleeds and sleeps.

And the little one, you know, has to die. She can be left warm to cold over a luggage rack in some hotel room as dumb and dead as her mama. Cocaine-frozen brain and soft, pale, big eyes and burned-out nose and stretched-out smelling breath-rot mouth.

One finger only.

Barely in before it's out.

And you don't know if the squirming is 'cause it hurts or if she just does not want to be there at all. Like a toy-store tantrum. Pain, you know, just doesn't translate so clearly over the screen.

The WEEKLY WORLD NEWS published photos of Ted Bundy's thin, stitch-scarred head just after he was executed (Feb. 21 & 28, 1989).

VOX magazine from England (#41, Feb., 1994) had a color shot of a green and ugly River Phoenix in his coffin, in his fave band (his own ALEKA'S ATTIC) T-shirt. Purchased from the NATIONAL ENQUIRER.

And you know if PEOPLE had a photo of Kurt Cobain's dead, gym-shoe'd foot and blue-jeaned leg as seen through his window, there's some nice shots of his teeth stuck inside his brain up against the blond hair that Courtney Love took a clump of.

And you want to see that little baby, unbearably little, tiny and gentle and cute and pasty-white and blue naked corpse folded all over an innocent-enough suitcase stand.

Marilyn Monroe's bloated pig bruise face.

G.G. Allin's necro-fans' silliness.

Sharon Tate's bloody mess on the DEATH SCENES II video available from WAVELENGTH.

That long, drooping, thick thing lolling and bending and pumping into a face when a mouth won't—fucking can't—take more than just the slightest bit. Stick your fucking tongue out, you little cunt. Stick your fucking tongue out now, or I'll cut your fucking head off and nail this thing through your entire fucking shell, cunt.

Which boys, exactly, got fucked with the dildo or just your dick? Which boys, exactly, did you nail to the yellow board and which ones did you just handcuff?

Dean Corll.

Elmer Wayne Henley, Jr., and David Brooks.

Randy Kraft.

OF COURSE, THE POLICE REPORT DIDN'T GO IN FOR THE WRETCHED DETAILS, LIKE THE TEETH MARKS ON THE STOMACH AND PENIS WHERE THE KILLER DID SOME LEISURELY GNAWING WHILE A HOG-TIED WIEBE PROBABLY SHRIEKED IN AGONY. THE SETTLING OF THE BLOOD AND THE STRETCH MARKS LEFT BY ROPES ON HIS WRISTS AND ANKLES ALSO SEEMED TO SHOW THAT THE PATHETIC WRETCH HAD BEEN SUSPENDED SOMEWHERE FROM THE RAFTERS, HIS HEAD AND CHEST HANGING DOWN.

—ANGEL OF DARKNESS, Dennis McDougal

Lesley Ann Downey's mum Ann West isn't sure what to think. She goes to bed and wonders if her daughter had Ian Brady's dick in her mouth before she died. And it's those thoughts that forced her to become a drug addict, so she says, in her book FOR THE LOVE OF LESLEY.

Ms. West heard the tape of Ian and Myra... playing...with Lesley. And like everyone other than Ian, Myra, and possibly David Smith, she'll just have to guess what Myra meant by:

PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH AND KEEP IT IN AND YOU WILL BE ALRIGHT.

And, no doubt, she'll decide what she wants to think about. What she needs to think. And maybe she'll fight that schizophrenic demon voice that flicks and licks her numbed-up brain with all sorts of ugly, violent, full-color pictures when she tries to sleep—thoughts of just a gag, just a gag. Like around Christmas. Or around the birthday that passes so very easily these days. Three or four days later, what happens in August...? Oh dear, I forgot again, didn't I?

There's so much to think about.

So much to invent and construct.

So much to make your very own.

And keep reading the same sentence—the same two or three words—over and over until you cum. STUCK HIS DICK. STUCK HIS DICK. BIT HER NIPPLES DOWN. BIT HER NIPPLES BIG HEAVY TITS. BIG HEAVY TITS BIG HEAVY HOT HANDS COCK CUNT TONGUE TONGUE DICK DICK.

And then, right after you clean up and flush, is that enough? Happy? Contented? Less dangerous?

Will it be enough the next time?

How close do you want to get?

And how much truth do you require? How much reality, how many details until you're convinced?

Will a copy of BOY'S LIFE be enough?

Those lovely little close-cropped haircuts and tightly clenched rock-climbing, short-pants ass cheeks and that firm, slight line that runs from breastbone to tummy to just above that diminutive, bunched-up clothes bulge.

Maybe some NAMBLA connections and chicken buddies.

Maybe a Vienna Boys Choir concert.

The soft, dark lights. The wine and the candles. The fucking fireplace and Dionne Warwick.

...I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO HOLD YOU, FEEL MY ARMS AROUND YOU, HOW LONG I HAVE WAITED, WAITED JUST TO LOVE YOU, NOW THAT I HAVE FOUND YOU....

A gentle kiss on the cheek and slowly, steadily, comfortably, to her lips. Her closed, peaceful eyes and warmth. Silent, honest, heavenly: beautifully made-up with thick paste and gloss and tint and pins and ribbons, props, and ties.

...YOU'VE GOT THE LOOK OF LOVE, IT'S IN YOUR FACE, A LOOK THAT TIME CAN'T ERASE....

One plus one is more than two. Together forever. She's more than my wife, she's my best friend. Unflinching. Unbending. Mature. Perfect. Easy. A joy at Christmas. A shoulder to offer at her father's funeral. A tight hug when she's upset over her incredible failure with her career and lifelong lack of ambition.

Or hugging your darling lover close while he waits for his seroconversion details.

Mom, I want you to meet the love of my life. The one for me. With a little luck and god's good grace, our wonderful children won't splat out retarded or deformed. Or with cute little fuckable baby mouths and lovely crybaby screams and bleeding assholes. Or pubescent Lolitas or gym-class jocks ripe for the coach who jerks off behind his desk with his eyes tightly shut about those wet showers.

Mom, I thought everything would be perfect. I thought everything was great—planned out and we were gonna live happily ever after. Sure, the sex was

great, but there was all the rest—the dignity, the trust, the care, the glow, the love.

Your mother is a cunt. Fat, gossipy sow whining and wheezing over the dirty monsters she squeezed and vomited out of that gross black pit hanging open between those pimply, pickled, fleshy tree stumps. And your father's a worthless, liquor-soaked joke stuck to the back of a short, shrinking, greying dick and low-dropped balls kept warm and loose in piss-stained wartime boxer shorts.

And don't you hate them? Don't you hate what they did? And what could have been? What should have been—and what you were promised?

IT WAS WRONG BECAUSE I WAS CAUSING SO MUCH PAIN TO ALL THE PEOPLE AROUND ME. IT WAS WRONG BECAUSE IT WAS ILLEGAL. WHAT WAS WRONG WAS THAT I WAS CAUSING THE BOYS TO BE INTERVIEWED, INTERROGATED, EMBARRASSED AT SCHOOL. I DIDN'T SEE I WAS DOING ANY HARM IN AND OF ITSELF.

—Carl Bittenbender

Carl is one of three pedophiles around whom Patrick Boyle builds his investigation of SEXUAL ABUSE IN AMERICA'S MOST TRUSTED INSTITUTION. SCOUT'S HONOR is almost four hundred pages of whirlwind facts, interviews, documents, official denials, coverups, and little Boy Scouts' fondled genitalia. Which sums up the problem with the book most succinctly. Too many coverups and too much fondling. Of course, within Mr. Boyle's purview, there is much more than just boy-touching and the occasional fuck-and-suck (the cover boasts THE STORY OF NEARLY TWO THOUSAND OTHER CHILD-MOLESTING SCOUT LEADERS), it's just that the focus is typical prime-time news-magazine fare: Pump up the outrage that stems from the sloppy attempts and high-tech hush money that the BSA produced in efforts to avoid bad publicity and lawsuits, and sneak the lurid details in sideways. It's an old, tired trick, most popular these days with the Catholic church, and one which NAMBLA was hip to back in 1987 when, as part of their news section in the NAMBLA BULLETIN (Vol. 8, No. 7), they said:

SPOKESPERSON CHRIS FARRELL APPEARED ON THE SALLY JESSE RAPHAEL SHOW, A NATIONALLY SYNDICATED TELEVISION TALK SHOW, IN JULY. APPEARING WITH HIM WERE A DECENT BUT GUILT-LADEN BOY-LOVER, AND A PSYCHOPATHIC CHILD-SEX CRUSADER, PHILLIP CARLO, WHO AT ONE POINT TOLD FARRELL THAT HE HAD A GUN IN HIS POCKET AND WOULD BLOW HIM AWAY. CARLO WROTE "STOLEN FLOWER," A RECENT ADDITION

TO THE GENRE OF BOOKS THAT TITILLATE READERS WITH THEIR AUTHORS' MASTURBATION FANTASIES ABOUT CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE, BUT ARE FOBBED OFF AS NON-FICTIONAL.

Biggest problem here, then, is that Mr. Boyle's outrage may just be honest. Even if that honesty only seems to seep out due to his frustrating hop-and-skip reporting style when it comes to actual case histories. Boyle's book is full of well-researched and well-intentioned investigation. He gets into the secret files of the BSA and picks at their hypocrisy. He keys in on their refusal to acknowledge and deal with their volunteers' sexual problems due to the organization's core need for the trust of the American family, as well as the need for the volunteers themselves. He needles the BSA defense techniques in court and nails their tacky attempts at media manipulation. And then he forgets to flesh out the details.

HIS FINAL ASSAULTS INVOLVED TWO TROOPS NEAR NORFOLK, ONE COMPOSED LARGELY OF BOYS WHO WERE MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED. IN THE EARLY 1980'S THE BSA, RESPONDING TO SEVERAL LIABILITY CLAIMS—INCLUDING ONE WHERE TWO MISSOURI LEADERS BRANDED SCOUTS ON THE BUTTOCKS WITH A COAT HANGER....

And we don't even get a look beyond those single sentences. And Boyle barely alights on a New Orleans sex ring and a group called "The Rowdies" (THE INITIATION RITES FOR THE CLUB INCLUDED REMOVING THEIR CLOTHES AND MASTURBATING), while a poor, troubled unfortunate who kills himself over having tasted the wrong kind of dick gets only a bit more:

BY THIS TIME THE ENTIRE FAMILY WAS IN COUNSELING. CHRISTOPHER'S BODY AND MIND SEEMED FRAGILE AS PORCELAIN....HE STILL HAD NO SENSATION IN HIS BLADDER, WHICH HIS DOCTOR BLAMED ON PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAUMA. WHEN THAT CLEARED, HE BEGAN HALLUCINATING THAT BROTHER EDMUND WAS COMING BACK FOR HIM.

But the reason that SCOUT'S HONOR is an unsatisfying read is not due to a simple lack of gore or porn. Nor is its refusal to set up the perpetrators and the victims as the stereotypes they undoubtedly are. And even its dedication to truth, justice, and the moral American family way and their right to know isn't as annoying as it could have been.

The problem is that Boyle didn't know where the story was.

Neither does John Preston. Though lord love his HIV-positive heart, he tries. Mr. Preston wants to be your mother just as long as he can pretend to be your father. Literally and figuratively.

In **HUSTLING: A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO THE FINE ART OF HOMOSEXUAL PROSTITUTION**, Mr. Preston hopes you believe:

NO MATTER HOW BIZARRE CLIENTS' ACTUAL SEXUAL DRIVES MAY BE, SAFETY AND AFFECTION ARE TWO OF THE HUSTLER'S MOST VALUED COMMODITIES IN HIS CUSTOMERS' EYES.

Preston recounts his experiences in the world of hustling, and he talked to his charges and likewise-employed friends. He fashioned the tales into a how-to guide for young aspirants. And he wants all you boys out there in your raincoats, with your sweaty mitts yanking out your greasy, stubby hard-ons all ready for stuffing and spewing, to know you've got entirely the wrong idea:

AMERICA'S HYPOCRITICAL VALUES INSIST THAT PROSTITUTION IS A SLEAZY AFFAIR WITH NAMELESS JOHNS HIRING DESPERATE, ILL-EDUCATED, OR EVIL BODIES FOR A MOMENT'S SEXUAL RELEASE....[BUT] THE MODERN MALE HUSTLER... HAS MORE IN COMMON WITH OUR INTERPRETATION OF THE JAPANESE GEISHA THAN WITH THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER'S SENSATIONAL HEADLINES ABOUT WHITE SLAVERY.

Preston may not be talking about the much more interesting and entertaining hustles like the ones Larry Eyler, John Gacy, and Randy Kraft got to know so intimately. But that doesn't mean that the kind he's talking about (or let's pretend: to) actually exists. And in his other recently published book, **MY LIFE AS A PORNOGRAPHER**, he even admits as much:

MANY OF THE MEN I'VE MET WHO ARE MODELS OR ACTORS MAY BE PHYSICALLY ATTRACTIVE; FEW ARE CHARMING. MOST WERE HUSTLERS WHO ASSUMED CORRECTLY THAT THEY COULD EARN MORE MONEY IF THEIR PICTURES WERE IN A GLOSSY MAGAZINE. MOST OF THESE GUYS WERE TOO DESPERATE FOR ME....OTHERS WERE JUST TOO EGOCENTRIC, TOO COCKY ABOUT THEIR LOOKS, AND NOT IN A NICE WAY.

MY LIFE AS A PORNOGRAPHER is a collection of articles written over the years by Preston as attempts to explain various aspects of the gay lifestyle. Provided that lifestyle revolved around written porn and the leathery TOP rationalizations and fantasies so popular among suburbanite John Rechy and DRUMMER fans:

PORNOGRAPHY AND EROTICA ARE THE SAME THING. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT EROTICA IS THE STUFF BOUGHT BY RICH PEOPLE; PORNOGRAPHY IS WHAT THE REST OF US BUY.

Fair enough. But what Mr. Preston says with irritating, self-deprecating aplomb is as fake and

transparent as his attempts to convince the reader of the worn-out sex-as-radicalism squeals:

...THE PUBLIC DISPLAY OF GAY MALE SADO-MASOCHISTIC SEX ACTS IS PRIMARILY AN EXHIBITION OF THE GAY MAN GOING THROUGH THE RITE OF PASSAGE. IT IS THE WAY GAY MEN ACCOMPLISH THEIR GENDER NEEDS OF LEAVING ADOLESCENCE AND ENTERING MALE ADULTHOOD.

And, yes, he repeatedly checks his admiration for Robert Bly.

If there is a clear-cut difference between pornography and erotica, it most probably lies in the desire to inform rather than entertain. Or wallow. And while Preston says he disdains the currently popular politicization of all gay gatherings, he nonetheless peppers everything he fucked or wanted to fuck with enough finger-waving responsibility and catharsis/trust excuses to make even the most desperate masochist think twice.

Maybe it's just the misuse of the word: sadist. Or even: love.

And perhaps John Preston's dear old mom thinks it's a shame that some people try to turn the thoughts in their head into shiny, dreamy lifestyles instead of just words on a page.

Preston:

THE SIMPLE PLEASURE OF WATCHING A WELL-ROUNDED RUMP TURN PINK AND THEN RED UNDER MY MINISTRATIONS HAS ITS OWN AESTHETICS AND IS ITS OWN JUSTIFICATION.

Jamie Gillis:

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR TITS WHIPPED BEFORE, TOO?

Mr. Gillis may have a better idea of what Preston's words smell like. His latest video is **MORE BAD GIRL HANDLING**. And, true to form, the title conjures up more than you'd expect the video to deliver. But, unlike most spanking videos—the pathetically tame hetero ones, as a rule, are just not worth a glance; and the gay ones, like those energetically churned out by ZEUS STUDIOS, are more buddy muscle-slapping pose plays (if not collectible show-and-tells) than any real display of pleasure from someone else's pain—this one delivers some (however slight) reality.

Jamie goes the route. Red asses (big deal if he hits the fatty pigs with a little more force than most) and gentle whips and mild insults to understanding. Some seemingly honest yelps and a few broken blood vessels, but nothing too spectacular. The one difference, the one special point to this thing that raises it above the usual is, of course, Jamie Gillis.

The style is amateurish and way too friendly: Jamie teasing and joking and going through all the motions, albeit with a pro's sense of self-concern and

assurance. Once again, as in his ON THE PROWL series and DIRTY DEBUTANTE cameos, Jamie follows in the grand tradition of Ugly George. He just lets the girls talk and act and celebrate their situations. So (while Preston would agree), it doesn't have to be bloody to be sadistic, it should (while Preston would stutter) have some degree of payment. Or consequence. Or, even, honesty.

There are no advertisements for women's lib here, though it's hardly mock-rape or torture. And none of the real sexism lies at Jamie's feet. The brain-dead, the abused, the lost and losing line up and bark. Not necessarily literally.

You want to see the troubled teens (or slightly older or, even, the ugly products of a wayward pubescence) that sparked off the cock rubs in Patrick Boyle's book? Look no further than the dogs Jamie Gillis plays with. And, of course, pays. And laughs with, as opposed to simply at. Jamie doesn't harm it up. He doesn't make believe or condescend.

The girls—Tiki: wobbly, fleshy ass and big tits. Jojo: nipple rings and something of an interested masochist. Taj: dark-brown, Indian-skinned lap-dancer.

Hustlers, one is to assume, are paid well for their video work, and an appreciative audience is more eager to serve than steal. And the politeness of these shout-spanking vignettes seems closer to Mr. Preston's ideal of an honest, relatively simple, transaction.

Until Jamie (gently, cheerfully) proffers a kid-boot to the ass or an insult that glides over the whore's head. The focus isn't switched; rather, it's made clear.

Preston's hustlers. His audience. The street sellers and glory-hole tonguers. The white trash with a couple hundred in their back pocket and a smile across their dull faces after only twenty minutes in Jamie Gillis's front room. A confused boy with his cock in a trusted father figure's warm mouth. A lonely, sweaty, fear-filled but desperate older man tasting a twelve-year-old's first cum.

None of this top/bottom foolishness. No cartoons/demarcations based on cost, position, or instruction. No pose. No substitutes, second-best, or safe remove.

For those of you offended by the breezy switch in gender and tasteless lack of aesthetic concern, perhaps you'll find a similar charge in the latest releases by The Frat Boys. Their Mardi Gras tapes for this year pretty much mirror the ones previous. It's The Frat Boys' wont to document the goings-on (of a sort) down the gay streets of New Orleans during the Mardi Gras festivities.

The first tape centers on Bourbon Street, where size queens line the balconies calling to whatever hunky gay guy (and a few bemused straights) that happens

to cross their path. Pull out your dick and we'll toss you some beads. And that's it.

The second tape is more general in location but not in design. More calls, more dicks, more faggots.

Perhaps one can enjoy the camp *vérité*:

NOW, THAT'S A DICK!

HE GETS SHY WHEN THERE'S A GIRL THERE.

THAT'S WHAT BETTE MIDLER SAID!

Some lengthy, sloppy frenching, few hard-ons, circle jerks, loving-to-raw suckoffs, very little cum, very little piss, a close-up of a scaly cock head here and there, and maybe a cancer sore or two. And maybe just age spots.

As always, the interest comes from the natural mess these boys make of themselves. Fitting snugly into a begging position masquerading as acceptable lust and liberation. Men groping each other as an affront to the ordinary, and the camera as a political tool rather than a lonely gawker. And that older gentleman with his hands on the meaty cock and balls in front of him is just positioning it to get the best photo.

How many guys can wrap their tongues around one cock at once? How many guys can fit themselves under the umbrella of trust, union, and love and get those quick shots of Jimmy pissing in the street at the same time? How many young girls don't give a rat's ass over who investigates the goose flesh around their cracks as long as the price is right? How many mamas will talk their teenaged sons into believing that the gooey mess in their throats isn't even close to the mess their minds will turn into soon enough? And how many men, their long legs spread-eagled out across their living-room floors, their fists furiously pumping up and down on their bright-red, bursting cocks, will want to move from paddling to punching to pissing to shitting to ramming to stomping and beating and fucking its fucking eyes and head and asshole and fucking baby daughter and ripping its wretched fucking beastly head off like fucking Robert Black did to those little cunts in Europe for ten fucking years?

IF SHE'D BEEN IN A SHORT SKIRT WITH SOCKS UP TO HERE OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT, I'D PROBABLY HAVE THOUGHT, "COR! GOOD LASSIE THAT...."

☆☆☆☆☆☆

DEAR FETISH LOVER,

YOU MAY BE WONDERING WHERE WE GOT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. IT IS NOT A SECRET—WE PURCHASE THE MAILING LIST AND ALL THE EQUIPMENT OF SUPERLIVE VIDEO. LIKE THEM, WE CONDUCT OUR BUSINESS IN AN HONEST AND REPUTABLE MANNER....

THIS INVITATION IS BEING SENT TO YOU AT YOUR OWN REQUEST OR THAT OF YOUR SPONSOR WHOSE NAME APPEARS ON THE REVERSE SIDE. WE ARE A TRUE 'FRATERNITY' OF HUNDREDS OF GUYS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THE EROTIC 'ASS-PECTS' OF THE ENEMA SCENE. SOME OF OUR MEMBERS ARE NEWLY WON TO THE POTENTIALS OF ENEMA FUN; OTHERS ARE 'VETERANS' WITH MUCH TO TEACH.

...

Some cunt paints up her lips and pinches her face and spreads out her hair. She wants to look just human over the airwaves when she burps at Phil's audience about how she didn't know her pig-dicking hubby of the last ten years had more than a taste for their innocent, darling, sweet, loving, terrified baby daughter.

How could she know?

You know that smell, that shit smell that reaches your nose just as soon as you feel the cum run out of your asshole? The smell you feel in your stomach that feels more real than the tickle from your hole? The smell that tells you all about the great fucking faggot next to you telling you all about his previous lover's cock size and his drinking problem and his ex-wife and his job as a bartender at that really cool bar and all the coke he got for free and all the stars he met and fucked and hung out with and how he's glad it's all over now?

Pillow talk.

Letters to STH.

Articles to STEAM.

Safety aside, the pleasure to be had in fiction—in fantasies—is how close to real the pervert wants to make it. Not the fiction, not the fantasy, but the simple life that takes second place to the make-believe dreams.

The psychosis. The lies. The attempts to impress, to fool, to convince. The failure. The fright, the safety, and the burning, cancerous ulcers and personal, heartfelt shame and misery. The wish list.

Like the new issue of JACK'S NUMBER TWO (#33, May, '94). Just one story this time (BREAKING IN THE NEW TOILET SLAVE by Andrew Barron) around all the usual ads that'll prove more enjoyable if you're not a member:

NIGGER PERVERT SEEKS HAIRY WHITE SLAVE OVER 30 TO WALLOW WITH ME IN MUTUAL RACIAL/SEXUAL FILTH, PAIN AND EVIL. SATANISM AND EXHIBITIONISM A MUST.

The story this issue is of a Harley club's big-bear, thick-cock, fat-belly kidnap/gang-rape of a gay "preppie." Told, of course, by the masochistic preppie who didn't realize the joys of shit-swallowing, forced tattooing, and servitude until the very last paragraph.

Fans of Christopher Rage, Dave Nesor, Martin of Denmark, and the monstrous Mistress Ann will want you to know the difference....So will Miss Catharine MacKinnon...as will Robert Black, Fred West, and the gentleman who broke off a beer bottle inside his victim's tight, raped cunt.

The young lady singing for the English group BLEED would also like to convince you. And her efforts are sure to be appreciated.

JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO DIE, A THOUGHT OCCURRED THAT I SHOULD TRY TO SURVIVE, starts off the pop tune, backed by dour piano and lilting guitar. AS HE GRABBED MY THROAT HE TOLD ME TO SMILE, THAT'S HOW IT IS IN ALL THE PICTURES AND THAT IS HOW THE BITCHES LIKE IT, HE SAID, HE'D READ.

These young kids care about pornography and its effect on men. And they've read the facts and they know the results and don't want any more women to be the victims of this evil business.

BUT WITH HIS HAND OVER MY MOUTH, WHERE WAS MY FREEDOM OF SPEECH? The best song you ever heard, next to the new WHITEHOUSE.

PARASITE

VOLUME 10 ★ JUNE, 1994

MAMA

A QUESTION OF CONSENT

Peter Laufer (Mercury House)

CHILDHOOD'S THIEF

Rose Mary Evans, M.S.W. (Macmillan)

HUNGRY GHOSTS Mary Taylor Previte (Zondervan)

WOMEN WHO HURT THEMSELVES

Dusty Miller (Basic Books)

Open wider, you cunt.

Stretch that fucking hole.

Now stick out that tongue

stick it out

Stick it out you cunt

you fucking beast

lick it

lick that stinking thing cunt

You fucking cunt

You cheap fucking pig
 cunt
 Tell me you like it
 Tell me you like it
 Tell me you like it cunt
 you fucking cunt
 you fat stretched-marked slut
 you beast
 You like that thing?
 say it
 You know how many mouths I fucked with this thing?
 You know how many holes I shot my load into?
 you know how many ugly cunts ate my cum?
 do you cunt?
 you know how many pig?
 Can you taste them?
 Can you taste all those other pigs like yourself?
 Does it taste like all the faggots and cheap fucking
 whores and your little baby sister?
 Does it, pig?
 You beast. You fucking worm. You fucking slut
 pig cunt.
 Suck it
 Press in those ugly, made-up cheeks of yours and
 suck and lick and suck fucking lick it. You monster.
 You cunting pig
 Tell me you want it
 lick those balls
 Suck 'em in your hole, beast
 what's my sweat taste like, pig?
 Huh—can you taste my sweat and shit and piss
 when you lick my stinky balls—huh, all the slimy,
 sweaty hair you cheap fucking slut?
 You want me to piss on you?
 do you?
 you want me to cum and piss in your hole?
 Or your cheap, ugly pig's face?
 I'll wash that grease right down your hole, pig.
 You wanna taste what you buy for me?
 You wanna lick that cheap, tacky crap you spend all
 your money on, you cunting piece of worthless
 fuck?...
 tell me you can taste my piss
 Tell me you want it
 Tell me you want to lick every yellow drop of piss
 out the end of my piss hole.
 Tell me cunt.
 lick it
 Stick your tongue in
 All the way in cunt, don't make me tell you.
 Lick it.
 and suck
 suck it cunt
 Look at those flabby bags

Look at yourself, whore
 you filthy pig
 you washed-up old whore
 You're disgusting with my filthy cock and balls in
 your hole
 You like it when I fuck your mouth?
 You like it when I pump my balls into your face?
 When my hair and thighs burn your withered
 whore's neck and chin—your old withered whore's
 face?
 Use your hand, cunt.
 milk that thing
 stick your tongue out
 stick your tongue out and wiggle it at the end of
 my dick
 just lick it
 lick the head
 Harder.
 Jerk it harder.
 and keep that hole open
 wider
 wider, you pig
 I want it to hurt
 wider
 I want to cream all down that sewer hole in
 your head.
 I want to see you swallow it, I want to see you choke
 on that shit, you cheap fucking hole
 lick
 now lick
 don't suck, lick, you stupid cow
 You fat beast.
 You ugly old whore
 you filthy fucking old pig beast
 I can smell your cheap cunt all over you
 you fat old hole
 you cow
 lick
 Jerk.
 faster
 lick, goddamnit
 lick it
 You monster.
 faster
 Now lick.
 get it all.
 you monster
 don't close that hole
 Don't close that fucking hole you pig I'll cut it
 right out
 of your head.
 right in there
 right in that sewer
 All of it

you cunt
you fucking cunt
you fucking cunt
you fucking fat ugly filthy fucking cunt
lick that shit off
lick it all off
suck it clean
lick your ugly fat lips, you whore
Just like one.
You worthless beast.
huh—you like it, huh?
You like the way that slime tastes?
How my bowels taste?
my waste
the jism that belongs in a toilet?
my guts
my shit
you like the way it smells inside you?
lick it all up
you pig

Maybe it depends on how far you gotta reach.
How much shit you get on you and how much of it
sticks on you when you pull out. How much stink
sticks to your body—your personality, your guts,
yourself—when you lift on back out of the garbage
can. How deep you had to reach and how quickly you
can walk away. And maybe how big—how good—the
piece you pulled out is. How you found it. What you
had to do for a look. What you were willing to do. Or
compelled, forced, driven...lusted, needed, wanted;
how it mattered or didn't. What mom might think if
she knew, and how you tried to cover it up.

Like watching THE PIANO just for the one scene.
Hoping that little darling takes her clothes—all those
fucking clothes—off; maybe in a washtub scene or a
sleeping scene or pleasegodbrutalfuckingrape with
fingers and a fist baby-rape scene. And being happy—
sated, pleased, tamed—with that wonderful little
scene in the cupboard. Just the scream. All tears and
terror and Hollywood Award tantrum fear, darling.

Like the autopsy scene in MEN BEHIND THE SUN.
The rats and the cat. The rats on fire. But that tiny
penis when the boy hops up on that table. That little,
uncircumcised innocence standing—poking and
wiggling—slightly up on that compact ball-sac bunch.

Or the wonderful acting. Nothing more than acting
this time, no body parts, no reality, no cute face or
dick to move you; no darling bud. Just the craft. Just
the fantasy. Meryl Streep making SOPHIE'S CHOICE
between the two babies and the dark SS genius.

Ever wait too long?

Or pay too much?

Or regret the experience?

Let it haunt you? Fight the voices in your head and
try to convince yourself that the spittle that stretched

from the end of his dick back to your drooly mouth
wasn't cum?

Wasn't pre-cum? Wasn't AIDS? And you can't get it
from a blow job either way, depending what side
you're on, 'cause it doesn't enter the bloodstream
that way.

And pat your wife on her flabby ass and thank her
for the suck. And thanks for playing along.

And her ugly dugs don't look too bad now that you
sunk a load into her gullet in the dark while you
thought of someone else, either back in school or at
work or on the screen or anybody; anybody else.

And she let you play along.

Stroked your fat leg while she listened to your
insults and didn't even bother to roll her eyes. Just
played the perfect host; the perfect hole for your
little indiscretions.

'Cause maybe it didn't bother her.

It doesn't take that long.

And the benefits are good.

And you don't really mean it.

And it's not all the time.

And it's soon forgotten.

And rarely considered.

And maybe it's just not worth the bother.

Words are easy. So is the acting. The convincing.
The cheap dues to live out a fantasy.

JUST AS HER FATHER HAD FORCED HER TO HAVE
ORAL SEX, KAREN FORCED UNCOMFORTABLE,
SICKENING AMOUNTS OF FOOD DOWN HER
THROAT.

Cheap.

Some psychiatrist wants to tell you her story.
Or worse, she wants to hold your hand and talk down
to you like some Montessori pet.

THE FOLLOWING EXCERPT OF KAREN'S INCEST
MEMORY CONTAINS ALL THE ELEMENTS FROM
WHICH THE COMMON CYCLE OF THOUGHTS, FEEL-
INGS, AND BEHAVIOR IS FORMED. IT IS DIFFICULT
READING, LIKELY TO AROUSE NAUSEA, FEAR, SOR-
ROW, AND ANGER. BUT THE PAINFUL EXPERIENCE
OF READING IT CAN HELP IN BEGINNING TO
UNDERSTAND HOW THE T.R.S. WOMAN IS ABLE TO
HARM HER OWN BODY.

'T.R.S.' is Trauma Reenactment Syndrome, a term
author Dusty Miller uses to explain the impulse
behind why women might be compelled to hurt
themselves. And 'hurt,' to psychologist Dusty,
contains everything from razor-slashing to cigarette
smoking. Her book, WOMEN WHO HURT THEM-
SELVES, is her gift to the women of the title. A voice
for the poor wretches and a guide to help them
overcome their problems. Dusty charts the problems
of four particular women who embody all the horrors

of self-mutilation: There's the cutter, the alcoholic, the bulimic, and the plastic-surgery fanatic.

Dusty does it just like you'd expect. Acknowledges the tremendous success of therapy, of twelve-step programs, and her own ground-breaking work in a new field: She defines her new terms, separates T.R.S. from the other dissociative traumas, and digs down into the psychic well of childhood tortures that cause all this pain for all these poor innocents.

IT MAKES SENSE THAT THE SMALL CHILD WILL GROW UP ASSUMING THAT PAIN EQUALS CONNECTEDNESS.

Details.

AFTER MY FATHER FIRST STARTED TO ABUSE ME, I BEGAN GETTING INFECTIONS. I WENT TO MY MOTHER TO ASK HER TO FIX THE ITCHING BETWEEN MY LEGS.

MY FATHER HOLDS ME WHILE THE OTHER MAN OPENS HIS PANTS. HE TOUCHES ME AND TOUCHES HIMSELF. MY FATHER HOLDS MY LEGS APART WHILE THE MAN RAPES ME. I DON'T REMEMBER MAKING ANY NOISE, NO SCREAMS, NO CRYING UNTIL THEY LEAVE.

These acts, these fucks, mean more than simple orgasms. They're the gift that keeps on giving. These women want to hurt themselves. They can't get dad's dick out of their face—even if they can't see it all that clearly now. They must eat and needle and drink and slice and cry and moan and lose sleep and fight and fight and succeed and relapse and remember and live the day-to-day pain.

So the mind-set is what's important. And the details not plentiful or graphic enough. And the rumination too contrived, too easy and typical. Masticated. Lazy. Lazy like women who need attention or a pat on the head as an excuse to hang their hair shirts on. Like a boyfriend to hold hands. Or a psychologist that listens and loves and cares and burps for pay.

You've heard it all before. Long before.

So what you want is more of it. Some weeping, psychotic mess with a razor and a closet and glossed-over eyes that drip in time to dad's pumping, huge gland and thick, veiny, hairy hands and fingers and the blood on the sheets and in the edges of her baby mouth when she catches her bright-red tomato face in the mirror before mama gets home.

But you don't get it.

Even though you reached all the way down to the bottom of the garbage can. Just scraps. You need more. Next time. One story. One long story that covers everything and doesn't pretend fat is dad's fault. Details!

HE WAS UNBUTTONING HIS PANTS! "I HAVE THIS BIG OLD THING FOR YOU! YOU COME ON TO

YOUR OLD GRANDPA NOW AND I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING GOOD!"

A little baby in Georgia.

A little baby girl fucked by her grandpa and sold as a prostitute by her mother. A first-grader, even.

HOW I GOT THE RIBBONS FOR SUCKING THE MAN AND TOUCHING HIM IN HIS PANTS.

HE WAS ABSOLUTELY FURIOUS AT THE IDEA OF ME SUCKING TOO HARD AND HURTING HIM WHEN HE WAS FEELING SO GOOD. HE BALLED UP HIS FIST AND HIT ME IN THE SIDE OF THE HEAD AS HARD AS HE COULD.

Of course, the little baby had to forget. Had to become a woman and develop all sorts of problems and find a therapist who would help that little baby heal. An angel named Rose Mary Evans, M.S.W.

And the angel would also heal. She'll come to terms with her lesbianism and her place in society. And there will be understanding. And the angel will give the woman a fake name and tell all the world her incredible story:

About how the little girl became a troubled woman. And how she unlocked the secrets and pain.

And how corroboration isn't that important when the story is as meaty as this. Or when the trouble, like having a drug-addicted son, is that severe.

And how the little Southern girl found a black family to take care of her. And how the whole fucking book is then reduced to annoying Mark Twain/Nick Cave nigger-talk jokes.

I ASK HONEY IF THE LORD BE MAD AT THEM BADDIES? I ASK HER DO THE LORD BEAT SHIT OUTTA THEM?

But what are details if the story is all pain? If the entire time you're reading sentence after sentence of cheap psychology and phony need and brutally tacky dramatics, your head is swimming with the root cause of it all? Even if she goes all the way back to birth (I WAS JUST AN HOURS' OLD BABY WHEN HE PUSHED ME AWAY) and finds her way into a murder of a child-prostituting pimp whose throat she slashed. What if the woman's damage is so deep that the details need only be true to her, whatever the reality?

And maybe her fantasy, her fetish-thinking, could be even greater if she didn't believe it. Her imagination just poured out enough porno to keep it legal.

HE JUST LOOKS AT ME ANGRILY WITH HIS BLUE FISH EYES AND TELLS ME TO SUCK IT. SUCK HIS THING. THAT'S ALL HE CARES ABOUT, NOT IF I WANT TO DO IT. HE IS TOO BUSY THINKING OF HIS THING AND HOW HE WANTS TO FEEL BETTER. SUCK IT! SUCK IT HARD, BABY, SHUT UP YOUR GODDAM CRYING!

Too McMartin, too Jordan and Kelly Michaels.

Too christian TV cartoon. A fantasy made up by a fantasy—a useless, quivering wreck desperate to be a useless, quivering wreck.

HER GRANDPA, SHE SAID, WOULD PUSH HER FORWARD ACROSS THE EDGE OF THE BED, HER FEET DANGLING OVER THE SIDE, AND HOLD HER IN PLACE WITH HIS HAND JUST BELOW HER NECK AS HE SODOMIZED HER. SHE HAD NEVER BEEN ABLE TO STAND ANY PRESSURE OF CLOTHING OR ANYTHING ELSE THERE. AND NOW SHE UNDERSTOOD WHY.

Mary Taylor Previte's HUNGRY GHOSTS is full of another set of whys. And, of course, a whole new batch of syrupy hope.

Mary was raised by missionaries and spent part of her childhood in a Chinese concentration camp. It is her belief that these experiences give her job of running a juvenile detention center in New Jersey a unique perspective.

As a voice for the disaffected children at the center, Mary decided to publish a journal called WHAT'S HAPPENING. And HUNGRY GHOSTS is in large part a collection of these stories—privately dictated by the kids in the sanctity and safety of Mary's office. Because Mary's a devout Christian, her editing job bears all the marks of a martyr forced to knuckle under beneath the fierce weight of stark reality and harsh immorality. Naturally, the stories are worth telling because the kids are worth saving. You know she hates the titles she has to give the stories: BLOOD IN THE MIRROR/DREAMS GOING UP LIKE SMOKE/RAPE ON A SATURDAY NIGHT/IF MY FATHER WOULD'VE BEEN NEXT TO ME/HOOKING IS HARD WORK/MY STEPFATHER RAPED ME/TEENAGE MOTHER/LOVE (SEX) IN THE FAMILY. And it must pain her immeasurably to repeat:

MELINDA IS BLACK. HER TWO FRONT TEETH ARE MISSING. HER FATHER KICKED THEM OUT, DOWN IN A SHADOWY BASEMENT WHEN SHE WOULDN'T SWALLOW HIS SEMEN....

DOWN IN THE DARKNESS, PROWLING MEN PAY FOR SEX WITH THIS PREGNANT CHILD....

SEEING STRANGE MEN PARADE THROUGH THE HOUSE TO HAVE SEX WITH THEIR MOMS....

SHE TRADED HER ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER BY THE HOUR TO MEN FOR A HIT OF COCAINE....

But another part of HUNGRY GHOSTS is Mary's story. Her beliefs and faith and drive and MISSION TO CHANGE THEIR WORLD. And it's this part that kills absolutely everything.

Because Mary is just another talking head—complete with god on her shoulder. Everything she says sounds like a news blip. Her lily-white head spills out one headline after another, each one like the one

before, like the ones you've heard too many times before. Only sentences where paragraphs might have meant more—might have, had the stories not been as trite as the actions and statistics proved. Fake shock begat and propped up by fake moralism and concern. Mary Taylor Previte floats through HUNGRY GHOSTS like god itself: safe, explained, untouched, and distant.

Maybe the idea of lost, suffering children being sold on temporary chimeras like god and love will appeal to some. But, certainly, that appeal would be focused on being there when the panaceas wear out—not when the fooled bleat and hawk and point at their fishbowl.

But what about the typical—the everyday story—that makes up all these little thrills and swallows up all of one's time? Is it just jaded old age that insists that greater perversions be provided now that the more common fare doesn't make it anymore? Is the rape of children that lies in the sediment of the cases in CHILDHOOD'S THIEF, WOMEN WHO HURT THEMSELVES, and HUNGRY GHOSTS just too common now to excite in an immediate way? Do the cameras have to be on all the time? Do the reporters have to rely on full autopsies now, where inference or just the slightest mention would have been enough for a spark? Is it all too much gangsta rap? A CURRENT AFFAIR? Are we too bloated? Too fat? Hungry?

Does a blow job have to be forced to bring you to orgasm?

Does it have to feature AIDS?

Does it have to include a money shot?

Or a child?

Or drugs?

A mother searching in the background?

A feminist theory?

Or a withered, middle-aged hag with crow's feet and a need for reassurance?

Or a retard?

Or a group of high-school students standing around watching, laughing, pointing, and encouraging?

A QUESTION OF CONSENT by Peter Laufer goes a long way to convince.

"Betty Harris" is the name given to an eighteen-year-old retarded girl who was raped by four high-school students from Glen Ridge, New Jersey. The crime gained national interest when it was revealed that (among other sensational aspects, such as the fact that the boys had a crowd of admirers and that the rape included a baseball bat, a dirty stick, and a broom handle) the boys' defense would be based on the argument that Betty wanted to have sex with the boys—the so-called "Lolita Defense." Obviously, the case would become a feminist cause and would be a pivotal case in regards to opinions on everything from

date rape to the nature of male puberty (one defense lawyer particularly angered Mr. Laufer with his "boys will be boys" statement) and the rights and actualities of mental defectives.

Mr. Laufer does a good job in presenting the crime as it happened and, more importantly, as it quickly snowballed out of control. Betty Harris is virtually served up on a platter where her simple reality makes the actual rape seem almost secondary:

THIS IS A PATHETIC EIGHT-YEAR-OLD IN A WOMAN'S BODY. HOW COULD SHE CONSENT?

BETTY HARRIS DOES NOT BELIEVE THAT SHE IS MENTALLY RETARDED....SHE WANTED TO BE SOMEONE WHO COULD GO OUT ON DATES LIKE NORMAL TEENAGE GIRLS DO.

"IF I WAS RETARDED, I COULDN'T ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS, I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS TALKING ABOUT."

Laufer includes the victim's drawings of the crime and a psychological profile. He reports her graphic testimony:

LAWYER: ...WAS SOMETHING INSIDE YOUR MOUTH?

BETTY: HIS BALLS.

LAWYER: AND WHERE EXACTLY WAS YOUR FACE AT THIS POINT?

BETTY: IT WAS ON HIS BALLS.

LAWYER: AND WHERE WAS HIS PENIS?

BETTY: IN MY MOUTH...THEY WANTED TO SUCK MY TITS—BOOBS....I JERKED THEM OFF, THEN I SUCKED THEM—THEIR DICKS—BEFORE I DID IT.

Laufer tends to explain exactly what he thinks the reader should feel—which isn't necessarily a bad thing when it means that the bias is toward exploiting the living victimization of an accident waiting to happen.

And he takes his case everywhere. From MS. magazine's position on date rape to the opinions of local kids playing ball in the schoolyard. He ropes in Susan Brownmiller, Susie Bright (for fuck's sake), Neil Gilbert, and he marches around Camille Paglia. And all to constantly smash the horror, the pain, the destruction...the violation...that rape is again and again and again—into that thick skull of yours.

But he knows that the real story is not at the end of a baseball bat wrapped in plastic and smeared in Vaseline, nor in the drops of spit across a feminist's breakfast table. It's not in the white rule of the neighborhood or in a cheap lawyerly shock tactic. Yet he knows how important all of that is.

The foreground of this busy portrait is filled to the edges with the victim.

HER RETARDATION SEEMED TO HAVE SAVED HER FROM FEELING THE ONGOING FEAR AND PARANOIA

SUFFERED BY MANY RAPE VICTIMS LONG AFTER THE CRIME AGAINST THEM IS ADJUDICATED.

Even if she doesn't know it. Or if anyone can ever teach her. Or if that day in the basement with the cocks in her mouth and the wood in her cunt, and the tasteless manipulation of mind and spirit never even happened. Or how her brain can handle the information. Or if she'll ever be allowed to live on her own. Or have a child, or should she.

Close your eyes and pretend the face you're fucking isn't your wife's. It's a hooker or a boy or a retard. And maybe they want it and maybe they don't. Maybe you're raping it or maybe you're not.

Now open your eyes and look down.



Of course, you're hard to convince.

There's just too much. Too many needs and prejudices: VOCAL to I BELIEVE THE CHILDREN to Father Ritter's minor indiscretions.

And everyone is fucking their sons and daughters and students and playground loners. And stunted breeders' midnight horror stories and praying to Satan or great marble dicks set out in the dark deserts of Arizona.

The new issue of ridiculous conspiracy zine PARANOIA (Vol. 2, No. 2) swears that the McMartin Preschool had tunnels.

Jaclyn Dowaliby's seven-year-old corpse was buried with a goodbye letter written by her mother. It read, in part:

OUR HEARTS CRIED OUT FOR YOU EVERY DAY. I AM STILL ACHING INSIDE BECAUSE I MISS MY LITTLE GIRL AND WANT HER BACK. SO, IF YOU CAN SOMEHOW GIVE YOURSELF BACK TO ME IN ANY WAY, LIKE MY DREAMS, I WILL BE AT TOTAL PEACE IN MY HEART. I WILL DO MY BEST. YOU'RE MY ANGEL. I KNOW YOU LIKED THAT MOVIE, "DATE WITH AN ANGEL." YOU WERE THAT ANGEL SENT UP TO GOD FOR ETERNAL PEACE.

—GONE IN THE NIGHT, David Protess
& Rob Warden, Delacorte Press

Cynthia and her husband David have now been cleared of all charges regarding their daughter's death.

Dodd had photos and kept a diary.

Parades of chanting goons, their hard-ons peeking out from the seams in long black robes, marching through their neighbor's living room where little baby Melinda lies spread-eagled and sweating, just fucking ruins it for you.

And if it's not white eyes and Latin tongues, then it's transatlantic plane rides and boxes of missing videos. Kills it dead.

But. Maybe. What if the therapists aren't just money-hungry con men preying on the stupidity of white-trash zombies, but rather dedicated fools who're able to alchemize their good intentions and perverse imaginations with the clawing desperation of human waste cases into some REAL damage?

Video footage of some mildly scared and disturbed middle-ager, over weeks of therapy, turns from blank confusion to crying jags to frantic shrieking to unstoppable self-mutilation and wild, barking anger.

Rumination on all sorts of little forced-open orifices can be more than an excuse. More than a beleaguered mind-set upset on destruction and pain and hurt and revenge. It can be an effect. A cancer. A sadistic trouncing of the open and powerless. Or maybe just the easily led who would hardly matter otherwise.

What you need, then, aren't facts from doctors or christians or artists or otherwise biased reporters. What you want are words from the victims. And to know that the very words spoken might be more powerful, more real, than the acts described.

I AM NOW STARTING TO REMEMBER OTHER EPISODES OF ABUSE, SOME INVOLVING STRANGE MEN WHO FORCED ME TO HAVE SEX WITH THEM WHILE YOU WATCHED WITH APPARENT SATISFACTION. AND I REMEMBER SOME OF THEM SHOVING THINGS IN ME LIKE BROOM HANDLES AND HURTING ME IN UNSPEAKABLE WAYS. HYPNOSIS HAS HELPED ME REMEMBER, AND NOW I KNOW HOW SICK YOU ARE AND HOW DAMAGED I AM.

—SUGGESTIONS OF ABUSE, Michael D. Yapko, Ph.D., Simon & Schuster

SHE STARTED TO TALK ABOUT SCHOOL, THEN SHE BEGAN SHOVING HER FINGERS IN HER VAGINA, TAKING HER FINGERS OUT, PUTTING THEM IN HER MOUTH, AND PRETENDING SHE WAS EATING. THEN SHE DID IT WITH HER ANUS.

—ON TRIAL, Billie Wright Dziech and Judge Charles B. Schudson, Beacon Press

ONCE, I FELT LIKE I HURT ALL OVER WHEN I WOKE UP—THE BED WAS WET AND YUCKY....I CAUGHT A DISEASE FROM MY DAD ABOUT A YEAR AGO.

—REMEMBERING SATAN, Lawrence Wright, Knopf

I GUESS CAL WOULD LIKE TO BE ABLE TO TOUCH ME MORE. HE'S NOT INTERESTED IN DOING FUNKY THINGS LIKE THE ANAL SEX. I GUESS IT'S JUST THAT I CAN'T RELAX. I'M SO TENSE ALL THE TIME.

AND OFTEN MY HEAD OR MY CHEST HURTS DURING SEX, LIKE I'M BEING CRUSHED.

—LESSONS IN EVIL, LESSONS FROM THE LIGHT, Gail Carr Feldman, Ph.D., Crown

I HAD TO KISS ILIANA'S BUTT. I HAD TO PLAY WITH FRANK'S PENIS A LOT. I'D BITE ON IT. HE'D PEE IN MY MOUTH, AND IT DIDN'T TASTE GOOD, AND EVERYBODY HAD TO WATCH.

—UNSPEAKABLE ACTS, Jan Hollingsworth, Congdon & Weed

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

PARASITE

VOLUME 11 ★ JULY, 1994

HOLE

DEFENDING THE DEVIL Polly Nelson (Morrow)
SILENT RAGE Michael Newton (Dell)
FEAR THE STRANGER Hector Clark (Mainstream)
BLOOD RUSH Patricia Springer (Pinnacle)

Pussy Tourette wants you to share her world. Her CD, PUSSY TOURETTE IN HI-FII, (Feather Boa Music) is just stuffed with her lovely personality—her unique outlook and steamy experience.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I LIKE IT, I JUST DO....WELL, I WAS STANDING ON A CORNER NOT AN HOUR AGO/TRYING TO MAKE A BUCK AND KEEP MY COVER LOW.

Ms. Tourette needs—NEEDS—to invite you into her—HER—life. Lucky girl with her crystal-clean cunt; neatly trimmed and muscle-tight. High-cash glamor and stars and maybe a little Vaseline stick; a little red-faced sport, sweat, and lust all directed at her pristine, untouchable, unbelievable, street-smart, prized cunt.

I THOUGHT, "YOU'VE DONE IT BABY, YOU'VE MADE ME JUICY/NOW DO IT TO ME AND PHUQUE MY PUSSY."

There's the song about how she liked to play dress-up when she was a kid; then there's "FRENCH BITCH," "\$70," "HEELS," "FREE PUSSY" (about cops—NOW WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO FRISK YOU BEFORE WE TAKE YOU IN), and her cover of "IF I CAN'T SELL IT." And "PUSSY'S BOOGIE" again:

MY NIPPLES GOT ERECT WHEN HE PATTED MY ASS/

SO, THEN, I PULLED DOWN MY TOP—LET 'EM FLAP
IN THE BREEZE/FOR HIS DRIVING PLEASURE AND
HIS HANDLING EASE.

Pussy is all woman.

All whore.

All hot bitch hooker with none of that fag Hi-NRG
beat for her, give her cheap studio blues and cabaret
and maybe what Prince was mistaken about a few
years back.

WELL, WE GOT ON HIS BIKE/AND WE STARTED
TO RIDE/MY PUSSY GOT SO WET THAT I STARTED
TO SLIDE.

Pussy's got it and knows what to do with it.
She doesn't go in for all the superfluous bullshit:

how much it cost.

where she had it done.

how she feels about the muscles in her back and
legs, her trim V and thick neck, her lousy skin getting
worse every day, not knowing whether to remember if
she should or shouldn't look in the mirror today.

could pussy mean asshole?

do her customers get what they want, and are
some of them very disappointed at the pre- or post-
operation decision?

drugs.

hemorrhoids.

bleeding.

scars.

old age.

phantom pain and the lack of any fuck feelings
besides skin rubs and scrapes. Fuck it harder, baby.
Fuck it really fucking hard, baby.

Pussy knows that's not where it is, honey. A hole is
a hole. And this one—no matter what it is—looks like
a flower, not a fucking machine, motherfucker, and it
feels even better. For you.

Prick.

One big hole. One lovely flower.

What causes that smell?

That rot? That filth? That body?

And would dear Miss Pussy kill or retch?

On her fingers to your nose. Smells just like real
cunt, oh yes, absolutely. Look at how hard it got me—
how hard you got me with your fine, fine woman's
body and negro-cool, you fucking degenerate,
debased lump of scars and psychoses. You imploding,
barking beast—desperate and grasping and clawing
and crying and convincing: Cunt.

What are you going to do with that, boy?

You wanna kiss it?

You wanna hold it?

You wanna climb right up inside there?

You wanna phuck my pussy?

You wanna jam it in and break it off?

All women are the same, says a barroom drunk to a
horny schoolboy.

One big fucking hole.

One ugly bucket.

Little boy bored at his school desk wanders off and
thinks: Cunts.

What was I thinking?

Why wasn't I thinking?

Hole. Hole. Hole—fuck's sake, how could I have
been so weak, so stupid, so sad and blank? It's a
fucking pit, a hole that collects piss and dirty, dirty
blood around its edges like the rim of a garbage can.
And smears with shit and grease and sweat and
mucus. It sags. And hangs open, tired and useless and
weak. Dripping, beating filth.

Little boy bangs his head in his hands. When can I
think of something else? Not now. Not ever.

Fucking bad mistake. Nothing else will matter as
much as this. When you wake up, the thought is still
there. It didn't go away like you hoped the night
before when you were trying to sleep and not think
about it anymore.

The test won't ease your mind.

Even though the cold sore just doesn't make sense
that way. And the diarrhea is just something you ate.
The nausea is worry. Self-perpetuating sickness.

These cunts deserve to die.

They all deserve it.

All holes.

That thing spread her legs. Pushed her tiny, curled
feet apart and thrust her seat out front with a burp and
a yawn. Spit on her fingers and rubbed her grease
between the folds in that splayed, meaty mess. Sticks
in a skinny old finger and juts around. Back out
and...figure it's ready.

"You want me to get you wet first?"

(your mama would ask nicely)

"I need to get you wet first."

(this cheap pig bleats out only what she wants)

Gentle. Gentle. Wait.

Walking, talking toilets.

Filth.

Old bags waiting to wheeze into loose, flabby
sponges of bitter, stapled, and tied filth.

Sows.

Cows.

Dogs.

Beasts.

Poor little skinny guy. Figures they all deserve it.
Their gender. Wants them to know what he thinks.
Just like they asked for it. Just 'cause these fucking
cunts deserve it.

Loads of old reasons, loads of excuses. Loads of
mistakes. Guesses and jumps.

"I COULDN'T CONTROL MYSELF."

Eddie Cole mumbles while Michael Newton furiously, mindlessly, records every drop.

SILENT RAGE: THE THIRTY-YEAR ODYSSEY OF A SERIAL KILLER. BASED ON THIRTY-TWO WEEKS OF EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS WITH SERIAL KILLER EDDIE COLE. It's written by the author of murder anthologies HUNTING HUMANS, SERIAL SLAUGHTER, and BAD GIRLS DO IT!, as well as the embarrassingly incomplete and incorrect MASS MURDER: AN ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY. In an interview with Dan Kelly, editor of EVIL® (a little fanzine for beginner true-crime book collectors), Newton told of his connection with Cole:

BY THE TIME I WITNESSED HIS EXECUTION IN DECEMBER, 1985, HE HAD PROVIDED ME WITH A FULL HANDWRITTEN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, PLUS ACCESS TO VARIOUS CONFIDENTIAL RECORDS—RAP SHEETS, PSYCHIATRIC REPORTS, PRISON FILES, THE WORKS. HIS LIFE IS BASICALLY A HOW-TO STORY ON THE MAKING OF A MONSTER, WITH NUMEROUS CHILDHOOD PARALLELS TO MANSON, LUCAS, TOOLE, AND OTHER PRACTITIONERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED GREATER FAME.

Impressive access. Sad waste.

'Cause Cole is an interesting enough lunatic. Typical but brutal backward trash childhood with his mom making him wear girl's clothes and dragging him with her when she traipses off to fuck soldiers. He strangles a dog after his mom beats him following a youthful sex tryst and slowly builds a lifetime obsession with strangulation.

Cole's life is recounted as something of an aimless drift. A liquor-soaked stagger across America that lands him in and out of jail and skid-row flophouses more times than anyone would care to hear about. He rolls fags. He confesses. He murders. He asks for help. He struggles, stays drunk and confused and violently, sloppily bored.

He suffers from his COMPULSION TO KILL and becomes extremely disturbed over his victims' tendency to soil themselves in death. His tastes include necrophilious rape and (highly questionable) cannibalism.

Certainly, SILENT RAGE is complete and exhaustive. And Newton documents his sources in lengthy notes at the book's finish. But the work either stinks of the drink that fueled Eddie's muddy confusion or of the flimsy lies fostered from cheap, lazy psychologies and uncomfortable, specious fantasies spewed by Cole and swallowed by Newton:

THE WOMEN HE MURDERED REMINDED HIM OF HIS DRUNKEN, ADULTEROUS MOTHER. "I THINK," HE TOLD THE PANEL, "I'VE BEEN KILLING HER THROUGH THEM."

Liquor is the most immediate, convenient excuse. For everything. And some criminals use it as the blood of their dick-following, cunt-sniffing fumbles; others see it as something more akin to an adjunct, crutch, or...lubricant.

"...YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS FIRST ARRESTED, I KNOW THAT IF THE POLICE HAD SAT ME DOWN IN A ROOM, LET ME GET DRUNK ON, SAY, BOURBON—A DRINK THAT REALLY MADE ME VICIOUS—HARD LIQUOR AND 7-UP OR SOMETHING, AND SHOWED ME SOME REALLY HARDCORE PORNOGRAPHY, I COULD HAVE TALKED TO THEM IN THAT VOICE. I COULD HAVE TALKED TO THEM FROM THAT PERSPECTIVE. IT WOULD HAVE COME OUT OF ME JUST, IT WOULD HAVE BLOSSOMED RIGHT OUT OF ME."

Polly Nelson was Ted Bundy's last lawyer—the one who tried to keep him alive by legal maneuvers as his execution dates whizzed closer and closer. And Polly, like Newton, had very impressive access—especially in light of Bundy's decision to tell all when his legal options ran out. Polly was there right up to the end.

So the obvious plays out. The last few chapters are the only ones of any worth. And they are, in fact, highly worthwhile. But the first three-quarters of DEFENDING THE DEVIL are just what you'd expect from a lawyer's book.

Polly Nelson documents the voluminous and deady boring legal rigamarole to a fault. Worse, the only personality injected into the lists of files and plans and hopes is that of Polly. And she's a gross stereotype. Polly assumes you'll side with her. Her soap-opera moralism and safe ingénue dissolution. Her cheap, protected rites of passage, and the mean reality that's supposed to mourn the loss of meaning in designs like INNER CHILD and HEART OF HEARTS. She wants you to feel her drive and mission, and she knows you'll understand the righteousness behind MY CASE and MY TED. Bitter ecumenicalism and a bothersome, unimportant, lifeless drone:

WHY COULDN'T HE AT LEAST PRETEND HE WAS SORRY?

But all this would be just par for the course were it not for her finally, ultimately, getting her big, fat female ass in the way of what might have been—and now never will be.

...I HAD ASKED TED TO DO ME ONE FAVOR, AS HIS LAWYER, AND TO NOT DISCUSS THE FLORIDA CRIMES, JUST IN CASE WE GOT A STAY OF EXECUTION AT THE VERY LAST MINUTE. ON THE TAPE, DOBSON ASKS HIM ABOUT THE MURDER OF KIMBERLY LEACH. TED HESITATES AND GLANCES AROUND, DECIDING WHAT TO DO. I LOVE THAT MOMENT. I'M SORRY, THAT SOUNDS CHIRPY, LIKE BEING "VERY HAPPY" ABOUT A STAY OF

EXECUTION FOR THE MURDERER OF INNOCENT VICTIMS. BUT I LOVE TO SEE TED STRUGGLING WITH MY INSTRUCTIONS, DECIDING WHETHER TO RESTRAIN HIMSELF OR DO AS HE PLEASES, ASSERT CONTROL. HE FINALLY CHOKES OUT THAT HE CAN'T TALK ABOUT IT, THOUGH HE'D LIKE TO.



Robert Black liked little girls. He has been sentenced to life imprisonment for the murders of three little darlings (ages eleven, ten, and five) and the kidnapping and assault of a fourth (age six).

THE LITTLE GIRL WAS FOUND IN A SLEEPING BAG IN THE REAR. SHE HAD BEEN BOUND AND STICKING PLASTER WAS TAPED OVER HER MOUTH. BLACK HAD REMOVED HER SHOES AND SOCKS. A BAG WITH A DRAWSTRING WAS OVER HER HEAD, AND IT HAD BEEN TIGHTENED AROUND HER NECK. SHE HAD BEEN INDECENTLY ASSAULTED.

FEAR THE STRANGER is written by former Deputy Chief Constable Hector Clark, who was in charge of the ten-year hunt for Black. As such, the book suffers in the same way the previous volumes do: wonderful but sadly mistaken access. Chances blown due to personal interference and the incorrect assumption of one's own inherent specialness. Deputy Clark traces the mistakes and methods of a murderous pedophile with very specific tastes. Finally captured, Robert Black gives in, but only just. Most of the details and tastes are left to the good-but-disgusted Deputy to discern and impart. And only just.

He includes breaking the news to the parents of Susan Maxwell (eleven):

HE DIDN'T SAY, "SHE'S DEAD." HE SAID, "THIS LITTLE GIRL IS NOT ALIVE." I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THIS, HE SAID, "THIS LITTLE GIRL IS NOT ALIVE." I JUST REMEMBER THE FEELING OF COLDNESS START IN MY FEET AND WORK ITS WAY UP THROUGH MY WHOLE BODY.

And the attacks are included only when necessary.

Robert Black has since granted extensive interviews to "pedophile expert" Ray Wyre, excerpts of which have already been printed in English papers:

I WAS IN THE PARK NEAR WHERE I LIVED IN GREENOCK AT THE SWINGS. IT WAS GETTING TOWARD TWILIGHT AND ALL THE OTHER KIDS HAD GONE EXCEPT FOR THE ONE LITTLE GIRL. I ASKED HER IF SHE WANTED TO SEE A KITTEN AND SHE CAME WITH ME....I THINK I CLAPPED MY HANDS OVER HER MOUTH. I TOOK HER INSIDE AND HELD HER DOWN ON THE GROUND WITH MY HAND 'ROUND HER THROAT AND I WAS HOLDING HER DOWN AND SHE MUST HAVE GONE

UNCONSCIOUS....SHE WAS FOUND WANDERING, CRYING, AND BLEEDING.

The great book on him and his child-suffocating, finger-fucking lusts remains unreleased.

THE MORE I DRANK, THE MORE I KILLED. THE MORE I KILLED, THE MORE I DRANK.

The heroes of BLOOD RUSH are Ricky Lee Green and his wife Sharon. BLOOD RUSH dishes up everything it can—and there's a lot—without embarrassment and, more importantly, without the author sticking her petty personality in where it doesn't belong. Patricia Springer does have a peripheral connection to the crimes and uses it as a springboard, not as a moral out or crutch. Further, it's a somewhat convenient connection that accents her hundred and fifty hours of interviews: She's friends with the mother of one of Ricky's victims.

In short order, BLOOD RUSH is a blood feast—full of the usual white-trash vacancy and sex-mad, drug-and-drink-charged desperation and rage. Much more vicious and sadistic than Eddie Cole, yet presented in a more controlled (and trustworthy) manner that, fittingly, verges on the pornographic.

More blood. More pain. More speed and frenzy and confusion. All factors which should add up to just another loser's tale. Another set of bums whose synapses fire and pop in pitch-black senselessness. Ms. Springer reaches into the gore a bit further than expected (or required) and yanks out more than just chemical-soaked details. But the details are there in abundance, as is the pain and suffering and mistakes and losses of all those involved in crimes that exist above simple feral sex acts and lifeless time-wasting.

Ricky's family is given the proper attention. His father, a drug dealer, is responsible for incredible perversions and lusts. As is grandpa.

Eleven-year-old Ricky runs away and ends up raped by a homeless bum. Made to stay with his grandfather, Ricky is repeatedly raped:

HIS CALLOUSED HANDS RAN THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE BOY'S IMMATURELY DEVELOPED BODY. HIS MOUTH ENGULFED RICKY'S LIFELESS PENIS. THE OLD MAN LABORIOUSLY BREATHED AS HE SUCKED THE GENITALS INTO HIS MOUTH. THE ORAL COPULATION SUBSIDED ONLY WHEN GREEN TOOK A BREATH AND MURMURED, "BOY, YOU GOT A BIG ONE."

Ricky's sister is raped by her father, which starts her on a downward spiral that will come to engulf brothers Ricky and Perry in imitative, incestuous sex-play.

Ricky is forced to eat his own vomit and takes to torturing animals.

A one-year-old baby is raped.

Ricky becomes a prostitute at fifteen after another rape by another burn.

Ricky molests his thirteen-year-old sister-in-law (just a blow job and grope).

...and much, much more. Including murder victims. And photos.

RICKY WAS SICK OF HEARING THE DESPERATE CRIES. HE PICKED UP ANOTHER ONE OF THE KITCHEN KNIVES AND MOVED DOWN FEFFERMAN'S TREMBLING BODY. RICKY GRABBED THE PENIS OF THE QUAKING MAN AND WITH SEVERAL SAWING MOTIONS AMPUTATED IT, ALONG WITH THE TOP PORTION OF HIS SCROTUM. HE SHOVED THE EXTREMITY INTO THE OPEN MOUTH OF FEFFERMAN.

Any aging, ugly hen will tell you all about the world's problems and her theories. All the reasons. All the whys and hows and....

Like the slimy beast who wants you to know about the rooting reflex. Where she strokes her baby's chin while holding its ugly head close to her stretch-marked, grey-milk, fatty dug. The baby, her mama-pig seethes, will naturally turn its head to find that hideous pickled nipple to nurse.

Naturally.

Like the smell of one of those red, inflamed, hairy gashes. Like the smell of piss, disease, rot, overuse, and sweat and sexual abuse.

And the little boy settles down.

He struggles through puberty and chooses not to see one great big hole.

The motivation becomes as different as the situation.

And fucking and popping in one hole is rather different, isn't it, than fucking and popping in another—say, one where you can't see the hairs on your cunting wife's nipples or the matted black hairs in her fat, sticky asshole? Or the way she grinds her hips in time with your grunting pumps. Or the way her old, wrinkled flesh sticks together or slides apart.

Maybe the way she closes her eyes and remembers what it was like when she had a cock and, thank christ, that's all over. Or the way her eyes roll up in her head as the junk in her veins makes it impossible to even know what's getting banged. It's more than a mattress, cocksucker, it's more than some stupid female cunt that you don't know what to do with. This beautiful fucking thing. You don't want that hole when you can have this one right here.

The gender doesn't deserve it.

The victims weren't asking for it.

Which is what makes the crimes so special.

And Friday just seems like the best day for a strawberry douche.

Daddy's been thinking. He—for reasons god intended—doesn't want to...have sex...with his daughter. And, anyways, it's not child molesting, 'cause he didn't have these feelings when she was younger....And the urges he has now have nothing to do with her being his daughter. It's just...it's just her—the way she bounces around this fucking house, for christ's sake, with her titties wobbling underneath that flimsy shirt, and her fat lipstick when she comes home. And his daughter is developing into a hard little ass and he doesn't get to see her in her white panties that much anymore. And, really, it has very little to do with her. Her being the daughter he loves...you know, it could be a PLAYBOY kinda thing—just titties and bush and he's a fucking guy, after all.

And he's thinking maybe he'd just like to see someone else fuck her. Oh, man. But maybe if he could sneak a peek and jesus this is just absolutely fucking impossible. Her with her legs in the air and...or her ass up in the air, those fresh, firm, cute, tan ass cheeks shimmying flesh tightly as she squats on some thick, hard cock in and down and up and slide wet and arch your baby back and grab her tits, turn her around and grab her titties and finger her clit like...whoever...grab her shoulders and really fucking dig in, fucking push, pump, you fucking rutting dogs. Shoot up inside her now, shoot that shit up that soaked-up teenage black hair hole.

Daddy feels dirty. Surely everybody does it—thinks about it—but all those cocksuckers won't let on. Nice titties. Slim cunt. Who wouldn't? Those little rolled-up white socks. 1-900-whatever. Daddy don't care if the cunts are laughing or fat or hateful. Cute, understanding cunts would be worse, actually. Just wants to hear the words. Cock. Your cock. You like that? Shut the fuck up, cunt, he thinks, just say the words.

Closes his eyes.

Gotta be more careful. The nightmares he drives away with get worse every time. Some nigger fuck in the alley he just pulled into, jumps outta any garbage can or dark back doorway anytime and the worst thing wouldn't be explaining it...but a day later and all the good parts are burnt into his brain.

Transsexual hookers. Or maybe rough teen hard cock street corner trade in the alley off Belmont near Clark. On your knees as his young buddies laugh and check for cops and think about beating you to death for fun, revenge more than money. And you know it. And you must have forgotten it again. Talk yourself out of it again as you go home, shaking your head and indulging in the images you'll fight again in a week. Please god, please fucking god jesus christ please. Don't let me do it again.

Ugly drunk bastard.
AIDS helping hands.
Porno.

Flabby deep cunts. Wet mouths on Puerto Rican teenagers with fat teenage asses and a huge baseball bat rammed so far up that hairy cunt; can't understand a word, you spic beast, pull the end out of the bones underneath this dark brown red mole fucked hair hole. Want to see the skin split; not from that ripped gash she uses to shit out little welfare rats and midday drunk wetback busboys but right there on top: in that fuzzy, wiry, pitch-black rat's nest of Brillo hair. Bleed, you third-world cunt. Slut. Whore. Pig mira mira mira look at the lovely female hole you own and shake and spread and smell.

Show me how you bleed.

And how you piss with that hole.

Your yeast infection.

Abscesses, genital warts.

Does it feel just wonderful up the back of your spine when I tickle that fat, cock-sized clit of yours?

Do you finger it?

Do you clean it?

Maxi-pads?

Elephant pads?

little wilted dead dick, fat nigger lips, and hideous, short-but-thick scars just underneath the hard bags stuck in her honey junkie flat rib chest.

Nice tongue, cunt.

Where'd you learn to talk such good nigger?

Ever fucked in a Cabrini-Green hallway? Ever tasted dad's dick?

How many times?

How many dads?

Those who remain unconvinced of Pussy Tourette's real idea of fun may find similar pleasures are to be had in the fourth issue of REALITY HOAX. Dedicated to showing WHERE JOHN AND JANE DOE ARE GETTING SCREWED BY THE MEDIA, REALITY HOAX offers an extremely antiseptic interview with Patricia Winn, a male-to-female transsexual in the same spirit. Meaning that the results are hardly prurient and hardly interesting. Other than a few misshapen faux pas.

ONE NIGHT THIS LADY HAD A SOLO SHOW AND THE CUSTOMER PURPOSELY EJACULATED THROUGH THE HOLES IN THE GLASS. IT GOT ON HER BACK AND IN HER HAIR. SHE TOLD ME, "KRYSTL, THESE MEN WOULD JUST AS SOON PISS ON YOU AS CUM ON YOU."

THE LAST SEX (St. Martin's Press) is another post-modern wordfest that attempts to cover similar ground, albeit elevated way beyond its station. Mostly concerned with gender definitions and a tiresome

focus on role-playing artists and "politically disobedient" socioperformance wordplay, editors Arthur and Marilouise Kroker end up with all-too-clean hands. Included are some peep-show memoirs with the rich, obligatory WE BELIEVE THAT PROCLAIMING OUR STORIES IS A POWERFUL AND HEALING ACT sense of removal and denial.

INCIDENTALLY, MENSTRUAL PERIODS CAN BE A NUISANCE, BUT WE STRIPPERS HAVE A WAY OF DEALING: USE TAMPONS, BUT CUT THE STRING FIRST. IT BECOMES A VERY PRIVATE JOKE. THE CUSTOMERS NEVER SUSPECT.

Carol A. Queen is yet another new consciousness monster who owns little more than her cunt and tiny tits, and who wants to explain her situation yet again in the new issue of BLACK SHEETS (May '94, #4). Ms. Queen also appeared in SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE NAKED (see PARASITE #6) as well as an episode of HBO's insulting, cringe-worthy new-age REAL SEX drivel. Her rose-colored world remains ever-intact:

OF COURSE, SUCKING COCK THROUGH GLASS PRESENTS ITS OWN SPECIAL CHALLENGES. ON THE PLUS SIDE, NO COCK IS TOO BIG TO GET DOWN MY THROAT. AND A GUY CAN LOSE HIS LOAD IN MY MOUTH, ON MY FACE, UP MY ASS, EVEN IN MY EYES, AND IT'S SAFE AND COMFORTABLE AS CAN BE.

Also included are some true confessions by former hustlers. (DURING THE SAME PERIOD I GOT SEVERAL MINOR INFECTIONS FROM THE DALLYING I DID ON MY OWN TIME, AND THIS WAS PROBABLY WHEN I GOT THE VIRUS AS WELL.)

Rose G. Mandelsberg has decided to switch the focus of the TRUE DETECTIVE anthologies. Of course, each new volume—regardless of the title—is simply a messy collection of grindhouse murder formulas, all previously published and forgotten. The newest volumes are PREDATORS and HOOKER KILLERS, and just like all the titles in Pinnacle's TRUE DETECTIVE line, they feature crimes loosely centered on a particular fetish. But unlike former volumes, these latest two narrow the field to a very specific type of victim. Rather than let the victims be related just by the way they were murdered, HOOKER KILLERS and PREDATORS (THE MORE HELPLESS THE VICTIM... THE MORE HIDEOUS THE CRIME) boast a closer-to-the-bone feel for fans of sex crime, where the emphasis is on sex and crime rather than tacky mysteries and gore.

SHE WAS BLONDE AND SLENDER, AND THEY GUESSED THAT SHE WAS IN HER MID-TWENTIES. IT LOOKED LIKE SHE HAD BEEN SLAPPED OR PUNCHED PRIOR TO HER DEATH. BECAUSE OF THE

BLuish color of her face and the markings on her throat, they theorized that she had been strangled manually.

—HOOKER KILLERS

AS THE OFFICERS APPROACHED THE BED, THEY SAW TINY THREE-YEAR-OLD MARCELLINE ONICK SPRAWLED IN GORE. HER BLOOD WAS DRIPPING ONTO THE CARPET. DOTS OF CRIMSON SPLASHED ACROSS THE WALL. HER LIFE'S BLOOD OOZED FROM VICIOUS KNIFE SLASHES ACROSS HER THROAT AND UPPER TORSO. HER TINY BLUE EYES STARED SIGHTLESSLY INTO OBLIVION.

—PREDATORS

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

PARASITE

VOLUME 12 ★ AUGUST, 1994

LEGAL

COCAINE TRUE, COCAINE BLUE Eugene Richards
(Aperture)

LIVING WITH THE ENEMY Donna Ferrato (Aperture)

Shrill voices that slide down the back of your neck and circle around your ass-crack and balls. Waltzes and boys and fresh-cheeked reds; all blond bobs and thin, clear eyes.

And your warped little lust tells you: sly, aware, and wanting. And though you know their innocence works against you, it's that very...reticence, or maybe refusal—that provides the overwhelming drive, the frenzy, the heat at the tip of that rock-hard hard-on to see that skinny, budding, poking flesh underneath those long Viennese robes. Angels.

They don't know. They don't even think about it or anything near it. It's much purer. Real and honest and packaged exactly the way that old, thick, fag bags like Menudo can never be.

No wet, tight, full, swimming-trunk baskets.

No Mexican sliding smiles and rough, wiry hair. No pinched cheeks and instructions.

And so the drive shifts. Choirboys equal sucking and tasting and fucking all the way to ripping and crying and fucking smashing those blond heads into meaty, bony, shrieking pulp. Shrill screams and

Viennese begging and shock and the thinnest, boniest, crumbling-and-peeling bloodbath just pouring and running all over your hot cock as you lean further back and jerk, stroke, squeeze, jerk, jerk, pull.

Little baby boy blues and blonds: uncircumcised and small and tight; miniature and bunched-up like a shy surprise.

And those voices on CD in fucking Austrian or German or Italian, or whatever it is this time, are as close to the screams and moans and coughs and pleases as you're going to get. And the photos are the same ones over and over again.

Hermann Nitsch understands, doesn't he? Catharsis and abreaction and instinct and all the other reasons to sell a photo of some asshole drenched in blood and cow/lamb/ox gut with the carcass crucified above.

And that'll do it for now.

Just knowing it should be a younger boy. Dead from some mishap or murder or disease, but hung up for now, oozing all over your cock and tired muscles.

NANCY BUCHANAN: HAVE YOU DONE, THEN, THE PIECES AT THE END—WITH THE CADAVERS? HUMAN CADAVERS?

HERMANN NITSCH: NO. BUT I WILL DO IT. IT'S ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME, A QUESTION OF POSSIBILITIES. BECAUSE FOR EVERY MEDICINE STUDENT, IT'S ALLOWED TO WORK WITH THE DEAD HUMAN BODY. WHY SHOULD IT NOT BE ALLOWED FOR AN ARTIST? I THINK THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN ARTIST AND A MEDICAL STUDENT.

—HIGH PERFORMANCE, September, 1978

THE BOY'S BODY HAS BEEN BATHED IN HOT AND LUKEWARM WATER AND ANOINTED WITH OIL. NUMBER 0 NAILS THE BOY TO THE WALL ABOVE THE BED AS IF CRUCIFIED (THE BOY'S FEET ARE 50CM ABOVE THE BED). A NAIL IS DRIVEN THROUGH EACH OF THE BOY'S HANDS AND FEET. BLOOD AND WATER OOZE OUT OF THE WOUNDS AND FLOW DOWN OVER THE WALL.

—ORGIE MYSTERIAN THEATER,
Hermann Nitsch, Marz Verlag, 1969

Ever sucked off a young boy?

Ever try to squeeze a finger into a clenched, fused, tiny, puckered hole?

Ever lick out the spit in his tiny toothed mouth while your fat head just completely blacked out his entire life?

Grope. Pulled with two fingers and palmed. Fingered. Spread. Forced and fucked and spewed too quickly. Tasted and swallowed and ran a fat, flat tongue rape up the side and every crevice and bend.

Bathe in his blood and pain and lifelessness.

Strangle and stomp and buttfuck again and again. Such a small, cold, messy, untouched, pale corpse. Stained and bruised and defiled. Little angel.

Take photos.

Masturbated, thinking open the flood gates god, 'cause it can't get any closer than this. Cummed while running the same image through the front of your rapid-fire brain: Cry, cry, cry, all naked and hurt and screaming crying. Those little boys sing their little expensive hearts out. So dear.

Ever fuck a coked-out nigger's thin-skinned head? Had her watch as you unzipped and unbuttoned and tugged out a flaccid, dead-meat dick while you wondered where her kids are now, her pimp, her last jolt was when?

Had her dry-hole that thing with her rotten green teeth and sandpaper-short tongue. Her long, bony cunt and dried prune fingers with their thick, yellow-grey nails scratch and pull, one by one, automatically, absent-mindedly, naturally, your fat, smelly, hairy balls.

Thin crack whore, rock-hard and dumb on a garbagey ghetto street—with her zombie beaten non-stare and buck fucking teeth. Painful cheekbones and weak knees, ghastly Brillo hair and grasping hands.

MELISSA: I JUST GO FOR A WALK AND I HAVE A HIT, DEPENDS ON WHAT THEY WANNA DO, I DO IT ALL. THEY GIVE ME TIPS, AND THEY DO COME BACK. TWENTY DOLLARS FOR A BLOW JOB, FORTY DOLLARS FOR A FUCK. THE BLOW JOB'S THROUGH A CONDOM....I'M FIFTEEN. I'VE BEEN ON THE STREETS SINCE I WAS TEN.

Another shot of another crack beast, another whore, another nigger. This one unbuckling a man's pants while a baby crawls loosely at her back. Her dead, black, oily skin stretched across her skull where her teeth clench and grit like every painful minute.

KERRY, A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD PROSTITUTE, RENTED THE COUCH IN MICHAEL AND LOUISE'S ROOM FOR FIVE DOLLARS AN HOUR, THEN CHARGED REGULAR CUSTOMERS TWENTY DOLLARS, PAYABLE IN CASH OR DRUGS. WHEN MEN TOUCHED HER OR TRIED TO KISS HER, THE VACANT EXPRESSION ON HER FACE NEVER CHANGED. IT WAS ONLY WHEN SHE WAS PULLING ON A CRACK PIPE THAT HER EYES MOISTENED, TEARED UP, AND BECAME UNFOCUSED.

"NOTHIN' BUT TRICKS....TEENAGERS MY SON'S AGE. AND I SAY TO 'EM, I SAY, 'BABY, YOU ALL BE CAREFUL,' 'CAUSE THAT'S WHERE THEY KILLED THEM GIRLS. THEY NAILED VALERIE TO A WALL. THEY FOUND HER NAILED TO A WALL. NAILED. I'M SAYIN' NAILED, HAMMERS AND EVERYTHING. NAILED TO A WALL."

All the images you want to see but stay well the fuck away from. Shots of kids' empty faces and frozen minds. AIDS. Crying howls, bloody arrests, and dank crack hovels. Filth and loss and dysgenic confusion. Fried and burning faces with scars and babies and mamas and pimps. Sexual abuse on cheap sale. A single-minded meditation on drug-rat pain.

The nigger whores don't have squashed cocks in their mouths. They aren't squatting on fat, beer-bellied reject laps in truck cabs. They aren't getting their ugly pig faces splashed and slashed while their babies are being slammed against project walls, exploding the life out of their baby-face stained T-shirts and rank diapers.

LAST NIGHT IF SASHA HADN'T HELPED HER, THE DRUGS WOULD HAVE KILLED MERI. SHE SHOT HEROIN, THEN SMOKED ALL DAY LONG. WHEN SHE SAID SHE DIDN'T FEEL WELL, SASHA HELPED HER TO THE BATHROOM. SHE TOOK TWO VALIUMS, ANOTHER HIT OF CRACK, AND STOPPED BREATHING. HER EYES ROLLED BACK AND BOOM—HER HEAD HIT THE SINK.

In **COCAINE TRUE**, **COCAINE BLUE**, Eugene Richards combines his photos with interviews and observations. He includes work by TIME/LIFE correspondent Edward Barnes and Harlem AIDS physician Stephen W. Nicholas. Naturally, any sense of reality will be depressingly sullied by a cheap, humanistic gloss. A removal steeped in suburban ideological ineptitude instead of dirty voyeurism.

The focus is on dirt. Niggers. Trash. The dead and worthless. Destruction and desperation, economic entropy and dishonest, ineffectual emotionalism. **COCAINE TRUE**, **COCAINE BLUE** slums ghettos, and **LIVING WITH THE ENEMY** slums love.

Smarmy therapy groups and their hand-holding, tearful claws. The wrong doctor. The pervert psychologist, the insidious impulse, and drooly, foolish AIDS distress. Women helping women.

Mom hears the breezy words drift by in and out of the grey. This housefly. This protected little insect. The seat starts to harden. Little fuck-up wants to know about the past. I should lean over and tell the shit about how I sucked all those cocks when I was a kid. How about all the different kinds of hairy asses I watched pump and push between my sore, skinny, spread-all-the-way-out-to-the-wall legs and reeking cunt by trying to focus on the mirror above the bed just to test how gin-soaked my brain was at that very minute? You know how I look at a guy and I guess how his dick'll taste on my tongue and if I'm gonna have to worry about crabs the rest of the night?

And you think I give a fuck if your drunk drone dad spits a mouthful of greasy, runny soup at me?

Do I fuck? I've had more sweat and cum and piss-soaked floors slide across these saggy, sucked-out tits and hung rooster face than you'll ever care to count, pussy.

Oh, honey. I just don't like to talk about it. It wasn't that bad. Mistakes and...it just...I really would rather not talk about it. Don't worry now. I was confused and young and nothing was so bad. I'm sure you make it much worse. And I know I probably make it look worse by not talking about it, but honestly—honey, my mom and dad weren't happy and I wanted to get out. I wasn't happy. And I was young and...it's not so dark, honey, my life was never that bad.

How do those pictures look now that you know? That photo of your mom and dad smiling and holding hands and loving and laughing. His arm around her back and her enjoying it.

And her smile and glint and blush. Can you see those fat, drunk cocks stuffed in and out of that mouth and her head turning to the floor to hock out the puddle of cum some ten-dollar tit-feeler laughed into her throat and in the bottom of her gut? What's underneath that dress, pressed into that bra and hidden tight in the loose, cellulite-dotted ass cheeks forced into the panties your dad bought for her?

Those actions. Those empty explanations and cheap anecdotes. The vivid documentation. The supportive dilettantism. The prurience and love.

IF YOU NOTICED THE BLACK AND BLUE MARKS ON MY BODY IN THE MOVIE DEEP THROAT, YOU MIGHT HAVE WONDERED WHERE THEY CAME FROM. I'LL TELL YOU. MY HUSBAND. LITTLE SOUVENIRS, REMINDERS THAT HE WAS THE COLONEL AND I WAS THE PRIVATE. FROM THE TIME I MET HIM, I NEVER DID ANYTHING, SAID ANYTHING, OR WENT ANYWHERE THAT WAS NOT HIS IDEA. THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN OKAY, IF I HAD BEEN WILLING.

—THE INTIMATE DIARY OF LINDA LOVELACE,
Linda Lovelace, Heinrich Kanau, 1975

CHUCK WAS MAKING A PHONE CALL WHEN GERRY DAMIANO CAME OVER TO SPEAK TO ME. HIS EYES WENT RIGHT TO MY LEGS.

"OH, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!" HE SAID. "WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT?"

WHAT?

"THOSE BRUISES ALL OVER YOUR LEGS. WHAT'RE THEY ALL ABOUT?"

THEY'RE JUST BRUISES. I CAN'T TALK ABOUT THEM.

"WELL, I CAN," HE SAID. "THOSE BRUISES HAPPEN TO BE VERY IMPORTANT TO ME. WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN TO COVER THEM UP, BUT THEY'LL

SHOW UP IN THE MOVIE. I MEAN, ONE REASON YOU GOT THIS JOB—BELIEVE IT OR NOT, LINDA, THIS IS THE MAIN REASON—IS THAT YOU LOOKED SO FRESH AND YOUNG. SO INNOCENT. HOW INNOCENT ARE YOU GOING TO LOOK WITH THOSE MARKS ALL OVER YOUR BODY?"

—ORDEAL, Linda Lovelace, Berkeley, 1980

ONE PERSON WHO KNEW THE TRUTH WAS GERRY DAMIANO, DIRECTOR OF DEEP THROAT. ALTHOUGH DAMIANO AVOIDS INTERVIEWS, HE WAS TALKING ABOUT CHUCK TRAYNOR TO A COLLEGE AUDIENCE AND HIS REMARKS FOUND THEIR WAY INTO THE BOSTON PHOENIX: "THAT MAN (CHUCK TRAYNOR) WAS A NOTHING. HE HAD NO PERSONALITY, NO CHARM, NO BRAINS. HE WAS JUST A USER OF PEOPLE, AND HE USED LINDA. HE GAVE HER NOTHING AND ABUSED HER....MANY TIMES SHE'D COME ON THE SET AND BE COMPLETELY BLACK AND BLUE."

—OUT OF BONDAGE,
Linda Lovelace, Lyle Stuart, 1986

DURING THE FILMING OF DEEP THROAT, ACTUALLY AFTER THE FIRST DAY, I SUFFERED A BRUTAL BEATING IN MY ROOM FOR SMILING ON THE SET. IT WAS A HOTEL ROOM, AND THE WHOLE CREW WAS IN ONE ROOM, THERE WAS AT LEAST TWENTY PEOPLE PARTYING, MUSIC GOING, LAUGHING, AND HAVING A GOOD TIME. MR. TRAYNOR STARTED TO BOUNCE ME OFF THE WALLS. I FIGURED OUT OF TWENTY PEOPLE, THERE MIGHT BE ONE HUMAN BEING THAT WOULD DO SOMETHING TO HELP ME AND I WAS SCREAMING FOR HELP, I WAS BEING BEATEN, I WAS BEING KICKED AROUND AND AGAIN BOUNCED OFF OF WALLS. AND ALL OF A SUDDEN THE ROOM NEXT DOOR BECAME VERY QUIET. NOBODY, NOT ONE PERSON, CAME TO HELP ME.

—Linda Lovelace, quoted in
FINAL REPORT OF THE ATTORNEY
GENERAL'S COMMISSION ON PORNOGRAPHY,
Rutledge Hill Press, 1986

YOU CAN GET BACK YOUR SELF-RESPECT AND LIVE A NORMAL, DECENT LIFE. I DID. IT TAKES A LOT OF STRENGTH AND, FOR ME, A LOT OF BELIEF IN GOD—BUT YOU CAN SURVIVE.

—MRS. MARCIANO [sic] CALLS HERSELF 'A TYPICAL HOUSEWIFE': THE WORLD KNEW HER AS LINDA LOVELACE, PEOPLE Weekly, 1980

"I KNOW WE'VE INFUSED OUR CHILDREN WITH ENOUGH LOVE TO HANDLE THE SITUATION," SAYS

LINDA. "THEY ARE GOING TO KNOW THAT OTHER PERSON IS NOT THEIR MOM. IT'S JUST SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED TO THEIR MOM."

—AWAITING A LIVER TRANSPLANT, LINDA LOVELACE MARCHIANO STRUGGLES TO CLOSE THE BOOK ON HER PAST, PEOPLE Weekly, 1987

What will it be today? Do you want to gawk at square, fake tits, rib bones, and tight asses? Pouty mouths with thick loads and wiggly tongues and doe-dull eyes? Anal? Wet shots? Chicks with dicks? Bisexual, biracial, big dicks, big clits? Puerto Rican bubble asses and nigger lips?

You want to see her take off her top and watch those lumps not move, see her shimmy like high school outta some tight leather shorts 'n' straps?

See him bend down into that toilet with three fingers already digging in that fucking distended shit blow hole hair mess? See him get his queasy George Michael face and stubble start to grease with spit and drool and sweat and slap those muscle cheeks hard while he yanks at that long, dead, dangling cock between his taut thighs?

An ice-white cunt with firm, hardbody stomach and tits; clipped slit and gymflex butt like every other cunt in every other box aside from the amateur section.

See him grab those silicone mistakes, see him plod into her female lipstick'd pit. See him rub his hard-on outside of whatever slimy flesh slash she negotiated to sell him and check how the jerk-and-splash lands just where directed, almost.

But this one lovely, just like not enough before her, is now dead, having suffered through twenty-three years of blank lovelessness and white-noise princessdom. Our pedestaled but desperate dear grasps coquettishly at a personality offered only by death: a suicide fueled by stupidity, sparked by vanity, and detonated by disinterest.

Savannah, who died Shannon Wilsey, was fairly famous, wasn't she? She dated rock stars and had the looks that so many sad porno couples and lonely nerd/fat-ass/jock jokes tend to seek out.

A SEVEN GIRL ANAL STRAP-ON ORGY!

SWEET SEXY THINGS IN SUPER HARDCORE ACTION!

EAGER TO LEARN, WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING!

COAST TO COAST PRESENTS THE THIRD INSTALLMENT OF ONE OF AFROEROTICA'S BEST-SELLING SERIES, BLACK VELVET. DOMINIQUE RETURNS TO HER STARRING ROLE, BACKED BY THE HORNIEST COCOA PUFFS IN PORN. AND A BLACK DIRECTOR WHO KNOWS HOW TO SHOOT THEM. DO NOT BE FOOLED BY IMITATIONS. THE ORIGINAL IS BACK. IN THE BLACK.

AVN wisely published a Savannah FILM AND VIDEOGRAPHY alongside their NEWS OF SAVANNAH'S SUICIDE STUNS INDUSTRY reportage. SCREW's David Aaron Clark quoted Savannah's manager as saying: HER SEX ON FILM WAS NEVER THAT WILD. SHE WAS JUST SO GORGEOUS TO LOOK AT. SHE WANTED TO GET OUT OF THIS BUSINESS AND HAD NOT MADE A FILM IN SEVEN MONTHS. And, at the close of his obituary, Mr. Clark was good enough to remember: SAVANNAH WAS ALSO LEGENDARY FOR SUCKING OFF MULATTO GUNS N' ROSES LEAD GUITARIST SLASH IN GREENWICH VILLAGE ROCKER HAUNT THE SCRAP BAR TWO YEARS AGO.

Shannon blowing her head up with a gun in her garage, crying over—A) money problems; B) concerns over her broken nose; C) porn ennui—creates a whole new picture. A brand-new market. Just as unreal as before, but maybe a little closer to the bone you're in the mood for tonight.

WHEREVER THEY WENT, CHUCK HAD INSISTED THAT MARILYN BE MARILYN CHAMBERS TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY. BEING MARILYN CHAMBERS MEANT ANSWERING THE DOOR NUDE WHEN A BUSBOY DELIVERED A ROOM-SERVICE DINNER AND TELLING HIM, "FORGET THE TIP. COME INTO THE OTHER ROOM AND I'LL GIVE YOU A BLOW JOB."

"TO CREATE THE PERFECT PORN STAR, YOU HAVE TO CREATE AN IMAGE OF A TOTALLY UNINHIBITED SEXUAL CREATURE WHO WOULD BE HAPPY BEING ANYTHING YOU WANTED HER TO BE," SAYS CHUCK TRAYNOR.

—BOTTOM FEEDERS, John Hubner, Doubleday, 1992

BO ALSO HAD A PENCHANT FOR OLDER MEN, LIKE TRAYNOR, WHO IS NOW FIFTY-TWO. "THEY CAN TEACH ME SO MANY THINGS," SAYS BO, "LIKE ETIQUETTE, AND HOW TO BE PERKY SO PEOPLE WILL LIKE ME, AND HOW TO BE THE CUTEST AND GLAMOUREST [SIC] I CAN SO I CAN TURN ON AN AUDIENCE." TRAYNOR BECAME HER LOVER AND HER MANAGER, AND ONE OF HIS FIRST TASKS AS THE LATTER WAS "TO CREATE THE NEED FOR A PRODUCT THAT DIDN'T EXIST YET."

—INSIDE MARILYN CHAMBERS, GQ, 1987

Smile for the camera.

Put your arm around her.

Get closer.

Say fucking cheese.

Years from now, you'll be very happy you've got this.

This only happens once in a lifetime.

Can you believe how lucky we were to have the camera there? And ready?

Look how cute you were then.

She looks really happy.

She looked really happy then.

That's a great shot. Pout. Moan. Now lick. Act like you want it, for fuck's sake. Yeah, do it. Do it. Give it to her. Don't roll your eyes like that. Hide that belly. Your breasts look horrible from that angle. Your forehead is shining.

Thirty-nine years of memories.

Three boys: Robert Peterson, fourteen; John Schuessler, thirteen; and Anton Schuessler, eleven—murdered, sexually abused, strangled, and dumped in a forest preserve. Thirty-nine years ago. October 16, 1955.

"Horseman and stable owner" Robert Hansen is charged with all three murders, finally, on August 12, 1994.

Photos of Hansen with his wife and son, all banal smiles. No glint, no sign.

Photos of the three boys smiling in school-type photos. No idea. Untouched.

ON HER DRESSER, [MRS. SCHUESSLER] ALWAYS KEPT A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BOYS AND ONE BRONZED BABY SHOE OF EACH. SHE DIED IN 1986 AND WAS BURIED BESIDE HER BOYS IN A RIVER GROVE CEMETERY. HER STEPSON, GARY KUJAWA, A TELEPHONE REPAIRMAN, SAID SHE WAS OFTEN REMINDED OF THE MURDERS.

—CHICAGO TRIBUNE, 8/13/94

Fucked them.

Strangled them.

Beat them and raped their boys' holes amid shock and fear and tears and blubbery wailing. Frightened genitalia and tight, bony chests, round boy ass globes and virginal surprise. Shitting. Scraping. Cumming. Slaps and soaked underwear.

Where would the boys be now?

What do you think they'd be, honey?

Oh, they'd be famous, wouldn't they?

They were so handsome.

And polite.

And charming. And industrious. Real young men.

And how nice they didn't grow up to disappoint.

That lovely shot of dear little Lisa Steinberg. The one that brought together a nation to battle child abuse and wife-battering and coked-out lawyer lunatics.

Lovely little girl sitting at her little school desk in school-photo color or tabloid black-and-white. Staring into fucked and brutalized fog with all that manic day-to-day information and tiny details jumping

behind those glassy, blank eyes and soft cheeks, thin lips, and dirty hair.

Lisa's mom—stepmom, or whatever name is most appropriate for the hulking mistake known as Hedda Nussbaum—turns up again in LIVING WITH THE ENEMY.

Full-page shot of her wreckage and Joel Steinberg's living battery tirades.

Puffy, ugly, doomed face that's supposed to moan all the evangelical tones in the endless captions. All Donna Ferrato's heartfelt drive, idealism, and strife. Her narcissism and pouty, altruistic refinement.

Bruised and shrieking women, bloody and pointing women, scarred and hollow women, nurtured and healing women. And the chimeras and dreams and silliness and hopes and reciprocity that most probably inflames and propagates the problems these women impotently seek to overcome.

AT THAT TIME, THE PITTSBURGH SHELTER WAS LOCATED IN THE BASEMENT OF A SEMINARY. THE WALLS WERE PEELING AND THE FLOOR WAS DAMP. SUNSHINE RARELY FILTERED THROUGH THE BARRED WINDOWS, AND WHEN IT DID THE RAYS REVEALED A FOG OF CIGARETTE SMOKE. BABIES CRIED AS MOTHERS TOOK TURNS WITH COOKING AND CHORES. NEVERTHELESS, THIS WAS A WONDERFULLY SUPPORTIVE ENVIRONMENT. THE WOMEN...CLUNG TO EACH OTHER WITH LOVE AND FEAR.

The motherly care of us all; particularly the wives and mothers who get sucked into a world they couldn't control and merely adapted to, or the economic downtrodden born as criminals into prisons, whose only refuge from daily pain and blunt confusion is mind-numbing blankness misunderstood as euphoria. Just like you thought. Perhaps what you dreamed about.

The details are there. The images pornographic in a protected way. Delicately framed snaps with all the heavy-handed effrontery of an artistic autopsy. The reasoning typical and televised. The morals high and careful and fake. And the access impressive only in what you imagine the authors had to deal with to get there.

AS WE TALKED, I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND THAT HEDDA HAD ENDURED YEARS OF PHYSICAL TORTURE, PRECEDED BY YEARS OF SKILLFUL PSYCHOLOGICAL ABUSE AND MENTAL ATTRITION. BY THE TIME STEINBERG FIRST HIT HER, HE HAD ALREADY CONVINCED HEDDA THAT SHE DESERVED IT. AFTER AWHILE, SHE COULD FIND NO ESCAPE AND NO HELP. SHE BECAME A LIVING CORPSE.

The words and images that are supposed to be the battering ram back. The feet on the steps at

Washington, the handcuffs on the high nigger, wasted trailer trash, and drunk spic ghetto sludge, the trigger beneath the cop's cap and teacher's chalk.

TODAY HEDDA LIVES ALONE IN A SMALL SECLUDED HOUSE, CUT OFF FROM EVERYONE SHE LOVED. HER FINANCIAL SITUATION IS PRECARIOUS; OFTEN SHE TURNS TO TEMPORARY SECRETARIAL AGENCIES FOR WORK. SHE CONTINUES TO ATTEND BATTERED-WOMEN'S MEETINGS.

LIVING WITH THE ENEMY features a close-up of Hedda's despondent, puffed-out maw. And another of Hedda, sad and glassy, walking in the snow—alone, we are to assume, except for Ms. Ferrato and her camera.

The front cover of LISA, HEDDA & JOEL by Sam Ehrlich also has a shot of Hedda's punched-up head. Then there's that photo of Lisa. And a simply gorgeous little family snap of a pretty, smiling, and thin Hedda holding little Lisa as a chubby, happy baby.

SOME OF THE SIGNS WERE RELATIVELY SUBTLE—LIKE THE LONG-SLEEVED, HIGH-NECKED SHIRTS SHE'D WEAR ON THE WORST DAYS OF SUMMER (THE BETTER TO COVER HER BLACK-AND-BLUE MARKS) OR THE DIAPERS THAT THIS CLEVER FIRST-GRADER WOULD BE WRAPPED IN AT HOME. BUT OTHERS WERE MORE OBVIOUS: HER GENERAL DISHEVELMENT, HER INCREASING MOODINESS AND FEARFULNESS, THE FACIAL BRUISES THAT MOUNTED IN THE LAST MONTH OR SO. LOOKING BACK, IT REMAINS HARD TO FIGURE HOW EVERYONE MISSED HER.

—LISA, HEDDA & JOEL, Sam Ehrlich,
St. Martin's Press, 1989

MY BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN BABY. I HAD SENT HER TO HER DEATH AS SURELY AS IF I HAD STRAPPED HER INTO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR AND PULLED THE SWITCH. STUPID FOOL! WHILE I WAS DREAMING OF MUSEUM VISITS AND PINK PARTY DRESSES AND TEA AT THE PLAZA, THOSE TWO HAD BEEN BEATING HER, THEY BRUTALIZED HER UNTIL THEY BEAT THE VERY LIFE OUT OF HER. WHAT KIND OF PERSON BATTERS A CHILD TO DEATH WITH HIS BARE FISTS?

—I WISH YOU DIDN'T KNOW MY NAME,
Michele Launders and Penina Spiegel,
Warner Books, 1990

AT THE AGE OF SIX, LISA STEINBERG WEIGHED FORTY-THREE POUNDS. SHE HAD BIG HAZEL EYES AND RED HAIR. IF SHE HAD EVER GROWN UP, PEOPLE WOULD HAVE CALLED HER AN IRISH BEAUTY. THE FINE SHOULDER-LENGTH HAIR HADN'T BEEN SHAMPOOED FOR A LONG TIME; IT

WAS TERRIBLY TANGLED AND MATTED. IT HID A LARGE RED BRUISE ON THE RIGHT TEMPLE THAT WOULD BE DISCOVERED IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM AT THE HOSPITAL, ALONG WITH TWO OTHER LARGE, FRESH BRUISES ON HER JAW AND THE BACK OF HER HEAD.

—WHAT LISA KNEW, Joyce Johnson,
Putnam, 1990

Somewhere in the middle between NATURAL BORN KILLERS and pricey Polaroids of red-faced little children exposing their genitals to old men in LA exists an imitation underground. From here spring magazines, music, and art that pretend to be iconoclastic, dangerous, and sexually adventurous but, in reality, are nothing more than tantrums from little frail or fat nerds angry that their parents can't live up to the ecumenical hippie values both generations hold as ideal.

This middle ground, labeled "underground" only due to the slight attention and bemused acceptance paid to it by the populace, had a budding and now extinguishing interest in serial killers and murder, just like more degenerative sex has gained a PC nod as transgressive or (worse) acceptably desperate psychopathic trauma.

These weak, weepy mice with books and tattoos need to talk about their drugged-out selves and prostitute friends just after they've finished commiserating on the rough rent in bad neighborhoods and expensive music (low-fi, homo-core, fat teen dykes with hideous fat breasts, psych/surf, and G.G. Allin was or wasn't a Nazi).

BEN IS DEAD (Summer '94, Issue #24) has the usual mopes explaining themselves yet again but, due to this issue being the "black" issue, editor Darby has recorded her friend's dealings with John Gacy. Darby is concerned about Gacy's popularity among the alienated but, fashion trooper that she is, she soldiers on and comes up with some interesting additions to the lore that Gacy's fantasies have created:

DARBY: I'VE HEARD THAT YOU AND GACY WOULD HAVE PHONE SEX, IS THIS TRUE?

GLEN MEADMORE: OH, WELL, NOT NECESSARILY 'PHONE SEX.'...BUT WE WOULD TALK ABOUT SEXUAL THINGS, LIKE HE'D TELL ME WHAT HIS DICK LOOKED LIKE. HE SAID HE HAD A BIG HEAD LIKE A MUSHROOM; HE USED TO CALL IT HIS 'MUSHROOM.' AND WHEN BOYS WOULD COME OVER HE'D SAY, "DO YOU LIKE MUSHROOMS?"

Other similarly minded sad-rags currently available include CRANK (#2) and GENETIC DISORDER (#12).

CRANK contains an INTERVIEW WITH A KILLER that makes better reading as someone's overanxious jerkoff fantasy than actual account:

THE LAST MENTAL REACTION I HAD WAS TO

SQUEEZE MY HAND SHUT, AND AS MY HAND EXITED HER RECTUM, IT CLOSED ONTO A HANDFUL OF FLESH, AND ALTHOUGH IT WAS PROBABLY THE MOST PAIN I HAVE EVER FELT, INCLUDING THE BEATINGS THAT BITCH GAVE ME, I WAS REWARDED WITH ABOUT A FOOT AND A HALF OF THAT CUNT'S COLON HANGING OUT OF HER ASS.

GENETIC DISORDER devotes about a third of its eighty pages to TRUE CRIME IN SAN DIEGO, briefly covering celebrities such as Craig Peyer, Brenda Spencer, and James Huberty, as well as the more usual brand of fuck-up.

And the September issue of SPIN is a Manson cover special.

***** PARASITE

VOLUME 13 ★ SEPTEMBER, 1994

FACTS

BORN BAD Andrew Vachss (Vintage)
DOWN IN THE ZERO Andrew Vachss (Knopf)
MURDER IN THE HEART Alexandra Artley (Penguin)
A CRY FOR JUSTICE Joy Swift (Cool Hand)

THE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATIONS THAT BEGAN WITH PLATO AND XENOPHON AND WERE DEVELOPED ON ROMAN SARCOPHAGI, ABSORBED INTO CHRISTIANITY BY THE OVIDIUS MORALIZATUS, AND REAFFIRMED BY THE NEOPLATONISTS, WERE IN THE END ADAPTED FOR THE GLORIFICATION OF INDIVIDUAL DECEASED CHILDREN....WHEREAS IN ITALY THE SPIRITUAL PURITY OF THE YOUTH HAD ONCE SERVED AS A REFINED SYMBOLIC JUSTIFICATION FOR VARIOUS FORMS AND DEGREES OF PEDERASTY, BY THE MID-SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BOTH THE DUTCH AND THE ITALIANS TOOK THE SAME REFERENCES MORE LITERALLY, IGNORED THE EROTIC UNDERTONE, AND IMMORTALIZED THE YOUNG GANYMEDE NOT AS LOVER BUT AS OFFSPRING.

—GANYMEDE IN THE RENAISSANCE,
James M. Saslow, Yale, 1986

ANYWAY, I DON'T REMEMBER HOW I GOT THIS JOB STOCKING AND SWEEPING FOR A SMALL VARIETY

STORE, BUT I DO REMEMBER MY BOSS TOUCHING MY CROTCH ONE DAY COMMENTING ON MY TIGHT LEVIS. I DID NOT REBUFF HIS ADVANCES, AND WE ENTERED INTO A SEXUAL SITUATION. I WAS NEVER INTO ANY SORT OF ANAL ACTION BUT WAS A WILLING PARTICIPANT IN MUTUAL FELLATIO.

—MAN/child, Howard Hunter, McFarland, 1991

TOMMY TERRORIZED THE CHILDREN BY BEATING THEIR MOTHER IN FRONT OF THEM, ALMOST DAILY. EVERY TWO OR THREE DAYS, HILDA THOMPSON WOULD BE KNOCKED TO THE GROUND BY A PUNCH ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD AND KICKED IN THE STOMACH. THEN CAME THE THING THEY ALL FEARED THE MOST—THE MOMENT WHEN TOMMY WOULD PAUSE AND DELIBERATELY SIT DOWN TO PUT ON A PAIR OF HARD OUTDOOR SHOES, SPECIALLY KEPT FOR THE PURPOSE OF KICKING HILDA THOMPSON ON THE SHINS UNTIL SHE WANTED TO DIE WITH PAIN.

—MURDER IN THE HEART,
Alexandra Artley, Penguin, 1994

Tommy Thompson's children (two daughters: June and Hilda) kept diaries during the important parts of their thirty years or so with dad. As did their mother. June and Hilda killed their father with a shotgun after they'd decided they'd had enough of his torture.

Alexandra Artley, in her search for the details behind the torture, uncovers quite an astonishing catalog of sickness and tragedy. She interviews the still-numb, still-suffering girls and rips through their diaries. As a journalist, Ms. Artley is detached yet compassionate, and while she recounts her reactions and travails at getting to the truth, she allows the facts to speak alone. Her involvement with the family is emotional and typical.

Details don't come easy. Facts are never unencumbered. Theories are not evidence.

I SAW AN INNOCENT KID TODAY. HIS FACE WASN'T, BUT I THINK HE WAS. THERE WAS TOO MUCH PAIN AND LONGING IN HIS EYES FOR HIM, AT LEAST AT THAT MOMENT, NOT TO HAVE BEEN INNOCENT.

IT GOT ME THINKING: DID I WANT TO BE INNOCENT AGAIN? I'M NOT REALLY SURE. COULD I EVEN STAND IT?...

THIS KID HAD DEFINITELY BEEN AROUND THE HORN. I MEAN, TO USE AN EARLIER METAPHOR, HE HAD DEFINITELY "SEEN THE ELEPHANT"—AND HAD BEEN TRAMPLED....HE WOULDN'T TAKE HIS EYES OFF ME, BUT I DIDN'T MIND. I MEAN, I WASN'T UNCOMFORTABLE. EVEN THOUGH HE WAS CRYING.

—COVENANT HOUSE,
Bruce Ritter, Doubleday, 1987

EACH NIGHT, IN ORDER TO STAY WARM, BILLY WOULD BREAK INTO A CAR, JUMP-START THE MOTOR, RUN THE HEATER, AND PLAY THE RADIO FOR COMPANY. DURING THE COOL NIGHTS OF AUTUMN, BILLY DIDN'T MIND THE RITUAL. BUT THEN JANUARY CAME HOWLING THROUGH THE CITY, PILING SNOW ON EVERY CORNER. EVEN A HEATED CAR WASN'T ENOUGH TO KEEP BILLY WARM AGAINST THE BITTER COLD.

—Donation card sent out by Covenant House

DEAR BRUCE,

WELL, HERE I AM AND THERE YOU ARE. I DON'T BELIEVE YOU WILL EVER SEE ME FACE TO FACE SO HERE I AM WRITING YOU THIS LETTER....YOU KNEW THE PAIN I WAS SUFFERING AND IT WAS YOUR JOB TO HELP ME, NOT HURT ME. I THOUGHT AND BELIEVED YOUR DREAM WAS TO HELP KIDS AND GIVE THEM A FIGHTING CHANCE, A PLACE WHERE KIDS COULD FEEL SAFE AND LOVED AND WITH A BETTER FEELING ABOUT THEMSELVES....

SURVIVOR OF YOUR ABUSE,

DARRYL JAMES BASSILE

—BROKEN COVENANT, Charles M. Sennott,
Simon & Schuster, 1992

It's too easy to think of Andrew Vachss as just another Bruce Ritter waiting to happen. Or even as one of the multitudes whose "good" work and interests belie a darker, more lustful fascination that need never be articulated or actualized. The irony is that such accusations and condemnations stem from the very same cheap moralism that Vachss seems to hold so dear. Vachss's characters and themes never rise above the vigilante revenge and hardcore-moral-good codes of geeks who use words like god or love to prop up any excuse anywhere. Vachss isn't interested in forgiving psychologies or help programs for the evildoers; he's made it his lifestyle to be that calloused, one-eyed ram that knows kids and animals are only safe around him. The end justifies the means, and while Ritter may (or may not) have helped millions of runaways around the world through his Covenant House ministries, he was still fucking some, and Vachss knows even one is too many.

Vachss's and Ritter's expressed concerns are the same, and neither one is/was above selling out to help the kids: ham-fisted, condescending cartoons. And both (like every other ugly politician, newscaster, trust entrepreneur, salesman) tidy up their reasons to live by their service to others: an undying and pure devotion to a greater good, like, say, the iconography of innocence.

Ritter poured out paeans to street kids to evoke sympathy and raise funds. Vachss writes detective fiction. He contends that his attempts at nonfiction didn't attract enough attention and his only recourse was to hit the people where they live. In his introduction to BORN BAD, a collection of short stories and sad shots at plays, character assessments, and unctuous science fiction, he slithers:

I'LL SPARE YOU SELF-CONGRATULATORY ADJECTIVES. WRITING ISN'T MY WORK, IT'S AN ORGANIC EXTENSION OF THAT WORK. I MAY NOT BE A GOOD WRITER, BUT I WRITE FOR A GOOD REASON.

Fuck fiction. Fuck good taste. Vachss has a mission, and as his job as a lawyer who only represents children proves, he has the access to facts and truths that all those other altruistic poseurs don't. Vachss can change your mind and explain respect and humanity to you via a series of happy, poorly written pieces of trite, hard-boiled romance.

Vachss has seen the pictures, heard the stories face-to-face from crying mothers and bleating babes, seethed in front of the morose but unrepentant child-fuckers, and raged at the red-taped nine-to-fivers who fail to share in his loathsome burden of trust and righteous care.

He spends his life in the middle of hell (just as Ritter had to set up shop in Times Square), and he's gonna let you know what's there. Vachss's latest novel follows precisely the same tack as his short stories. INTO THE ZERO continues to expose the horror that Vachss has seen in the eyes of abused children and S&M whores:

ONLY A P.O. BOX WAS LISTED, NO NAME. A NEW KIND OF KIDDIE PORN, LEGAL TOO—I'D NEVER HEARD OF IT BEFORE. FREAKS CAREFULLY RECORDING THEIR OWN CHILDREN GETTING WHIPPED. TO ENTERTAIN OTHER MAGGOTS. FOR MONEY. I FELT ICE-PICKS OF FIRE IN MY CHEST.

And he fucking explodes with the knowledge of how the machinations twist innocent minds. The psychologies. The methods and the way damage works and feels:

I WAS IN MY ROOM. IN MY BATHROOM, TAKING A SHOWER. AND SHE JUST CAME IN THERE. I WAS...EMBARRASSED. BUT SHE DID SOMETHING...WITH HER MOUTH...AND I GOT EXCITED.

and

MY MOTHER. I TOLD MY MOTHER. SHE TIED ME UP IN A CHAIR. SHE SLAPPED ME AND SLAPPED ME, SCREAMING. SHE TOLD ME I WAS A LITTLE SLUT....SHE SAID IF I EVER TOLD HER FILTHY STORIES AGAIN, SHE'D BURN ME....I WAS SO SCARED I WET MYSELF.

From BORN BAD:

THE PRESSURE GOT TOO STRONG FOR HER LITTLE-GIRL HEART. SHE STARTED WETTING THE BED, HER GRADES FELL WAY OFF IN SCHOOL. THEN THE NIGHT TERRORS CAME.

Under Vachss's purview are all sorts of sexual dementia: child sexual abuse (his favorite) to serial killers to animal torture. And when he has time, like in his two-hundred-fifty-nine-page novel, he'll delve a little deeper into subjects that may offer hope—picnics ("righteous"), car-racing and respectful competition, healthy teen love and poetry.

Given that most fiction is too contrived, too removed from reality to mean anything more than a prurient leer into someone's favorite masturbation fantasies, the only hook to Vachss's cheap bake-sale version is in the information that he advertises to know and offers to impart. Sideways.

Unfortunately, Vachss seems hopelessly out of touch. His characters are talk-show safe and the situations similarly tired. If his job is to convince us of the desperate lengths and single-minded brutality of lustful predators hidden among children, and then of the all-encompassing suffering style of children and those who really care about them (as it would seem from his obsessiveness), then Mr. Vachss fails. Surprisingly, given how he spends his days, Vachss's clichéd scenarios and bumbling babies bear all the personality of a suburban gossip breakfast. Underneath the self-conscious street lingo and goofy dramatics, the drive of Vachss's heart is all Barry Manilow.

So as Vachss confuses his life with his writing by talking about his mission, so may the reader look for greater appeal. Could it be that the sufferers—the victim subjects that Vachss fawns over—are forever lost to the ill-equipped and foolish hands of tepid moralists like Vachss and therefore consigned to permanent soul-destruction and social entropy? Could it be that the love and worry in the minds of the dedicated few that Vachss (and his ridiculous phantasms) typifies are so fraught with smoky moral tenets and vague pop-psych definitions as to be beyond contemporary understanding?

Perhaps that's the kick that Vachss's audience is looking for. Maybe the tattered-and-fatty shroud of morality that seems to choke Vachss's tacky yarns of eye-for-an-eye revenge is more correctly an accurate reflection of the real viciousness of child sexual abuse. That those in charge of the care of children, whether it be confused with parental love or brotherly ecumenical concern, are grossly incapable of understanding the job, let alone helping it get better or even keeping out of the fucking way. The

gift that keeps on giving.

The fact that Vachss knows so little about what he pretends to know so much is obvious beyond his pathetic use of hopeful play-fiction to explain pain and torture. In an interview with THE SCREAM FACTORY fanzine, published in Spring '93, he lies helplessly out of touch:

VACHSS: THERE'S A BIG-TIME EVIL FREAK WHO ACTUALLY PUBLISHED A MAGAZINE [sic] CONTAINING PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHILDREN THAT WERE—

TSF: —PURE, I THINK.

VACHSS: YOU GOT IT, YOU GOT IT. NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY, WAS THAT ART? THAT WAS A DELIBERATE ATTEMPT TO CELEBRATE THE TORTURE OF INFANTS. NOW DOES THIS GUY HAVE THE GUTS TO SAY, 'OKAY, I'M A FREAK AND THIS GETS ME OFF?' NO. HE RUNS AND HIDES AND SAYS IT'S AN ARTISTIC STATEMENT....KIDS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE PROTECTED. PEOPLE WHO DELIBERATELY VIOLATE THEM—I DON'T CARE WHETHER THEY DO IT IN THE NAME OF ART OR SCIENCE OR FUN—ARE MY ENEMY AND THEY SHOULD BE YOURS.

Vachss is hard to trust. The honesty in his situations—and the faith in his obsequious protestations—never materialize because he's not bothered by the idea of sugar-coating the particulars. No matter how black and guilty his pervert bent may be, Vachss is ready to agree and adhere to a greater good that doesn't include reality. His facts are flatly specious in light of his camp ethics. His work is irritating at best, silly at worst, and yet perversely fascinating as a complicitous atavism; it feeds on its own raging, hating impotence.

Believability is always a problem. Trust and faith and honesty. Cynicism and trauma and denial.

Joy Swift's situation is the kind where one would expect to find all sorts of lies and rationalizations. A fifteen-year-old girl gets married to a guy more than twice her age and shits out two kids by the time she turns eighteen. Of course, at the time of her marriage her husband already had three kids, the oldest of whom was a thirteen-year-old girl.

Naturally, his intentions are questionable. And as her story progresses to the point where the family ends up living in a tent down by the river, with the kids kept away from schooling 'cause of her professed (and lucky) love of the mountains, the white-trash pit's so deep that any details tend to be judged more for their pained clumsiness than for anything like information value.

But the lazy stumbling of a backwoods clan is not the reason one would be tolerant of, or interested in, Joy's history. Her book A CRY FOR JUSTICE covers the effects of having a fourteen-year-old neighbor shoot her little brood to death.

Billy Dyer shot four of George and Joy's kids during a robbery attempt that turned ugly due only to Billy's angry mental instability. The children were aged fourteen, twelve, three, and just one-and-a-half. The oldest two were Joy's stepsons, the younger ones her natural babies. The fifth child, George's oldest daughter, was in a hospital suffering from cancer—she died just three weeks after the murders.

Joy, like Andrew Vachss, finds herself with a unique viewpoint due to her extraordinary circumstances. And, like Vachss, that doesn't necessarily require her to rise to the occasion. Her clouding or completely disregarding the facts of her life with petty misconceptions and cheap justifications are nothing when compared to her desperate search for meaning through the corpses of five children. Of course, Joy finds solace in god, the great refuge of the powerless.

But, unlike Vachss, Joy takes us through the machinery like an old shut-in mom pointing out the road sites on a day trip to the brewery. Her faith is transparent and vengeful, and thus all the more poignant. She fuels the pain to greater heights:

SUDDENLY, IT FELT LIKE ALL THE KIDS WERE SITTING ON MY LAP. I CARESSED THE AIR AROUND ME AS I IMAGINED TOUCHING AND HOLDING MY PRECIOUS CHILDREN. A TINY FINGER REACHED UP TO WIPE AWAY A TEAR. I DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO LEAVE THIS CORNER!...GEORGE TOOK MY ARM AND GUIDED ME TOWARD THE PINK VELVET CASKETS THAT CRADLED OUR DAUGHTERS. TONYA'S LITTLE CHEEKS WERE ALL PUFFED OUT, HER CHIN HELD TIGHT AGAINST HER CHEST, HER EYES SQUINTED SHUT TO BLOCK OUT THE HORRIBLE PAIN....SHE MUST HAVE CRIED OUT FOR ME.

Joy continues her self-flagellation to the point of spewing out more children. The couple's first post-murder hug-and-fuck comes a mere five days after the attack and is reported with repulsive aplomb:

WE WEPT TOGETHER ENTWINED AS ONE. THE GENTLE CARESSES GREW HUNGRIER AND MORE URGENT AS WE EXPLORED EACH OTHER AS IF FOR THE FIRST TIME. EMPTY, ACHING LIMBS LONGED TO BE ASSURED WE WEREN'T ALONE. OUR LOVEMAKING FULFILLED OUR FAMISHED BODIES, BRINGING FEELING BACK INTO OUR GRIEF-NUMBED HEARTS.

And finally, Joy decides to visit the boy who destroyed her family, dreams, and personality—to fill him with the word of god. Fittingly, Billy Dyer is unrepentant and manipulative. And Joy misses the point. While she struggles to give her and her kids' lives over to something like a god, it is Billy Dyer to whom she has surrendered everything.

Perfectly human.

At a recent reading and signing in Chicago, Andrew Vachss told all those stories his fans just soak to hear. How perverts expertly lie and how treatment for child abusers is the GROWTH INDUSTRY FOR THE NINETIES. How kiddie porn works. How he saw RED SPOTS in front of his eyes when, as a sexual-disease statistician, he discovered that a man's lacerated penis was actually caused by a tight baby-hole rape.

He got to use his little A MAN...NO, A MALE trick where he pauses, shakes his head slightly, and knows that every dull, middle-aged waste case in front of him thinks they're the only one to really get it. He expressed his admiration for Oprah and her benevolent riches and explained his concern for the future. He seemed especially excited over the possibilities for a new law that would prosecute men who live in the states but travel outside its boundaries to places such as Thailand to have sex with children.

Mr. Vachss graciously exposed his quick-fire nettle mind to his overcaring audience, deftly separating the sad-kid statistics from the terrible realities of ineffectual judiciaries, bloated bureaucracies, and simply evil, lusty criminals, or "freaks," as he loves to call them.

Imagine an entire room of confused, overfed, over-anxious libidos swimming around and lolling and rolling all over each other's sick needs and concern. Mamas who want to cry in public, businessmen who want to save the world and tell their friends, internet punks and tattoo slackers who're trying desperately not to be seen as the nerds they were in high school.

NAMBLA creates such a fuss.

Vachss invokes their name, and the play-group lynch mob draws tight. Their heads shake and groan. They were waiting for the word. What can we do, what can you do, what should we all do rang and burned through the action-movie minds of the assembled now-and-future blue-rinse set. Men actually thinking they can argue their right to have sex—to fuck, to rape, to destroy—the princely firm tight temples of perfectly skinny, sweaty, smiling, juicy little boys.

The new issue of STEAM continues to have problems with such suggestions, remote though they are. The latest issue (Vol. 2, No. 3) contains letters and editorials of outrage over the previous issue's inclusion of an article entitled QUEEREST QUEERS: MAN/BOY LOVE FACES VIOLENCE OUT OF CONTROL, written by Bill Andriette, the editor of the NAMBLA BULLETIN:

IT IS THE COWARDICE OF OUR INTELLECTUALS AND WRITERS, WHO STAND BY MUTE AS THE POSSESSION OF OUR ART, OUR PORNOGRAPHY,

AND OUR WRITING BECOMES FELONIOUS, WHO NEVER QUESTION WHY TAKING A PHOTO OF A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD—OR AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD!—WITH A HARD-ON SHOULD BE PUNISHED WORSE THAN KILLING THAT SAME SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD.

The ire is predictably vicious, the defense silly and cloying. But the attention NAMBLA is getting speaks well.

The current issue of FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE (Issue #11) carries a feature on the new film release CHICKEN HAWK. CHICKEN HAWK is presently touring the smaller art-house theaters around America and is due for release on video by Stranger Than Fiction in the near future. The article reviews the shot-on-video movie which attempts to document the lives of five NAMBLA members. FTVG also covers some of the (again, predictable) controversy the film's showing has caused.

The film is sure to find its audience—the outré camp factor is sure to be high among the same kids who buy HATED (the G.G. Allin documentary produced by the same team as CHICKEN HAWK). And perhaps Maury and Geraldo will focus their gaze toward the work and bring it to the attention of the Vachss fans. Unfortunately, any hope for real art may be dashed, as director Adi Sideman (quoted in FTVG) confessed:

BUT I DIDN'T LOOK FOR VICTIMS, THAT'S BEEN DONE BEFORE, BESIDES I COULDN'T FIND ANY CHILDREN THAT HAD BEEN MOLESTED BY NAMBLA MEMBERS AND I CERTAINLY WASN'T GOING TO ADVERTISE FOR THEM IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

The cover of gay glossy mag 10 PERCENT continues the theme: NIXING NAMBLA: TURNING A CRITICAL EYE ON MAN-BOY LOVE. Inside is an article by Brent Hartinger, who traces NAMBLA's history in and out of gay politics with a polite, if fake, fence-sitting slant.

Hartinger interviews Andriette and the author of ABUSED BOYS: THE SILENT VICTIMS OF ABUSE, Mic Hunter. He covers the prime movers in gay politics—Representative Barney Frank says:

THE QUESTION OF AGE-OF-CONSENT DOESN'T SEEM TO ME TO BE A GAY ISSUE, AND TO BUY INTO THAT I THINK IS A VERY INACCURATE AND DAMAGING ARGUMENT THAT GAY PEOPLE ARE MORE PRONE TO HAVE SEX WITH CHILDREN THAN OTHER PEOPLE.

ABUSED BOYS charts the merging of the gay movement into PC overload via feminist and lesbian concerns, as well as the whitebread assimilationists. A NAMBLA member from Seattle complains that THERE'S A FEMINIST POLEMIC WHICH BASICALLY EQUATES MAN/BOY LOVE WITH RAPE, while a Stonewall 25 organizer maintains that the original

acceptance of NAMBLA by gays was simple naïveté:

WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT ARE VALUE CHANGES BECAUSE OF INFORMATION THAT HAS COME OUT THAT WAS KEPT UNDER WRAPS BEFORE. MORE AND MORE MEN ARE COMING OUT AS HAVING BEEN SEXUALLY ABUSED AS YOUNG PEOPLE.

Quite a bit closer to the bone comes murder suspect Gary Ray Bowles and his cover feature in the October 4th issue of THE ADVOCATE:

HE SERVED TIME IN TAMPA, FLA., FOR AN ATTACK ON A WOMAN IN WHICH THE VICTIM WAS SEVERELY BEATEN AND HER VAGINA LACERATED WITH A KNIFE. HE WAS ARRESTED IN ATLANTA FOR SODOMY AND BATTERY—ANOTHER BOWLES TRADEMARK—"HE'S ROUGH TRADE," SAYS REGAN. "SOMEONE GIVES HIM A BLOW JOB AND THEN PAYS HIM."

Bowles is the prime suspect in seven murders of gay men, almost all of which occurred in 1994 and included strangling and beating. And in typical gay whipping-boy fashion, THE ADVOCATE includes a quick rundown of other gay-oriented serial killers like Edward Perkins, whose victims HAD BEEN STABBED FAR MORE TIMES THAN WOULD HAVE BEEN REQUIRED TO KILL THEM and Robert Lee Bennett, Jr., otherwise known as the "Handcuff Man," whose lusts led him to the joys of picking up male hustlers and PAYING THEM TO DRINK VODKA THAT HE HAD SECRETLY LACED WITH DRUGS, HANDCUFFING AND BEATING THEM, AND FINALLY SETTING FIRE TO THEIR LEGS AND GENITALS.

Further afield in the gay, sex-positive PC rundown is the latest issue of ON OUR BACKS (July/August, 1994). WORKING GIRLS: LESBIAN AND BISEXUAL SEX WORKERS TELL IT LIKE IT IS is the title of Trish Thomas's roundtable discussion and supportive hug brunch on contemporary mores in female sex-for-sale roles. Just how cheap is the expensive cunt in the window? What ticks and twitches behind the armored wallet and blank, fake pout and slurp?

More wholesale swallowing. More empowerment ethics and new-age sewer genius; more release excuses and "the power of knowing" the respect they do or don't get. And then there's the better bits:

I THOUGHT THAT'S WHAT MEN WERE DOING. I THOUGHT THEY WERE JERKING OFF TO ALL THE DIAPER COMMERCIALS, BUT NOW I KNOW THEY ARE. IT CLARIFIED WHY MEN PISS ME OFF SO MUCH. BECAUSE THEY ARE ASSHOLES AND THEY WILL FUCK THEIR CHILDREN.

More respect for sluts can be gleaned from the special issue of TIME OUT (August 31-September 7) from London. HOW NICE IS VICE attempts to cover all

aspects of London's whore business. From drug street pigs to brutal, metal-rod-raping pimps to kids going cheaper by the day, call girls and rent boys:

I STOPPED DOING ESCORT WORK A FEW YEARS AGO WHEN I WAS RAPED AT KNIFEPOINT BY A GUY WHO BROKE INTO A COUNTRY HOME AND PHONED UP THE AGENCY. IN THIS KIND OF WORK YOU HAVE A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT MEN ARE ABOUT AND WHY. YOU DON'T TAKE SOMETHING LIKE RAPE PERSONALLY.

A lovely crop of magazines all worth searching through the far-too-crowded racks of the local news emporium. It's a lot of work, but just think how important the job is.

PARASITE

VOLUME 14 ★ OCTOBER, 1994

ART

TONYA & JEFF'S "WEDDING NIGHT"

(PENTHOUSE video)

HE LEAVES THEM HANGING Bryan Davis Gallery

(Close-up Concepts)

HOTEL BONDAGE FANTASY

Bryan Davis Gallery (Close-up Concepts)

MANIC STREET PREACHERS Holy Bible CD (Epic)

THE CULT The Cult CD (Sire/Reprise)

Not everything is permitted.

All the old jokes get closer every day.

Keeping the light off when you plow through your wife's bestial womb: that rank, fat, gaping pig's hole you see every bad-breath work-a-day morning spreading and puffing as it stuffs up more drugs food creams tampons toilet paper perfume fly spray fingers. Why don't you just blow me tonight, making it sound like friendly fun.

Or the girl at the deli section. How you'd like to drag her right across the counter and pound nails into her hard-fleshed face, skull, and broken teeth. Rip her stained apron and Sears blouse off and chew at her wobbly breasts. Maybe have her enjoy it B-movie style with the sheen and the dark smile, locked door with the closed sign that pulls down while she twitches her tight, tan-lined, thong-pulled ass. A nurse

uniform. Cop. Blonde hair, a stupid peach slash, and empty eyes. Milk tits and a trimmed cunt.

Or maybe revenge. Freudian, existential, righteous, or simple script safe like:

Didn't exactly appreciate the way she looked at you—her bad-day mood had nothing to do with you.

Despised her when she ignored you. And you look just fine, don't you, honey?

If that ain't big enough for you, I know a Coke bottle that'll be just fine, you ugly fucking cunt.

How about something about your mother or father or brother—the brother that made you suck his penis downstairs in the family room? And now how you desire packed male ass 'cause it's what you had to watch in the window in the wall behind your brother as he pumped and grinded in your getting-bigger-all-the-time adolescent pure mouth. Those muscles in his teenage jiggling butt cheeks, and he told you to cup his hanging dog balls. How clean his cock felt when he yanked out of your face. How smooth and neat and full your aching head—the taste at the roof and back of your mouth, in your gullet and lungs and tummy—felt when you gulped again to make sure. He was done. You didn't choke.

Danny Rolling...

IN HIS FANTASIES HE HAD CONTROL EVEN OVER HIS LIFE AND DEATH. HE COULD WATCH PEOPLE DIE AND THEY COULDN'T DO A DAMN THING ABOUT IT. HE MASTURBATED THROUGH THE IMAGINED SCENES OF DEATH, SHAPING HIS REVENGE BY FANTASIZING ACTS OF INCREASING SADISTIC VIOLENCE AGAINST THE WORLD, BUT AGAINST WOMEN IN PARTICULAR. IT WAS HIS MOTHER WHO WAS TO BLAME FOR NOT FULFILLING HER MOST IMPORTANT FUNCTION—PROTECTING HIM.

—THE GAINESVILLE RIPPER,
Mary S. Ryzuk, Donald I. Fine, 1994

Peter Kurten...

THE THOUGHT OF WOUNDING WAS MY PECULIAR LUST AND IT WAS IN THAT WAY THAT I GOT MY EJACULATIONS. I CAN REMEMBER EXACTLY HOW IT HAPPENED IN 1905 IN THE PRISON AT METZ. THERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, I GOT AN EJACULATION BY THINKING OF GRIEVOUS WOUNDINGS AND THE ACTUAL KILLING OF PEOPLE. THAT WENT ON FOR YEARS. IF I HADN'T HAD THAT I WOULD HAVE HANGED MYSELF. THERE IS REALLY NOTHING ASTONISHING ABOUT THE FACT, HAVING GOT OUT OF PRISON, WELL USED TO SUCH IMAGININGS, I WAS URGED TO DO THE THINGS.

—THE SADIST, Karl Berg, M.D.,
Medical Press of NY, 1954

Ian Brady...

ATTORNEY-GENERAL: YOU HAVE READ DE SADE?

IAN BRADY: YES.

AG: ENJOYED IT?

IB: YES.

AG: APPROVED OF IT?

IB: SOME OF IT.

AG: THE BITS ABOUT MURDER?

IB: NO.

AG: "MURDER IS A HORROR BUT A HORROR OFTEN NECESSARY; NEVER CRIMINAL, AND ESSENTIAL TO TOLERATE IN A REPUBLIC."...THIS WAS THE DIET YOU WERE CONSUMING. PORNOGRAPHIC BOOKS, BOOKS ON VIOLENCE AND MURDER?

IB: NO PORNOGRAPHIC BOOKS. YOU CAN BUY THEM AT ANY BOOKSTALL.

AG: THEY ARE DIRTY BOOKS, BRADY?

IB: IT DEPENDS ON THE DIRTY MIND. IT DEPENDS ON YOUR MIND.

—THE TRIAL OF IAN BRADY AND MYRA HINDLEY,
Jonathan Goodman, David & Charles, 1973

This will not be what you want. Chances are almost nil that you'll ever see what you want—and even then, seeing may be misunderstood as touching, feeling, owning, plowing.

Chances are better that you've confused what you want with what you'll settle for in the meantime. The cheap has become the wish. And the mistake is thinking that what you want is correct. That in your fantasies lies what you need for happiness; that your needs constitute the truth about you.

What's available is highly limited.

Natural, and nature, don't exist.

The great pizza-skinned boiling fat blob rolls over and over. Lumbers on barking and burping and gassing and shitting and drooling and eating and humping and spewing and swallowing through:

Amsterdam. Shots of little babies—no more than two, maybe only one—being held upside-down by their naked, chubby legs while an older, thin, pale man buries his drawn, stubbled face into the child's just-bud genitals.

Found in the "Family Section" you were told didn't exist. And in the stack of items behind the counter, brought out when the proprietor was convinced of your honest interest.

Hard cocks in their small, unlined faces and wide eyes, plumbed deep inside holes no bigger than dimes at their bleeding, shrieking biggest.

Children for sale. Rooms with spittoons and hand lotion. Transsexuals in windows. Wet blow jobs from fags laden with marks and scars and brain damage.

Japan. S&M porno for the rape-minded. Tied up

and dragged 'til they cease their crying. Passing out from the drugs, pain, or smoke. Orifices stretched and prodded and examined. Young women and younger boys. And the dens.

Iran. The hangings and the pistols. The screaming and grabbing and frenzy. The religious excuses and soulless suffering: breathing corpses devoid of personality. A curious lack of empathy as they sweat and dart their eyes around the crowd just before the door drops.

Bosnia. Rape camps. Teens and babies and all ages in between. And mothers with aged holes and folds and daughters and sons and husbands. And grandmothers. Old bags dried and worthless and wanting. Being mentally and vaginally destroyed tens of times a day. Chattel. Like dogs—raw and bent over and dead. Numbers that can't count shot bloody in everyday streets, dirty and whimpering into straw, concrete, and mud. Mamas dripping in their blood and whining through brainwashed tears shouting and howling at the clear sky.

Germany. Full of easy-flowing rushes of piss and fat globs of chewy, steaming, runny shit. Brusque, corpulent bellies and thick-backed, cellulite-dotted thighs lolling and farting and smearing. Double-bottle penetration. Brown and golden wash-and-eat. Teens and fists. Blonde, portly, and slippery and mean.

And the camps.

And the blood.

And that Rican on the corner. Standing there holding court for that squat, hooded porker with the hideous tufts of large orange hair puffing and blowing out all over that square, stunted mama head. Her fat spic greasy liver lips slathered over with lumpy bright pink chewable lipstick and covered again and again by an easy pound of lardish, gluey, pound-cake make-up. Her huge oxen ass all hustled up and crammed into those worn-tight Levis. Fat, puckered, rolled thighs and belly all blubbing over her meaty-thick cunt lips and hot stinking bush and black fucking hole. Pig in a hip-hop parka and honking at the garbage that spills from the Rican stud's slippery Latin lips.

He fucks that thing. That sweaty, sleazy, bitchy teenager.

He strains those fine-cut muscles behind those hand-scrawled-and-poked gang tattoos and digs deep into the only personality that short, dead cow has to offer. He cums into that hell and somehow creates another screaming, puking, money-sucking, hole-fucking, table-clearing ant for the busy ant farm.

And you wonder: Where else does he stick that dick? Does he fuck men, too? Just for fun? Just for some wet, rough sport, maybe humiliating fun?

Would he let you suck that Rican cock of his? Would he beat the fuck out of you if you even asked? Maybe he would. Maybe he would pull it out. Tease you while you wait for what you want and what he may give you. That fat Rican uncircumcised fleshy flaccid thick meat waving at you. Held in one of those angry, tough fists. Bunched-up and threatening, anticipating. Let you taste it. Lick it—show him what you can do with your mouth before you think that the only difference in muscle taste is in the smell of the underwear that sticks to their pubic hair. Poke at the large, curled skin at the long end of the tube that nestles large in your shaking palm, so gently trying to gauge weight and sensitivity. Brush the protruding, teary, piss hole and push your tongue's end in and out, searching for some feeling, some taste, some reaction, some memory, some piss and cum and hole stink. Swallow down the smell and the filth and caress and slurp with your stretched mouth all up and down and stop and lick and stare and stroke, and what would happen if you rubbed his tight-fitting, clenched, ugly asshole with a quick, flat fingertip now? Reach down and beat off. Pull your own hard penis and suck his up and down with the exact same technique. Two cocks, all one hungry pig faggot.

And afterward, he cums in your face. Straight down your throat. On your chest and stomach; all over your pants and cheeks and jutting lower lip—would he beat you up then? And would you like him to? Especially now. Drenched in his cum and weak in your need and empty of your lust bravery. Can't you just taste it now? That long Rican muscle meat cock and hairy, full balls shaking in your soaked face and over your head as the pain in your skin echoes the tightness in your sloppy mouth and jaw. The blood you taste in your mouth, the blackness in front of your eyes when you pass out and under.

Imagine getting the wrong idea. Imagine doing all that work and not getting what you want. Imagine it being the only thing—right then it seemed like always—and never finding release. Or not realizing. Not knowing. Imagine just stopping dead in the middle of numb answers and placating bits and scraps.

What can you possibly control? What can you keep under control?

LATIN SEX QUARTERS (Sun Films) features a twelve-inch cock on some animal who plugs a sleazy Rican slut—though this one is more of the skinny crack variety rather than the torta-chomping, mama-teat, beast variety—and then pimps over to a short fag spic mouth, lisp and stutter and apology and all, to face-fuck and pop. Busboys, corner slags, cheap and disgusting labor driven by little plastic figurines of the mother mary or bleary-eyed christ paintings hung

around roach holes smelling like grease and lard and hot liquor and stale beer.

The amateur ghetto is getting too big. The appeal of the ugly plague is spreading faster than Freud and AIDS put together. All those gangly, blank fucks and sewer holes you might be able to slide into one day. Or your next-door neighbor. The stumbling toad at the deli counter and your zaftig boss and its stupid, condescending smile, your friend's girlfriend's bubbly gait. A teacher. Gym coach. A hotel romp. A bar story. And so easy.

Without the confines of those all powerful words: love, respect, hedonism. And would you like another drink, a ride home, and really, I think that's very interesting. Would you like another lick? Am I hurting you that way? I'm sorry, I didn't realize....Do you like the lights on?

So much closer to home. No California smiles, huge hair, and rock-hard surgeon's tits that the glossy boxes used to hawk.

Where'd you get that scar?

A demure hand tries unsuccessfully to hide a flabby belly.

Bad teeth and an OK face, I guess.

Big tits in a black bra that sink into watery, flesh-stripped vein rags when set free. Natural. And demystifying.

Tattoos, backwater stupidity, anal suburban charm, and Las Vegas brains. Swinging smarminess and your mom and dad.

JESUS CHRIST, YOU CAN BARELY MOVE NOW—I'VE NEVER HAD A GIRL ASK ME TO TIE HER HANDS TIGHTER.

Bryan Davis wants to play out your rape fantasy—or more correctly, your kidnap, pose, and go home fantasy. With his proud collection of ropes, hanging contraptions, and bondage racks. And his studied and fretted knowledge of all the best Cub Scout knot methods and fetish airs. Mr. Davis sets up his little camera and tripod and starts to play. Employing a not-quite-model-type titled Tina Marie, who has a disturbing tendency toward talking and not shaving her cunt to ass-crack shrubbery, Mr. Davis offers depressingly average bondage fare. But the intention—that which sells the tape in the first place—was bound to be greater than the false promise and play-acting guaranteed by its easy availability.

Sadly, Davis won't even deliver a crumb. HOTEL BONDAGE FANTASY begins with a laborious parking-lot abduction. Tina Marie is set upon by Davis and made to drop her briefcase and purse as she tries to unlock the door to her car. Davis straps her ankles and wrists with electrician's tape and gags her mouth. He spirits her away to a hotel and forces her to strip in

a stairwell. The "just cooperate and I won't hurt you too bad" lines are all there. But the ever-affable Tina is in luck, as Davis is being perfectly honest. And even Tina seems to be disappointed. ACTUALLY, THIS HAS BEEN A FANTASY OF MINE FOR SOME TIME, the hirsute toy becomes fond of adding to Davis's weaselly little threats and burps. Story line and metaphor aside, the power packed into the ties and binds, nipple tweaks, and basic action (including Tina being affixed to a hotel chair one entire night and being spread-eagled with a pole taped between her ankles) is about equal to listening to barroom bores talking about what TV star they'd like to eat out.

HE LEAVES THEM HANGING features Davis, Tina Marie, and Angel.

ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO THIS? Davis asks. I NEED TO—IT'LL HELP ME OUT WITH MY WORK AND MY PERSONAL LIFE, Tina replies. And the chances for any screaming, pleading cunts hung and forgotten or hung and beaten into bawling inches of their sad, desperate little lives go straight down the toilet of goofy ReSearch modern-primitive new-age thank-you slap and tickles. Time-wasters.

You'd like that contraption, wouldn't you? Hang that cunt up. Put that pole on her ankles and jam a pool cue so far up that forest pit that her nose snots, bleeds, and breaks. Red and unable to move with her fat monster snatch all splayed out and yanked open, waiting and fearing and begging against a boot or fist or a broken bottle.

Want to hear her peck and cry and screech.

And tell you how much it hurts.

Want to hear her say, "I hate you. I hate you. I hate you."

The way that Lydia Lunch growls the words together through her teeth at the end of DADDY DEAREST in the three-CD set CRIMES AGAINST NATURE. Sounds the way you want it to be. Regardless of why it exists.

EVEN WHEN YOUR GREASY FINGERS WOULD START WORKING THEIR GREASY WAY INTO MY LITTLE ASSHOLE.

A somewhat different version of DADDY DEAREST is available in transcript form in her book INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE (Last Gasp), but your desire may be more specific:

ALMOST CRYING BECAUSE IT FELT SO GOOD WHEN I'D HEAR YOU SPIT ON YOUR FILTHY, FILTHY FINGERS AND HANDS, ONCE OR TWICE DEPENDING ON HOW GENEROUS YOU FELT THAT NIGHT.

Because it's not there on the screen. Or in the grooves or cold, flat pictures and letters. The foolish think there are laws against the things they want to see. And the fools line up and play and pretend and

wait and hope. And they search where cops and perverts hide and seek support. The fools think they don't know where to look or how to get what they need. In reality, they don't know how to look. Too caught up in second-best.

Ian Astbury of The Cult, in the October 8th issue of MELODY MAKER, flogging his band's eponymous new LP:

"BLACK SUN," FOR INSTANCE, IS A REALLY INTIMATE SONG THAT TALKS ABOUT CYCLES OF ABUSE....ALSO, ON A MUCH MORE PERSONAL LEVEL, IT'S TALKING ABOUT BEING A VICTIM OF SEXUAL ABUSE, AND CARRYING AROUND THE SHAME OF THAT AND THINKING IT WAS MY FAULT. WHEN I WAS FIFTEEN, I WAS SEXUALLY ABUSED BY THE MANAGER OF A RESTAURANT I WAS WORKING IN. I HAD TO WORK IN THE RESTAURANT TO GET MONEY BECAUSE MY MOTHER WAS DYING.

Magically, inevitably, predictably, cock-tugging and ass-squeezing transform into song lyrics:

DON'T YOU HURT THAT DEFENSELESS CHILD/ WHAT GIVES YOU THE EMPTY RIGHT?/CARRY THAT AROUND FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE/CARRY THAT FOR THE REST OF TIME.

And those photos of Richey from the Manic Street Preachers. All sliced-up and bleeding—in Bangkok, no less. The early gore photos of tacky rock-'n'-roll antics razor-bladed and grinning have just a few years later given way to personal snaps and blank stares and more and more spilling and smeared blood.

It just figured that it was only a short matter of time before he had to pay for the problem, or at least acknowledge it. But it kept missing the mark—Richey seemed to be getting away with it and more: Americans weren't paying attention, thank fuck, and the little skinny wreck was able to work out his problems in public. The September '94 issue of SELECT's porno exposé seemed to raise the stakes. He recounts his own dabblings in self-mutilation as more "attractive" and "sexual" than typical meat-'n'-potatoes dicking.

And then Richey entered the hospital. Just before the release of the Manics' third LP, THE HOLY BIBLE. Just before an important show at Reading Festival. Richey was committed under his own orders for problems relating to his self-abuse: mental instability, depression, and anorexia.

Now, in the same issue of MELODY MAKER that featured Ian Astbury's cheap confessions, another headline...MANICS LIVE IN FRANCE: RICHEY RETURNS! On tour, a band member boasts that Richey seems healthier and that—so far—he's resisted the temptation to cut himself. More to the point, Richey adorns his set list with a quote

from Andrea Dworkin:

I ALSO HAD NIGHTMARES. SOMEHOW ALL THE FEELINGS I DIDN'T FEEL WHEN EACH THING HAD ACTUALLY HAPPENED TO ME I DID FEEL WHEN I SLEPT.

And the lyrics on HOLY BIBLE reflect Richey's confusion as well as his tastes:

HE'S A BOY, YOU WANT A GIRL SO TEAR OFF HIS COCK/TIE HIS HAIR IN BUNCHES, FUCK HIM, CALL HIM RITA IF YOU WANT/I EAT AND I DRESS AND I WASH AND I STILL CAN SAY THANK YOU/PUKING-SHAKING-SINKING I STILL STAND FOR OLD LADIES/CAN'T SHOUT, CAN'T SCREAM, HURT MYSELF TO GET PAIN OUT.

Can you imagine someone stupid enough to release a CD of a Hermann Nitsch *aktion* and not include pictures?

Intentions are clear. And immaterial. The reasons, the explanations, the rationalizations—the heightened awareness—work in puberty. Maybe. And in advertising and in court. If you're lucky.

What may look like two goons playing out mindless motions under the duress of moral conditioning where words like weak, stupidity, and lust are somehow explained by words like love, care, and selflessness, is actually an abusive circus of easy pickings and cheap laughs.

When Tonya Harding sucks her husband's cock—which is actually obscured courtesy of Tonya's long hair and poor porn-star manners—the impression made is that this is far more than just a blow job. Nothing like the close-up, tongue-on-meat technique of all the others. And more than the dragging down of a shiny media figure to dirt-cheap even level. In the same way that her flapjack breasts, ice-skater's ass cheeks, and Howdy Doody gape fully exposed are more than simple relief at finally seeing what has been teasingly hidden and hinted at. And knowing the emptiness of the hugs and pats, the locked kisses and bodies pressed tightly in love over sex conceit, is nothing in the final expression of TONYA & JEFF'S "WEDDING NIGHT." The final thought and taste that runs the entire twenty-two minutes or so of these kids' honeymooned moment is that of the extra eye that only Jeff Gillooly cared enough to include over Tonya's grasping and clawing head and hands. While all the cheesy, pathetic moral hopes were being fashioned into a young girl's dreams made flesh, one man had the wherewithal to strip away the mask of propriety and hold the real sucker up to the light of millions. It's not sex now like it was then—banal, thoughtless, repetitive, and empty. It's sex like it is now—sold like reality.

Angry, vengeful, and cruel. Someone's little game, someone's little true self, ripped from the cartoon that told her to open up and share and trust, and paraded

about like a mean-spirited school prank. That, at its best, could leave the tiny Wonder Horse beaten down for good. But in any case, the audience for such a thing exists only in knowing the circumstances and, perhaps, lusting toward the ramifications.



IN THIS THOUSAND YEARS OF SILENCE, THE CAMERA IS INVENTED AND PICTURES ARE MADE OF YOU WHILE THESE THINGS ARE BEING DONE. YOU HEAR THE CAMERA CLICKING OR WHIRRING AS YOU ARE BEING HURT, KEEPING TIME TO THE RHYTHM OF YOUR PAIN....THIS IS UNBEARABLE. WHAT HE FELT AS HE WATCHED YOU, AS HE USED YOU, IS ALWAYS BEING DONE AGAIN AND LIVED AGAIN AND FELT AGAIN THROUGH THE PICTURES—YOUR VIOLATION HIS AROUSAL, YOUR TORTURE HIS PLEASURE.

—ONLY WORDS, C.A. MacKinnon, Harvard

Ms. MacKinnon understands and appreciates true art. She knows that art can only be those images and representations which cease to be safe and removed and turn instead into reality. Where incidents matter and have an effect. It is that which is more than a record or document, more than a process or captured thought or idea. It doesn't seek to teach or point or display or market. It doesn't explain. Rather, it controls and creates and forces. It has consequence.

If only it was as easy and available as Ms. MacKinnon so desperately wants it to be.

For one of the October editions of NOVA, available through most major public-TV stations in the US, the week of the 15th to the 21st is another loving look into the case of Genie. Titled SECRET OF THE WILD CHILD, NOVA's film brings Genie's life—a little girl tied to a potty chair for thirteen years in near-total isolation, save the brutal feedings and occasional scare and attack, forever damaged through one of the most extreme forms and examples of child abuse ever—to an audience needing to know more.

NOVA follows the Russ Rymer book GENIE (see PARASITE #3—ABUSE) almost to the letter, given the limitations of a one-hour overview.

Included are all the characters that investigated Genie's rare situation and problems and needs (and in many ways further propagated her abuse) as well as those people who were interested in helping but rendered powerless.

Genie's case is an incredible and monumental one. The circus that surrounded her crushed and continuing life (as well as the impulses that created it) is far too great to be properly covered in such a small amount of time. Even with the two extant books, the details, facts, and extraordinary branches of thought

necessary for a complete view of Genie's plight is still relegated to highlights and speculation. And though missing much of the sexual components of Genie's pain—like the chronic masturbation, fecal obsession, and her father's "sickness"—the NOVA episode does contain that one important item sorely missing from all the other accounts. The one that Catharine A. MacKinnon would miss most: Genie on film.

Footage of Genie doing her "bunny walk" just after her release from the tiny room and chair. Film of her learning to barely talk and sign. She throws a fit. She smiles. She becomes nervous and frightened. And in the finale, after Genie's abused again so severely by a foster parent who objected to her vomiting, the camera catches the young lady refusing to speak ever again: Genie's face and her violent, sad, jerky, slow, fearful movements try to sign and convey her regression. Her never-ending pain and rejection. Over and over and over again.

The sixteenth issue of FATAL VISIONS—a gore zine from Australia—features an article from murderer G.J. Schaefer. In BETSY BLOOD: PROFITING FROM PAIN, Mr. Schaefer interviews Ms. Blood of the title who, we are told, was A PRODUCT OF MONIQUE VON CLEEF'S HOUSE OF PAIN and current used-panty trader and fetish model.

I STAY AWAY FROM THINGS THAT ARE AGAINST THE LAW, Betsy replies when asked about her involvement with snuff films. But Betsy is much more forthcoming about child pornography and murder fetishes. She also muses on The Hand of Death and Aileen Wuornos. Dear, dear.

Fellows with this sort of bent may also want to investigate the following:

KNOCKIN' ON JOE: VOICES FROM DEATH ROW (Sondra London, Nemesis, 1993)

HAND OF DEATH: THE HENRY LEE LUCAS STORY (Max Call, Prescott Press, 1985)

THE HOUSE OF PAIN (Monique von Cleef, Lyle Stuart)

PARASITE

VOLUME 15 ★ NOVEMBER, 1994

BOY

CHICKEN HAWK Directed by Adi Sideman
(Stranger Than Fiction)

THE BOYS OF ST. VINCENT: PARTS 1 & 2

Directed by John N. Smith (Canada, 1992)

THE MALE ESCORTS OF SAN FRANCISCO

Directed by Matthew Link

(The Link Video Productions)

NOT ANGELS BUT ANGELS

Directed by Wiktor Grodecki (Czech Republic)

Tell me again.

Just 'cause I want to be sure to understand everything. Absolutely. Every fucking little fucking faggy detail. So let's hear it. Let me hear those shitty, tiny words drag out of your little cocksucking queer mouth. Let me smell those words—I want to taste all that shit. Make me feel what you went through, faggot. Make me know just how bad it got. Make me cry and feel and see and hug you and keep you warm. And we'll be so much closer then. Connected, you know.

But I'm only gonna know you from what you say. Just words. Fucking lying little words open to conjecture and misunderstanding and color. Subjective, objective, and couched in every little ugly impulse and fib that embarrasses you. Or scares you. Or keeps you from the pure fucking heaven that lies right here in my open arms, puppy dog. That's what you want, isn't it, honey? Isn't it, dear? Someone to say you're right in every fucking thing you've ever thought or done—every single moment. And, of course, you're right. Honestly. How could you be wrong? This ugly world. They—they—they never mattered, and so what if they did? You're human, and every decision can't be made perfect right on the spot. More importantly, every decision—no matter what—has to be made by you. You are what matters. Perfectly. Honestly. In this god's world, you only have you to go on. Right?

And I want you to know. 'Cause I feel the same. We're both one hundred percent correct, and we only have to work out the lines between us. You see? Now I want to hear it again. And I want you to say it exactly the way you told me before. Only—this time—I want to fucking see it. Right here in the back of my painful little burning, beady eyes. You faggot fucking cocksucker. I want to lick the stink off those words—those irritating little flies' lies—and spit 'em back into your bawling, worthless, liar's face.

Sit up and bark.

Use that tongue in a foreign way this time. Let's see how many rutting pig's trails of deceit and horror and pain that red, fat whip can click right off. Fast, you fuck. You pretentious little homo queen, I want everything right here. I want my cock to feel it and my asshole. Before my brain can pick it apart. You fucking dog. You dirty fucking animal dog. Open that hole

and stink this entire place up to high fucking heaven with that sick little 'you' of yours. Your face-farts, your asshole gump, your shitted, grotesque, fat, lazy, whore's mind.

Tell me how you got it.

Or should I refresh your memory? Should I get you started so you don't veer off the track and really fucking grinding fucking piss me off with more outrageous fucking little pussy-whipped faggot lies? Should I, fuck? Fuck?

How fucking close are you? How fucking just this close are you to understanding how really fucking important this is to you? To us.

Remember now...calm down and spew forth only that which will set you fucking free. You fucking pig.

How you got it—how you think you got it. Cause I—we—know it's still all in the open, right? We're not sure? But you have an opinion. And we'd like to share that opinion. We'd like to be very close now.

We want to choke in the warm sunshine of your fairy tale. To hold hands and cup big, flabby ass cheeks and caress your fingertips up and down one's sides, torso-to-armpit, kiss fully and deeply and know that time only exists the moment we pull from each other and wonder who gets to the bathroom first to soak off the shit and sweat and cum.

Tell me how you got AIDS from letting someone blow you. About the cuts at the base of your cock—where the skin rubbed and pulled open and the sores stayed red and wet and stinging every time you jerked off and slammed and slipped inside some fag-room buttohole. And how you let that Oriental faggot suck you. How he sucked you right to the stem. And how you forgot about the cuts. And how you had diarrhea just a few days later. And thrush.

And tell me how your husband battered you and fucked your ugly pig face. And you didn't know what to do, did you, little baby? You cheap cunt. You cheap fucking pig.

And how did daddy's dick taste?

How you would've kept your shirt on if you weren't drunk. Especially since someone had a camera. Cause you're really not like that, are you, you cunt?

And you let him piss on you 'cause it meant something then. And the nude scene is important. Sex is just a great plus when it comes to love.

Should we wear condoms when we fuck our friends' greasy, little-holed asses?

Should you employ dental dams before you engage in the wholly disgusting perversion of actually getting your face anywhere near those wobbly, piss-and-filth-filled sewers women call cunts?

And should we smoke?

And wear shoulder straps in the car? Oh dear, I certainly hope your tiny little six-month-old baby doesn't go smashing through your windshield, breaking every wormy chicken bone in its worthless fucking body. What can I do to help?

Where can one find damned exciting child pornography these days?

Specifically the kind with little boys. But not too little, not Lolita babies or Japanese school-girl age. Maybe even with rather nicely formed, thick, long cocks. And pubic nests. Skinny.

And, in charming equanimity, let's say all we want to do is look. And that's all it means. Until we've seen just a little too much, and then we can discuss aesthetics and structure and the implications of supporting an underground that directly, hopefully, rapes and destroys.

Much has been made about the supposed objective style of Adi Sideman's NAMBLA documentary, CHICKEN HAWK. Controversy was caused in all the obvious circles by Mr. Sideman's lack of moral posturing, or at least his reluctance to come out on a specific side. At the same time, Sideman has been able to bask in the favor of mock renegade film fans (read: nerds) because of his comfortable fence-sitting. Typically, FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE says: WHATEVER YOUR FEELINGS ARE REGARDING THE CONTENT OF THIS FILM AND ITS LACK OF SUBJECTIVE OPINION TOWARD A SICK SUBJECT, IT SHOULD BE SEEN FOR ITS BOLDNESS, INTELLIGENCE, AND CONTROVERSY. But, of course, it would be unfair to review a film for what it is not—such as an opportunity for someone with rare access to reach in and pull out a new sense, or even a real feel, for the subject regardless of prejudice or moral pose—instead of what it is that runs across the screen in front of your face. Apparently, FILM THREAT's Dominic Griffin knows that NAMBLA members are "sick" and that Adi's genius is in merely being there to turn on the camera and develop the film.

But it is also true that the best sort of documentary is that type that does just turn on the camera and point. Of course, subjectivity is impossible to deny when the genius of the film maker is evident in his knowing where and when to point. The NYU and PC crowds that are upset over Adi's refusal to come down on one specific side are arguing over degrees. Rest assured that Adi, the NYUs, and the FILM THREAT poseurs are all in complete agreement over what angle is depicted in CHICKEN HAWK.

Which, unfortunately, makes it sound like CHICKEN HAWK would be a better (more entertaining, more honest) film if Adi was seen to be more sympathetic to NAMBLA. This is not true. Most of the men

interviewed here are going to be seen as silly and thin and as guarded as their cause. Because that particular cause stinks of phoniness, desperation, and concealed rage. And, of course, since NAMBLA chooses to defend itself by mimicking the very same old moral poses of utopian and altruistic concern as that of their detractors, their politics are never more than embarrassing transparencies. The ultimate failure of CHICKEN HAWK isn't in its reasoning, or faux objectivity, but rather in its timidity. Adi keeps everyone at arm's length and plays for easy camp rather than sense—at no time does one get the feeling that the people interviewed, on both sides of NAMBLA's playground, are more than cartoons. And cartoons that everyone in the theater—pedophiles and annoying media students-cum-hipsters alike—have seen over and over again.

We hear Renato Corazza's answering machine reeling off insults and death-damage threats. We see Tom McDonough's lusty sort of anti-rage and Leyland Stevenson's smarmy deconstructions of small, daily encounters with kids. And that's all you get. The typical nods and shudders, knee-slaps and back-pats amid loud coffee talk at late-night Thai restaurants are thus guaranteed.

Sideman wants to be a fly on the wall. But he doesn't want to be one that gets his legs dirty by actually landing in shit, or one that risks getting swatted by at least knowing what his fucking purpose is. There is no such thing as an unobtrusive camera team. And to let the subjects answer the same old answers they've been drooling for the last thousand years is simple stupidity. All the lust and anger and hurt and pain and damage and rotten little mother fag stories that are contained in a subject as loaded as kneeling down before a young boy's just-budding erection and sucking it (and wanting more) is nowhere to be found in CHICKEN HAWK. Nor are the answers (or even the questions) as to why someone would be so dedicated to following (or healing, hurting, trading with) these dirty old men.

John N. Smith's THE BOYS OF ST. VINCENT has also been lauded for its objectivity. And, once again, it is clear where Mr. Smith stands on the subject of boy-fucking. But THE BOYS OF ST. VINCENT has gained most of its praise due to its sympathy toward its characters and its lack of moral posturing around the acts; it seems Mr. Smith's intention was to highlight the human element in giving oneself over to acts of abuse, which is to say that in this fictionalized account of sexual molestation of orphans by Catholic brothers at the St. Vincent home for boys, the acts are understood to be damaging and brutal; the motives understood to be base and desperate; and the

repercussions on absolutely everyone involved (from abuser to abused to family to community) understood to be psychologically destroying.

There are two parts to Smith's film. The first part focuses on the machinations of the brothers and the struggle against their power by the poor boys. The second part is approached as fifteen years later when the brothers can finally be brought to trial for their crimes. Sadly, it is the second part of the epic that contains, as one would expect, the annoying Freudian backlashes of what evil a man's dick in the wrong tiny hole can bring. It is this part that gives the entirety of Smith's work its thrust: The boys have struggled all these years with their memories and have all the requisite scars and problems (seen most succinctly in the emotional autism that finally gives way to the pained, cathartic heroics of the movie's main victim, and also in the drug-addicted male prostitute whose confusion finally ends in an alley overdose). And it is this part that most accurately reflects the funding of the film as coming from Canadian television. Worst of all, it is this part that steals any thunder that the first part may have had. Where the priests gave into their urges with a real degree of anguish, and the futility of their mission to serve man and god was seen as pathetic and impossible rather than simply manipulative or evil.

But this is fiction. Just as reality is in these weighty days of pop-psych; where the word 'love' has become a philosophic concept with muscle, and faith and understanding are buzzwords that explain and rectify misfitism and fear. But as ninety-five minutes of dark, cheap, personalized fiction, a specific part of THE BOYS' audience may feel shortchanged in dealing with metaphor, verisimilitude, and character/plot alignment when what are actually depicted are living, breathing, thinking children being put through motions as devious and dirty as the possibilities suggest. The shower scenes and the punchy little bottoms, the hand jobs under the covers, and the look on their faces when such graphic language pours out of ten-year-old boy mouths.

Beyond these rather Philistine motives lies the fantasy and the explanation. And as flimsy excuses, the work of John N. Smith and co-writers Des Walsh and Sam Grana delivers on most counts. In a sense, the two parts concoct the ultimate sex scene: Part One ably conveys the viciousness and frailty of lust as well as the pain and loss of the victim; Part Two allows the fantasy to spread out into a lifestyle of damage where the victims continue to suffer and the perpetrators are forced to consider the enormity of their weaknesses (or sloppiness) in a metaphysical and pragmatic context.

The main character, brother Peter Lavin (played by Henry Czerny), takes on the cutest boy in the orphanage and is made to pay for his transgressions. And it is Peter's wife who delivers the popular truths, Oliver Stone-style, in an angry rant-and-rave climax:

THAT'S NOT LOVING, THAT'S HURTING!

And thus the film makers and TV channel and sweaty audience wash their hands of the implications, frisson, and "sickness." Which is ironic, given that Part One pulled apart the idea of god just as much as it did the Catholic denial of the humans that make up its churches.

There's an ugly little bar in Chicago where you can get a youngish boy in the bathroom for just a little money. A bit further away, still in the same neighborhood, you can proffer an even younger one a blow job in a dark corner of an alley. The younger they are, the better your chance of being asked for a little extra money, a meal, and the promise of an all-night stay.

Which means you can fuck them.

Membership in financial terms means next to nothing. On your knees, in the hard, concrete dirt and pinhole darkness while your hands move frantically, uncomfortably from steadying to groping, membership is forever yours bought by the hustler's friends who stand watch. They threaten by protecting their friend. They threaten by their flimsy concern and capitalism and desperation. And the chance of a sadistic thrill, vent-explosion, or drug rage is what you try to think about and forget all at the same time. Your eyes flutter off the harsh white DISCHARGE logo scrawl; you keep pushing up to his neck and shoulders to rub his flat, rubbery stomach and pinch a so-small nipple.

Maybe he'll cum tonight. At home. Maybe while you pull him off. While you dig and pump and yearn and scarf. He got hard quick. Straight up and beating and warm and now so slippery and smelly on your wet rat lips and tongue.

And for very little money. Because, again, that's not what it costs. On either side.

In Rome, just near the Coliseum, one can buy any sort of child body to suit one's taste. More sensibly, one can sit near the tourists and watch in full light of day any number of young—very young—boys and girls trying to hone their sloppy-yet-smiley theft techniques. A little girl raises her oversized, long, dirty T-shirt almost completely off her head to expose pert, firm, fat, brown nipples and distract the cops and tourists from frisking her barely teenaged boyfriend. "I don't have it!" she shrieks and yelps in English, while the wallet is passed quickly, clumsily, carelessly around to the other children.

In CHICKEN HAWK, some of the NAMBLA members

talk about their jail time. And their public-versus-private outlook on child pornography. And on their concern for a child's welfare.

In VIOLENCE AGAINST LESBIANS AND GAY MEN (Gary David Comstock, Columbia University Press, 1991), the author quotes from and lays support to a 1961 sociological study of homosexual prostitution by Albert J. Reiss, Jr.:

BEFORE A BOY HAS HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH A CLIENT, HE HAS BEEN TOLD BY MEMBERS OF HIS PEER GROUP HOW TO MAKE CONTACTS, HOW TO COLLECT MONEY WHEN A CLIENT RESISTS PAYING, AND HOW TO BEHAVE DURING THE ENCOUNTER. BOYS ARE TRAINED TO SEEK OUT CLIENTS. HARDLY INNOCENT, VULNERABLE CHILDREN WHO ARE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF BY OVERPOWERING, MORE HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED ADULTS, THESE BOYS ARE FULLY AWARE OF WHAT THEY ARE DOING AND HOW TO SUCCEED AT DOING IT.

Comstock makes a careful distinction between thief and hustler and states:

VIOLENCE TENDS TO BE AVOIDED BECAUSE IT WOULD DISRUPT THE ORGANIZATION OF THE SYSTEM....SINCE BOTH THE BOYS AND THE CLIENTS UNDERSTAND THEMSELVES TO BE DELINQUENTS AND INVOLVED IN DELINQUENT ACTIVITY, NEITHER ONE WANTS TO BEHAVE IN A MANNER THAT WOULD DRAW THE ATTENTION OF THE POLICE.

But the violence in dealing with whores—especially young boy whores—is not in simple robbery; it is not that clearly defined. Just as the money that is needed and haggled over and carefully dispensed is not the backbone of the act. It isn't that mundane.

Steve, one of the five hustlers interviewed in MALE ESCORTS OF SAN FRANCISCO, talks about his start in the business and his early success. Only nineteen years old, he advertised as such and now remembers that EVERYONE LIKES CHICKEN.

But MALE ESCORTS OF SAN FRANCISCO is a documentary about the higher end of the scale, where all five men are "gay-identified" and run advertisements in a local sex rag. They're all relatively happy with their situations, or at least not suffering under the guilt, self-loathing, or drug-addicted stereotypes most commonly associated with hooking. In fact, the one hustler who is HIV-positive was that way before he started in the trade. John says he's not proud of his decision to sell his dick, but he's not ashamed, and he does feel a little guilty about screwing two of his clients in the ass. Steve, the aforementioned (hardly) chicken, feels "uncomfortable" and sees prostitution as dirty and subservient and would never go back. But he doesn't look like he's missed too many meals.

Vic, on the other hand, enjoys his outsider status. So much so that he produces a zine about it and says he now produces more art, possesses more confidence and, at almost thirty years old, is STILL GROWING UP. France also has no regrets and sees it as ONE OF, IF NOT THE MOST, REWARDING THINGS I'VE DONE—AND NOT JUST FROM A FINANCIAL ASPECT. He's learned more about the human condition than he would've in school, he adds. And Rafael, a somewhat lonely bear, says he only gets about two clients a month but it pays for the magazine ad.

Film maker Matthew Link's bias is clear, at least in gay circles. He even thanks the five participants in the end credits for their "courage." And his pleasant documentary shot on video is another gay affirmation; another typical hour or so spent reviewing the information one already knows.

Locale aside, the same can be said of Wiktor Grodecki's NOT ANGELS BUT ANGELS—a documentary on young male whores from Prague. But maybe this has more of the bent for which the rough-trade crowd longs. The boys here range from fourteen to nineteen and exhibit quite a bit more damage than the old guard in SF. Perhaps due to their age, or the dire economic situation they've been born into, or maybe just their own rampant sexual confusion and lust, the ten or so kids that people ANGEL all display that quality which simple finances can't buy: living exploitation.

WE GO TO THE TOILET—HE SUCK ME AND GIVE ME THE MONEY.

MY PARENTS KICKED ME OUT.

I STILL PREFER WOMEN.

WHAT I DIDN'T LIKE WAS WHEN I HAD TO GIVE HIM A BLOW JOB.

I'M USED TO IT NOW.

I HATE PERVERSE SEX.

I LIKE IT WHEN SOMEBODY SUCKS MY DICK.

These boys are asked virtually the same questions as the ones in MALE ESCORTS. And, relatively speaking, in the same way as the NAMBLA men in CHICKEN HAWK. And the documentary idea is exactly the same: The camera is straight-on, the questions hang in the air, and the answers are run down in order. In fact, the similarity between the questions asked both sets of prostitutes is enough to explain away any need for further discussion as to motive or personal design of the film makers. First time, how many, where, who (mostly Germans, say the Prague youth), what they like or hate the most, cost, AIDS, future fears (surprisingly, loneliness runs a close second behind disease among the Prague boys), etc.

Where one can easily point to the failings of Adi Sideman, to peer beneath the paint and armor of his subject, the same cannot be said of Grodecki and Link. All their subjects seem open, if not vulnerable, though most probably through no genius of the directors. But the hookers in general respond to the clear intentions of their interviewers. However, the flat camera approach and rote questions and format of all three documentaries only really delivers in NOT ANGELS BUT ANGELS.

Could this be due to the fact that the kids are younger and dirtier in Prague? Or to Grodecki's decision to include quick porno shots of the boys sucking cock and swallowing cum to show a real, less thoughtful and removed, concentrated side of the reality of their situation? Or purely the reality that comes across is a more sadistic, more prurient, more dangerous lifestyle—and so apart from any childhood wish? Is it that the kids in the street, regardless of any larger moral truth or supra-personal ideal, suffer the weight of being worn-out and exposed to harsh facts before they're mentally equipped to handle them? Where money and professional concerns are less personality choices and molds than the byproducts of youthful confusion with the possibility of brutal consequences and brightly damaged futures?

Yes.



Sadly, the chances of porno's dead-by-suicide Savannah turning into a new Linda Lovelace or Shauna Grant don't look good. The latest issue of CELEBRITY SKIN (#37) promises quite a bit in its advertised exposé on the former Shannon Wilsey's life 'til almost age twenty-four, but it hardly pays off. Basically a retread of the article in ROLLING STONE's October issue—but without the access to the rock stars—CELEBRITY SKIN volunteered a more detailed look into Savannah's father's ugly history. And since ROLLING STONE did quite a nice cut-up on the dad, Mike Wilsey, via an interview with Savannah's mom, Pam Langoria, the forecast for some broken-hearted, self-loathing confusion behind the eyes of another pumped-and-painted model cocksucker seemed guaranteed. But alas, try as they might to pimp some reality or life or interest into Savannah's carcass before-the-fact, the former bucket remains virtually empty.

Peter Wilkinson's article in ROLLING STONE ("DREAMGIRL") played up the *de rigueur* family problems: a teenage marriage and a separation before Shannon was even born, a completely absent father, and some thin attempts at sexual abuse

(BUT USUALLY IF THE SUBJECT CAME UP, SAVANNAH, BLUE EYES LOOKING WOUNDED, VEERED OFF TO SOMETHING ELSE.) But mostly the article tries to point its clean hippie finger at the cheesy Hollywood glitz rock 'n' roll scene. Axl Rose and Slash, Vince Neil and Tommy Lee, David Lee Roth and Billy Sheenan all dug their fingers into Savannah's whore pie and are sideways chastised for their failure to see her as a needful, loving person rather than a clawing groupie with two sets of silicone operations (one through the armpits, one through the nipples) and a sexual style that was less than "nasty." And the drink and drugs and Gregg Allman at only sixteen. Unfortunately, all this adds up to a news flash as boring as the bands the former blonde three-holer (if you were lucky) enjoyed. The simple truth is that Savannah shot her head open not because of her unfortunate childhood or her guilt over prostitution or her greater failure and rejection at "love," or any other reason one might find it worthwhile to rewind and pause at a nice scene from, say, STAR GANG BANGERS VOL. ONE FEATURING SAVANNAH and look for the disgust under the cum, or the tears under the cum, or the fright and dread under the cum, or the hatred and regret under the cum, or the scars left by dad and mom laughing and ignoring and drinking and beating and fucking under the cum. The fact is, she had very little to offer anyone, especially herself, in life or death.

The lengthy article in CELEBRITY SKIN (FALLEN ANGEL, by Jeff Jones with Marc Medoff) at least has the poor taste to print photos of her dad holding her ashes alongside actual shots of Savannah's never-mailed but drug-scrawled two-page letter to her dad; ROLLING STONE only quoted enough to tease:

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I STARTED DOING PORNO MOVIES BECAUSE I HAD NO OTHER WAY TO SURVIVE? WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I STARTED DOING HEROIN TO DEAL WITH ALL THE PAIN THAT THOSE MOVIES CAUSED? YOU ARE SO FUCKED... I WILL NEVER FORGIVE YOU. DO NOT EVER CONTACT ME AGAIN. I HATE YOU!

The editors of CELEBRITY SKIN also know you would like to see the coroner's report and DRIED BLOOD AND BRAIN MATTER FOUND ON THE FLOOR OF SAVANNAH'S GARAGE DAYS AFTER HER SUICIDE. Hardly the stuff trauma queens are made of. Hardly even the stuff porno queens are made of.

There's a lovely moment in GANG BANG BITCHES II (directed by Wes Brown, Ream-o-Rama Productions) when one fat Sally Layd prepares herself for a dog-style romp and thus careens her ugly ass up in the air toward the camera. A few long dicks are background being pushed into her sloppy whore's face and

naturally (sort of), her silicone dugs are allowed to hang in midair and flap that hard basketball way fake dugs do. What's most interesting about this scene is just that Ms. Layd's surgery scars—underneath those stretched-out teat balloons—are extremely defined. And though it is a common-enough occurrence in pornography these days to exhibit these scars, rarely are they as bright-red and flagrantly thick as this beast's deep and jagged slash-and-stuff wounds.

The new issue of MS. (Vol. 5, No. 3) features an article on a gang rape. But rather unlike those tedious porn trysts with their gallons of cum and yards of tongue and sad imaginations, the sex scene Krista Absalon performed is more in keeping with the original definition. Krista was blind-drunk, sprawled out on a bathroom floor of a bar in Gouverneur, NY, when five bar patrons decided to use her female holes as an adjunct to their evening of good friends and good times. However, Krista's tale follows her heroic efforts to battle small-town gossip and politics rather than the disastrous effects of waking up the next day, not knowing what happened at all, but finding out weeks later that you were fucked. A lot.

Natalia Rachel Singer's article on Krista and her family and newfound feminist friends seems to leave out a lot of details. And details, regardless of personal perversion or intellectual bent, are what matter most.

Just ask Andrea Dworkin. Ms. Dworkin also features in the new issue of MS. Her article is about a visit to the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, DC, and her intense dissatisfaction with the manner in which all women are represented in the three floors of torture and extermination facts, photos, and relics. Pleading for a Holocaust remembrance which IS NOT MALE, Andrea wants to see all the excised clitorises and injected uteri, all the naked, shaven, whipped, beaten, squashed, punished, precious women from the golden days of the Nazi death camps. And we couldn't agree more.

Ms. Dworkin is one of the few people who understands the truth behind the Holocaust. And she is perfectly correct in her assessment of the images and in her outrage over the lack of real facts and detail. She describes a snapshot of a young, naked, deformed, bony-ribbed girl who's apparently so weak, she's being propped up against her will by a coldhearted nurse:

THE PHOTOGRAPH ITSELF IS NAZI CHILD PORNOGRAPHY—NO BREASTS, NO HIPS, NOT ENOUGH FOOD FOR THAT, NO PAINT OR MAKEUP, JUST A NAKED BODY AND PURE SUFFERING; CHILD PORNOGRAPHY FOR REAL SADISTS, THOSE WHO DO NOT WANT THEIR VICTIMS TO SMILE.

But despite her horror with the photo, Andrea Dworkin can't seem to stop looking. And she's clamoring to see more.

Heated students of Ms. Dworkin's genius may want to investigate the following titles before they visit the museum to provide further resonance:

ART OF THE HOLOCAUST (over 350 pieces created in ghettos, concentration camps, and in hiding by victims of the Nazis) by Janet Blatter & Sybil Milton (Rutledge Press, 1981)

THE CHILDREN OF IZIEU: A HUMAN TRAGEDY by Serge Klarsfeld (Abrams, 1984)

CHILDREN OF THE FLAMES: DR. JOSEF MENGELE AND THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE TWINS OF AUSCHWITZ by Lucette Matalon Lagnado and Sheila Cohn Dekel (Morrow, 1991)

THE MURDERS AT BULLENHUSER DAM: THE SS DOCTOR AND THE CHILDREN by Gunther Schwarberg (Indiana University Press, 1984)

BELZEC, SOBIBOR, TREBLINKA: THE OPERATION REINHARD DEATH CAMPS by Yitzhak Arad (Indiana University Press, 1987)

INSIDE THE VICIOUS HEART: AMERICANS AND THE LIBERATION OF NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMPS by Robert H. Abzug (Oxford, 1985)

NAZI MEDICINE: DOCTORS, VICTIMS, AND MEDICINE IN AUSCHWITZ by The International Auschwitz Committee (Fertig, 1986)

PARASITE

VOLUME 16 ★ DECEMBER, 1994

WHITEHOUSE

YOU LIKE THAT, DON'T YOU? YOU LIKE THAT, DON'T YOU?

YOU CHEAP PROSTITUTE. YOU CHEAP SLAG. YOU CHEAP FUCKING WHORE.

William's right in front of this girl who's seated politely in her chair. William had to literally plow through the row to get to her. This looks like an old movie theater—a nice place, plush seats fixed to the floor, a high proper stage and pro lights, etc. So the girl just sits there and stares at him. She may not know English but she, no question, understands William now. He grabs her breast. Again. Hard. And leans into her face.

Her boyfriend does nothing. William looks over at him and smiles.

SHE LIKES THAT, DOESN'T SHE?

The boyfriend nods yes.

Later, Philip will tear through the Parisian sheep doing the exact same thing. And as soon as someone disagrees with him, a giant Irish thug launches to his side.

And in Newcastle, William ended up singing "RIGHT TO KILL" to me, David Tibet, and the thug, 'cause the entire audience was gone. They left after the would-be defender of the object of William's affection objected with a hard punch to William's face, only to be pounced on by the smiling thug and systematically crushed. The girl, the object, got slapped when she told William to fuck off. 'Cause William was, once again, in her face. As were Philip and Kevin. And she thought she was up to it 'cause she sat in the front row.

In Chicago, some lunatic cunt bolted on the stage, shrieking and screaming about women's rights, and was similarly dispatched.

In Kansas, a crowd of misfits attacked the stage and pulled the tables underneath the Wasp keyboards apart.

Fights in front of the band in Paris spilled onto the stage. In Detroit, an armed guard had to be hired to police the audience and protect the band. Whitehouse performed with this cop walking back and forth in the moat between band and crowd.

And most recently, in Tokyo, the table beneath one of the Wasps ended up being dragged off the stage and pounded on by overenthusiastic, kill-eyed kids.

There's just always going to be someone who doesn't get the point.

If the mewlings of Jeffrey Dahmer's father are to be believed, Jeffrey was worth as much as his victims at the time of his death. The ubiquitous Lionel Dahmer, featured on HARD COPY, A CURRENT AFFAIR, and ROLONDA just days after the murder of his son, has been barking of the importance of his son's acceptance and baptism into the church of christ.

Jeffrey's mother, the just-back-from-the-brink-of-suicide Joyce Flint, has been a bit more entertaining:

NOW IS EVERYBODY HAPPY? NOW THAT HE'S [BEEN] BLUDGEONED TO DEATH, IS THAT GOOD ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE? (PEOPLE Weekly, 12/12/94)

Unfortunately, the vocal family members of Jeffrey's victims have been a disappointment. An ugly coterie of them has also been making the talk-show and news rounds in the wake of Jeffrey's bloody bashing. And, of course, everyone wants to talk to the blank pig nigger that screeched ghetto-sludge

MOTHERFUCKER! during Jeffrey's trial, so Rita Isbel has been afforded all sorts of quick press. And while she and her newfound friends-in-trade make noise about the rights to Jeffrey's auctionable possessions, the pity they look for is sadly easy and empty. The stunted eyelids, greasy, deep, craggy scowls, and slanted, low foreheads all pretend to care about their missing sons and brothers and cousins. The thick liver lips and yellow teeth of walking zombie dogs slide off rusted tongues and mimic emotions barely understood. They talk of the pain that loved ones go through and the pain that they live on with. But the desired effect just is not there. These animals didn't care enough about their kind to protect them from some queer cracker.

These are vultures in loose-fitting white mother masks. And the few that do suffer, who did care, are drowned out by the cackle and caw of those fat and greedy bullies whose pea-brained survival instincts are set to ghetto style. In short, the entertainment value is remarkably similar to sitting in a movie theater in Chicago where a small group of spillage from the projects loudly proclaims their niggerdom. Funny and charming in the way the animals react to their white surroundings with hatred that shows only how sad and silly they are, but quickly irritates as they won't shut up. So you go get the usher or ignore them.

DONAHUE did a special as well.

Some people just don't get the point. Some are simply mistaken. While others don't know what they're dealing with. Like telling a group of women all sat in a circle of folding chairs in the middle of a cold schoolroom at night: You're survivors, not victims.

Like in the new issue of VOX (January 1995) that sells itself with a blood-spattered Quentin Tarantino cover and a promise for ULTRAVIOLENCE IN MUSIC AND THE MOVIES. Inside, one finds most of the hawking is for the shit film NATURAL BORN KILLERS (just released in Britain) and a bit on the equally shit film PULP FICTION. Here's another chance for a rundown of serial-killer movies (featuring more shit like HENRY and MANHUNTER) and moronic rock stars who've incorporated murder into their cheap personality parades. Axl Rose and Perry Farrell are niggers in the theater. As is Henry Rollins. The only point of interest is the brilliant Manic Street Preachers, whose Nicky Wire gets it all confused:

THESE DAYS, IF YOU'RE IN A BAND YOU'RE EXPECTED TO BE INCREDIBLY RIGHT ON. BUT UNFORTUNATELY I COME FROM A REAL PLACE AND I'M NOT DIVORCED FROM REALITY, AND TO A LOT OF ORDINARY PEOPLE IT IS HORRENDOUS THAT A RAPIST CAN BE FINED £500, AND I FEEL THE SAME

WAY....THE CULT OF THE SERIAL KILLER HAS GOT TO SUCH PROPORTIONS WHERE THEY ARE MADE INTO HEROES FOR PEOPLE TO LIVE VICARIOUSLY THROUGH THAT WE WANTED TO SAY SOMETHING DIRECTLY AGAINST IT. THERE'S NOTHING GOOD IN THEM. THAT THERAPY? LINE, "I KNOW HOW JEFFREY DAHMER FEELS..." DO YOU REALLY? I FIND IT DISTASTEFUL.

Sometimes you gotta work at it. Sometimes what the mouth is saying is not what the brain is telling, and the lies that swim in rationale are even more exciting. Sometimes it's obvious, sometimes it's just not there:

DEAR PETER,

ENCLOSED FOR YOU IS A DEMO TAPE OF THE TYPE OF MATERIAL WE DO. LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU THINK. WE ARE A COMBINATION OF SEXUAL/VIOLENT THEMES BLENDED WITH HARSH SOUNDS AND HUMOR.

and

AFTER AWHILE HE STARTS FEELING SHORT-CHANGED. NOTHING TAKES IT FAR ENOUGH, NOT TO WHERE HE WANTS TO GO, WHICH IS AS FAR AWAY FROM HIS OWN REALITY AS POSSIBLE.

SO HE HAS A BRAINSTORM. HOW COME HE DON'T DO IT HIMSELF? WHY NOT COME UP WITH SOMETHING SO DECIDEDLY DIFFERENT, SOMETHING SO SENSATIONAL, IT TRULY TAKES YOU AWAY? HE COMES UP WITH A FREAK-SHOW DOCUMENTARY FOR THE LESS-THAN-HARDY TYPES WHO'D RATHER READ ABOUT IT THAN DO IT THEMSELVES.

—Lydia Lunch, IN DEFENCE OF FILTH,
published in the June 14, 1986 NME

SEE, UH, ONE OF THE REASONS I EVEN WANTED TO BE IN A BAND HAD TO DO WITH THE FACT THAT THERE WERE SO MANY SUCKY BOYS MAKING BORING MUSIC THAT I COMPLETELY DIDN'T RELATE TO AT ALL. AND, UH, YOU KNOW, I WAS WORKING AT THIS RAPE-RELIEF/DOMESTIC-VIOLENCE SHELTER CALLED SAFEPLACE [IN OLYMPIA, WA]...AND SO I WAS, LIKE, THINKING THAT IF I SANG ABOUT SOME OF THIS STUFF THAT IT MIGHT LET CERTAIN GIRLS (LADIES, WOMEN) KNOW THAT I WAS SOMEONE WHO WAS INTERESTED IN 'DEALING,' AND THAT MAYBE IN THIS WAY I COULD START PASSING ON SOME OF WHAT I WAS LEARNING AT SAFEPLACE.

—Kathleen Hanna from Bikini Kill,
talking about her first band Viva Knievel,
from a flyer in the BOY POISON 7"
on Ultra Sound Records

There are those that stand there in feet as filthy as yours but somehow think they're standing

somewhere else entirely. The thoughts that cloud their minds and fuel their fingers are doing something rather different, as if intent is all that matters.

Hopefully, there is a difference. Someone is wrong. Which is why there are closets. And you've gotten used to that. Karen Finley is whoring all the same themes and, perhaps more importantly, words, on her new CD, *A CERTAIN LEVEL OF DENIAL*:

AFTER SHE WAS RAPED SHE TOOK ALL OF HER PAINTINGS AND UNDERWEAR AND CLOTHING AND SHEETS AND BURNED THEM.

SHE BURNED THEM IN A GARBAGE CAN IN AN ALLEY, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN LUNT AND GREENLEAF STREETS NEAR THE TRAIN, SO SHE COULD SCREAM AS THE TRAIN PASSED.

And there's a compilation, *FEAR OF LIVING* on Pow Wow Records, so you can hear her shrill baglady pitch: *HOW 'BOUT I SUCK YOUR DICK?* And you know she hates it.

Cheap.

And damaged. Used. Truly fucking stepped on, in the best cases. And in the worst, artfully hidden, denied, and thoughtfully forgotten.

VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN, the fat, dumb time-waster starts but doesn't finish.

You can hear his mind stutter. The dim power light flickering desperately into a cold, lonely grey.

He looks down and even more quietly mutters again, *VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN*.

Is what?

This has angered him. You're not in the position to be a smartass.

IS ILLEGAL.

Where? In Toronto or Chicago?

THIS IS U.S. CUSTOMS, SIR.

Your mind reels into all that's safe and protected and legal. What you want and what you can have. What you can squeak by with and what you'll just have to do without. You remember the details of how you got what you think is suspicious, as if those anecdotes will help minimize the damage. And, for fuck's sake, if you really wanted something like what they're looking for, you wouldn't have settled for something as lame as that.

You know, officer, there's a lovely scene in this movie I just saw. It's so Hollywood I'm more embarrassed about having to confess watching the movie than to any obnoxious peccadillo. But I'll cut to the quick: There's this fucking unbelievable scene where this little painted cunt is walking toward you—the camera—me—on this pier. And she's about eleven or ten. Her character and her real person, I figure, 'cause she's as flat as a board. 'Cept for these pinchy little hard nipples pushing straight up through her

wet, tight, wonderful bathing suit. Pinkish red over her small, tight frame and you can see that triangle—that patch—that bald or barely there lump just above that sealed-tighter-than-a-well-healed-scar cunt. Cunt, you know? Mound of Venus?

Better? Just there, pushed right out and heavy and compact and childish and those baby nipples and—I don't go for that innocence bullshit—do you? Especially since the darling's part is to play a bitchy little camp brat. Mercedes McNab—I memorized her name as soon as I saw it in the end credits. Burnt a hole right through my eyes, down my gut, and out my piss hole all over my pause button, you know? I mean, I hope to fuck she isn't innocent. Hollywood and a stage mom, or better yet, a stage dad. You gotta rent it. Makes the movie.

You know that scene in *STREETWISE* when Tiny waves down a customer? 'Wave' is, of course, the wrong word. She just barely wiggles her fingers, as her arms are folded in front of her face. And she gives such a quick, brutal, cutting look as she keys in on the john. Not a look that hates. Unfortunately.

But, rather, a look that says available. And, actually: cheap.

When she gets in the car she puts her head down—you know, out of the way. How close is she to that old grey fuck's old cock and balls at that moment? How quick does that fucker's works get into her mind to replace the cops and whatever weird street sense of propriety? How soon is she tasting and jerking and eating or hating and hurting and speeding or watching a finger slide in and out of her ugly, stinking, disease-swimming, fucked-all-open cunt?

There's that other movie—also a favorite—though it's nicer when they're documentaries like Tiny's entire fucking life. But a dear is made to strip off her seventh-grader clothes for a camera. It's about child pornography, and the actress just cries and frets and acts scared and TV-hurt and attacked and all the rest of those schoolgirl psych-theories and pat answers. But it's the actress (either Dana Hill or Melinda Dillon, I suspect the latter) who wins the tissue that gets crumpled in one hand and flushed down the toilet.

Makes you want to believe in method acting all the more. What did she learn? Or visualize? At least park her fattish ass in front of an old European loop or two and think: suddenly, cock, mouth, no tits, no deep-worn, chewed-up pit all covered in slime and need and sickness. She doesn't know whether or not to swallow. She doesn't know why the decision would be important; doesn't know what you're doing—either way—means at all. But, prayer upon prayer, she feels that moral decline and victim's status deep down in her only forming soul.

There are those tender little moments where the littlest bit of action isn't a tease, or a frustrating glimpse into what could've been. Those short shots where time isn't important, where even the briefest bit is all you need to celebrate everything. The reality lives on through even the most precious and guarded sight by filling your mind and being with breathing and churning fact. Truth. Not colored dots or actors playing at their craft and paychecks or writers sleepwalking on an artism. Reality not removed or shared or viewed but lived and living. Seething.

Tiny can do whatever mundane things she has to do. Ms. Ann West can as well. Malcolm McDowell cannot. Drew Barrymore cannot. Linda Lovelace can. Peter Sutcliffe can find god, and his girlfriend's got a brand-new set of saline tits; Dahmer only finds god. There are good victims and innocent victims; there are tools and those that still manage.

Then there are those that glide through the years never to put a foot wrong. Or at least, regardless of what outside forces act against its drive, to remain forever pure.

Chuck Traynor is again featured in the latest issue of *CELEBRITY SLEUTH* (Vol. 8, No. 1) in a four-page tribute to Linda's stomach scars. As these are color reprints of the photos first published in *HUSTLER* in black-and-white, one shouldn't pass up the chance to see Linda's hippie smile and Chuck's cock together in the same shot, no matter what the connection.

And Whitehouse. Whitehouse have the distinction of probably being the only music group that actually deserves to exist. And after more than fourteen years, they still remain true to that weight.

Because unlike the fucking pathetic little faggots who strap on guitars or FX pedals or attitudes and pretend to say anything about something, Whitehouse alone embody their intentions. Whitehouse don't worry about making a statement. They don't concoct a scheme to enlighten or prove or highlight. And it is only due to the sick state of the marketplace, with its drippy apologists and reactionary art students, that Whitehouse end up standing alone, looking as if their independence, sheer bloody-mindedness, and keen cutting focus are their *raison d'être*. Whitehouse's absolute control of their work, their underground megalomania and taboo-smashing philosophies, exist because they have to. But they are byproducts of their interests and tastes. Whitehouse know that the underground exists because of a natural separation and disinterest in the mainstream. Because of its precise and refined pursuits.

Whitehouse don't seek to comment on the need for an alternative, just as they don't seek to comment

ON entertainment, or sadism, or man's inhumanity or hypocrisy, or sexual mores, morals, or meanings. That erudite concerns and statements can be extracted from their work is in the motivations (however justified) of their fans. Whitehouse's concerns are their understanding of their tastes. And the band stands alone in their ability to apply these tastes without exploiting or mimicking them. Whitehouse remain as pure as their impulses. But their history and their reputation seem to be fostered largely by those who misunderstand it.

In the introduction to *STILL GOING STRONG* (the second book to be published on Whitehouse), editor Mark Crumby writes:

FOR WELL OVER TEN YEARS NOW, THE MUSIC AND PHILOSOPHY OF WHITEHOUSE, AND WILLIAM BENNETT IN PARTICULAR, HAS FASCINATED (AND ALSO UPSET) A GREAT MANY PEOPLE. LISTENERS EITHER FORM THE POINT OF VIEW THAT THEY ARE REPULSIVE, FASCIST, VIOLENT, AND SEXIST INDIVIDUALS WHO CREATE UNLISTENABLE, UNPLEASANT MUSIC, OR THAT THEY ARE JUST PEOPLE WITH A STRONG INTEREST IN TRYING TO OPEN PEOPLE'S MINDS AND TO EXPAND THEIR IDEAS AND ACCEPTANCE OF SEX, VIOLENCE, AND OTHER TABOO SUBJECTS.

He goes on to say that in the space between now and the time Whitehouse started, a more generalized acceptance of violence has crept into all forms of the media and that rap acts such as Ice-T and 2 Live Crew have lyrics that COULD PUT WHITEHOUSE TO SHAME. Mr. Crumby is wrong. But primarily in his understanding of violence, not necessarily in his understanding of Whitehouse. 2 Live Crew and Ice-T, just like the lyrics of most death-metal bands or schlock industrial vampire poseurs, speak about a very different brand of violence or sadism or sexuality than Whitehouse. Whitehouse, with its myriad tastes and subjects and references, are nonetheless impeccably specific. 2 Live Crew, Ice-T, and the other debris who are casually seen to be "violent" are merely part of a shotgun effect that pantomimes political or social outrage or natural ghetto selection. Angry reactionaries maybe, legitimized only by their easily commodified victimization.

Crumby's appreciation of Whitehouse as taboo-breakers or cultural batterers is justified, but his idea that those aspects of Whitehouse's personality are more important than, say, other more salient if not prurient aspects, says more about Mr. Crumby's motivations than Whitehouse's.

Given the impressive breadth of *STILL GOING STRONG*, it is indeed amazing that so much still seems cloudy about Whitehouse. But this is testament

to the band's unique and far-reaching importance. William Bennett is blindingly succinct and honest in his interviews. His fans, apologists, and antagonists are far less so. In fact, anyone who is concerned over a sad attempt at objectivity on my part, having been a member of the band for quite some time (but a fan for much more), need only look to the astounding contradictions of those of us who have been involved peripherally over the years. To wit, Glen Michael Wallis, who would seem clueless, and the nerdish ramblings of the henpecked Stefan Jaworzyn.

STILL GOING STRONG seeks to chart the lusty path that Whitehouse has laid in its fourteen years of existence. Editor Crumby has elected to pore through the mountains of reviews and interviews amassed over Whitehouse's history and has collated the more striking and loaded ones. And although the reviews are interesting, first due to the amusing degree of ire and moral speculation on the reviewers' parts, and second due to the rather incredible amount of misinformation, it's the interviews which prove most worthwhile. So rare is the group that delivers the goods on record and can back up that delivery with consistently fulfilled promises of more and better things in the future.

BENNETT: THE WHITEHOUSE MUSIC ISN'T TRYING TO COMMUNICATE ANYTHING AS FAR AS TO PEOPLE....WHAT PEOPLE GET OUT OF IT IS UP TO THEM. I PLAY THAT SORT OF MUSIC BECAUSE I ENJOY THAT SORT OF MUSIC; IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO PERFORM LIVE OR DO IT IN THE STUDIO OR EVEN TO LISTEN TO THE RECORDS. PEOPLE MAY GET A SIMILAR THING OUT OF IT, BUT THERE'S NO MESSAGE. THE ONLY PHILOSOPHY I FOLLOW IN REGARDS TO THIS IS PLEASURE, THERE'S NO COMPROMISE, AND IF PEOPLE DON'T LIKE IT, THEN FINE.

and

THIS MUSIC ISN'T GOVERNED BY WHETHER THE LISTENER'S VIOLENT OR NOT. THE MOST VIOLENT AUDIENCE I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED WERE COUNTRY FANS IN AMERICA; THAT REALLY SCARED ME. THE SEX PISTOLS HAVE THE IMPRESSION OF BRUTALITY DURING THEIR SHOWS, BUT THEY WERE REALLY PEACE-LOVING PEOPLE WHO WERE SEEN ALL OVER LONDON. IT'S CERTAINLY MUCH MORE DANGEROUS TO GO TO A NORMAL DISCO THAN TO GO TO A PUNK CONCERT. OUR SONGS DON'T EXPLICITLY ASK THE LISTENER TO DO ANYTHING. BUT IF SOMEONE LIKES VIOLENT SEX, THEN IT'S OBVIOUS OUR MUSIC WILL BE A TURN-ON FOR THEM.

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE SORT OF VIOLENCE THAT THE POLICE COMMIT, E.G., WHEN THEY PICK

SOMEONE OFF THE STREET, BEAT HIM UP, AND LOCK HIM UP. THE SORT OF VIOLENCE I'M TALKING ABOUT IS PERSONAL, INTIMATE VIOLENCE THAT SATISFIES LUST.

As entertaining as the circus that surrounds each Whitehouse action is, the real muscle of the band is simply in their releases. And the latest crop of plastic bullets from their label, Susan Lawly, are fortuitous examples of the band's wide range of predilections and interests.

First off comes the re-release on CD of their second album, TOTAL SEX. That the release is over ten years old and still sounds more brutal than any band's work on the market today is a sad and enlightening fact. That the record displays a completely different side of William's tastes than his current concerns and still explodes with the same thrills it did when it was first released is an even more exciting fact.

Second comes the first proper release of Sutcliffe Jugend, aside from the cassettes that Whitehouse's first label, Come Organisation, made available years and years ago. A seventy-five-minute VFM compact disc of Kevin Tomkin's best moments—some never before released in any form—point to Kevin's nascent genius before his role as perfect foil and collaborator to William's super trio formation (along with Consumer Electronics' rabid Philip Best) of Whitehouse circa 1984. Songs like PLEASURE CORPSE, WOMBAPHILIA, and SLOW TORTURE serve exactly what they promise. No posturing. No games or oblique messages. Nothing extra.

Then there's the EXTREME MUSIC FROM JAPAN compilation. Japan has recently spawned a bastion of healthy, violent eruptions from the youth there, focused mainly on ear-splitting aggression and obsessively loud attacks of pure noise. And while worthless, used art students like Thurston Moore tried to take credit for being these bands' primary influence, there is only one comparison. And one that all of the Japanese bands admit to with glee: Whitehouse.

But fans of this noise, like Thurston and even more irritating blobs like Bill Laswell and the jazz/punk fanzine dork parade, may have been quick to accept these noise workers due to their quirky western parodies and general lack of content.

Leave it to William Bennett, then, to add the content and turn most of the everyday violence into something much more personal and exacting. William commissioned French artist Romain Slocombe to come up with examples of his incredible paintings and photos of Asian women in between bondage and hospital, all heavily fetishized and cold, and packaged it alongside the aural blasts of loud freaks Masonna,

Merzbow, Geroogerigege, and others. Some of these artists are aware of their work in greater planes (like the three already mentioned), while others seem uninterested or reactionary. Either way, the grand effect of the compilation, due to William's sense of purpose and style, becomes less a collection and more a concentrated rape.

And finally comes the latest Whitehouse release. A CD single, available only in Japan as a very limited edition, of a brand-new version of "DICTATOR"—a track off their latest LP, HALOGEN. This version is a perfect example (not that you're looking for examples) of Whitehouse increasing the pressure, increasing the violence and brutality. Produced, like HALOGEN, by Steve Albini and William Bennett, this second version is completely different than the first. Another assault from a group that proves "TWICE IS NOT ENOUGH" and never the same as it was the first time around.

Music is forever cheap. Because the losers who make it, sell it, and appreciate it have cheap minds and cheap tastes. Whitehouse do something much more important—and real—than just music, ironically because the cheapists just do not get it.



STILL GOING STRONG is available through Impulse Publications at 41 Quarrendon Rd., Amersham, Bucks, HP7 9EP, England. Originally published as a numbered edition of three hundred and fifty, the first edition included a cassette of total idiots doing cover versions of Whitehouse songs. The second edition (also limited to three hundred and fifty) is preferable due to the absence of the cassette. The first book to be published on Whitehouse was a massive tome that attempted to collect all available interviews, reviews, and live-action flyers along with full reprints of every issue of The Come Organisation magazine KATA. Privately published by Strength Through Joy Productions in 1986, edited by John Hubbard, and titled BIRTH/DEATH, this three-hundred-and-fifty-page bible is long out-of-print and currently commands a high price on the collectors' market.

Susan Lawly, like Come Organisation, has a long history of making cassette recordings of every live action ever performed by Whitehouse available to the dedicated fan. These items, along with T-shirts, badges, etc., are only available directly through the labels. The full-length records and compact discs are distributed through the usual channels whenever possible.

Whitehouse have a history of problems with so-called underground or alternative distributors often refusing to carry their work. And in some cases,

like Rough Trade UK with Come Organisation and more recently, Cargo US with Susan Lawly, refusing to sell the Whitehouse material was not enough. Both neo-hippie organizations and their remarkably similar right-on protected mama's boys actively campaigned against the band, doing their best to shut down other areas of distribution as well as local live actions. The new releases: EXTREME MUSIC FROM JAPAN (slcd008); TOTAL SEX (slcd009); and the eponymous Sutcliffe Jugend compilation (slcd010) are available through Susan Lawly at PO Box 914, Edinburgh, Scotland, EH17 8BF. Susan Lawly also publishes a Whitehouse newsletter. The CD single of "DICTATOR" is only available to members of the Japanese fan club ("Fanatics"); further information can be obtained through Susan Lawly.

A quick cast over the Whitehouse discography will tell you that they're the only band you'll ever need: ON TOP. ULTRASADISM. SHITFUN. DEDICATED TO PETER KURTEN. INCEST 2. RAVENSBRUCK. PLEASURE FUR FRAUEN. BLOODFUCKING. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY PLEASE. HUNGRY FOR PAIN. ANKLES & WRISTS. TWICE IS NOT ENOUGH. ASKING FOR IT. VULGAR.

Or you can hunt and peck:

AS THEY CARRIED THINGS OUT, JUDY DISCOVERED A POLAROID OF HER SISTER, NAKED FROM THE WAIST UP, GRINNING AT THE CAMERA. HER UPPER TORSO WAS LITERALLY COVERED WITH BLACK-AND-BLUE BRUISES. JUDY QUIETLY SLIPPED THE PHOTOGRAPH INTO HER PURSE. SHE DECIDED TO KEEP IT FOREVER TO REMIND HERSELF OF THE HELL NANCY'S LIFE HAD BECOME.

—KILLING SEASON, Carlton Smith, Onyx

HE PUT A GAG IN MY MOUTH AND A PILLOWCASE OR SOMETHING OVER MY HEAD. AND HE STARTED FOOLING AROUND DOWN THERE. AND WITH MY CHEST. AND THEN HE MADE ME...UM...HE MADE ME SUCK HIS DICK.

—INNOCENT PREY, Bernie Ward, Pinnacle

HE REACHES DOWN AND I FEEL HIM INSERT TWO FINGERS INSIDE MY VAGINA, ARROGANTLY COMMENTING, "YOU LIKE IT, BABY, AND YOU KNOW IT."...AFTER A FEW MINUTES, HE COMPLAINS THAT I AM NOT MOVING AROUND ENOUGH TO PLEASE HIM AND DIRECTS ME TO MOVE MY HIPS MORE....I TELL HIM I AM FEELING FAINT FROM LOSING SO MUCH BLOOD AND COMPLAIN MY INJURED FINGER IS THROBBING WITH PAIN. HE SEEMS UNCONCERNED AND CONTINUES TO ATTEMPT A FULL PENETRATION.

—STALKED, La Vonne Skalias, The Summit Group

Mary Vincent was the subject of a December edition of AMERICAN JOURNAL:

"THIS ISN'T LIVING, THIS IS EXISTING."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

PARASITE

VOLUME 17 ★ JANUARY, 1995

SLUTS

PATPONG SISTER Cleo Odzer (Blue Moon)
DESIRE BY NUMBERS Nan Goldin & Klaus Kertess
(Artspace)
CHARMER Jack Olsen (Morrow)
PROPERTY OF THE FOLSOM WOLF Don Lasseter
(Pinnacle)

Eyes wide open. Fixed on the nappy, dirty, knotted, hard head bobbing and jerking in your lap. It's all dark and shadows back here, but your lurid mind works it all out motion-picture-perfect. Those slurping sounds help mask the disgust you sense every now and again when it gets especially wet. And sloppy. One hand scratches your thigh and ball with its thick, broken, and chewed fingernails like it's supposed to help you cum or distract you from the other hand near your wisely empty pocket.

Move to see her creviced, beaten face, and she'll react angrily. Her focus is all in her rhythm, and licking and nipping won't help at all. That hand will squeeze and pull the thing right out of its base if you don't happen quicker, and nothing's built that strong. She'll think having you stare at her mauled and saggy dugs and worn-out chest will be a treat, her motherly tongue-wiggle and full-on stare while she slurs come-onbabyohyeahbaby will get her out quicker. Skinny, pointy fingers. Stretched-out thick throat with slick, greasy blotches and bumps and knots along that oily brown shit skin. Thick lips barely sliding against a hard cock that centers in and out to the back of her empty head like a big, soundless tunnel. Dry inside and damaged. And lost and worthless.

If you put your cock inside her cunt you'd have to stare at her again. Read her crack-deformed brain—through her TV face and ghetto features. Where she was brought up like you never were. And maybe that rubber would feel too tight 'round your cock and her

insides—her rotting, liquor-soaked womb and leathery quim—would be wasted by the pinching latex sterility. Too foreign and removed, and what you want is to spear the cunt into pain and reaction—about her place here, and a condom only means you need a hole to help you spew like a weak, scrounging dog. Or maybe not pain. And certainly not confrontation. No cops. No fights. No pimps. No loud arguments. Pay her more than she asked for. Become a regular. Become safer. Become like those dogs.

What you want is different than what you need. What you want isn't her acknowledgment, pain, explanations, and the SALLY JESSE RAPHAEL SHOW. What you want is to see a screwdriver rammed into that hollow head and throat where your cock is. Both hands clamped tight around its heavy, red-and-white handle and above her gaping, empty, stinking, dank mouth. Her tonsils. Her hard, cracked, dirty-yellow teeth smashing and breaking from the back of her bloody gums when you slam the screwdriver back out again. Jamming it right back into the roof of her mouth, ripping it down into that fat, pink tongue like a dead cow getting stuck again and again. Smashing those fucking cutting teeth with the hard metal and plastic handle and your fist and finally with your boot as you stomp and grind and destroy her nigger whore face, all bloodied and ripped and torn and pained with your heel.

Sutcliffe.

That hammer deep into her head and that screwdriver torn into that ugly cunt and across and up her beastly dead breasts.

It's not because they're whores. It's not because they're there and easy. Or because they sell their vaginas and faces like cheap, mindless adjuncts to your pathetic animal needs and uncontrollable lusts. Not because they're all niggers. Not because they're all women. Even the ones with dicks. Not because they're for sale.

Someday, someone is going to kill a perfect girl. One who doesn't sell her head to fuck, her stretched-out, cavernous cunt and swollen asshole.

Doesn't sell it for money.

For crack. For heroin. For alcohol. For her needy, screeching, diaperless baby. For influence. For fun. For attention. For the images of her fat-assed father squatting his bulk next to her on her teenaged bed and running those hairy paws under the sheets while she slept. And when she graduated into keeping one eye open, seeing that dark hulk stretching and pulling at his greasy, hard dick inches from her face while he stared and clutched and squeezed her firm, jutting tits with her mother's fat, pink nipples and clean, untouched areolas. Moved his hand down to that soft

hair and slipped his fingers down underneath to feel that tight asshole, pisshole, wombhole. Here, suck it this time. Don't tell your mom. Oh fuck, what am I doing? You're old enough now. Shut your fucking mouth. Open your mouth. Shut the fuck up. Suck it, you bitch. You fucking cunt. Grabbing those tits and petting that patch. Cumming on her fresh face and into that crying, hurting, hating hole and clean, sleepy teeth.

SEX WITH SAMUEL IS ALWAYS...PLEASANT, NEVER A CHORE. TO DATE, HE'S THE BEST NIPPLE-SUCKER I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED, AND THE ONLY PERSON EVER TO GIVE ME NIPPLE ORGASMS....HE'S NOT INTERESTED IN MY PUSSY AT ALL, OR ANY SEXUAL VARIETY....I HAVE TO ADMIT, IT'S NICE NOT HAVING TO BE CREATIVE TO KEEP HIM COMING BACK. I DO TRY TO MAKE THE BLOW JOB LAST, THOUGH.

—ANNIE SPRINKLE: POST PORN MODERNIST,
Annie Sprinkle, Art Unlimited, 1991

For comfort. For fear. For loneliness.

Maybe a cunt that doesn't know the difference.

She'll be daddy's most precious girl. Not at all like mommy. Or your cunting, greedy daughters. Guileless, pure, pristine, and every time you fuck her you won't be fucking every other woman in the world. The way you do now.

AS ECONOMIES BEGIN TO DEVELOP AND WOMEN BEGIN TO GAIN ACCESS TO THE LABOR FORCE, SEX INDUSTRIES BUY OFF SOME WOMEN WITH HIGHER WAGES THAN THE LABOR FORCE WILL PROVIDE THEM....WOMEN TURN TO PROSTITUTION FOR MATERIAL GAIN IN THE CONTEXT OF NORMALIZED SEX INDUSTRIES.

—THE PROSTITUTION OF SEXUALITY,
Kathleen Barry, NYU Press, 1995

Cleo Odzer sees it somewhat differently. A fortyish New Yorker who delights in the feel and look of young Thai men, Ms. Odzer's take on prostitution in Thailand may be refreshing and surprising in these days of one-for-all militant feminism. Although she openly admits that she has a sex drive, Ms. Odzer contends she is still very much a feminist. In her book *PATPONG SISTERS*, this fact is reiterated every time one of the men she decides she likes treats her like shit.

And she's added an even more personal twist to her feminism in the guise of rabid penis-envy:

A CLOUD OF FUROR SAT ON MY CHEST. WHAT DID I FEEL? ANGRY WITH THE MEN? MAYBE A BIT. SORRY FOR THE GIRLS? MAYBE THAT, TOO. JEALOUS THAT MEN HAD THIS SORT OF THING

AVAILABLE TO THEM? YES, VERY. AND WHAT ELSE? ELATED THAT I'D ENTERED THIS STRANGE WORLD. EXCITED THAT I WAS TRESPASSING INTO MALE TERRITORY. RESENTFUL THAT BEING SERVICED BY A WOMAN WAS CONSIDERED MALE SEXUALITY. AND EVEN MORE RESENTFUL THAT WOMEN DIDN'T HAVE THIS SAME RIGHT TO SEXUAL GRATIFICATION.

Cleo trolls nightly through Bangkok's sex area Patpong and makes it down to the poor villages that the girls come from to try and adapt a picture of the area's very special and alluring offerings. She is sympathetic to the girls, but unlike the more common and accepted role of those in ivory towers, Cleo sees behind the sex act and looks to the practical mechanics of the situation. Unfortunately, it's this reactionary pragmatism—along with a more disturbing tendency toward high-school romanticism—that keeps Cleo from knowing exactly how Patpong (and, in general, whores) actually work. While Cleo talks about the Eliza Doolittle complex men suffer under...

THE WOMEN OF PATPONG ARE EXPERT AT MAKING FOREIGN MEN GO GA-GA OVER THEM.... THE MEN SEE BEAUTIFUL POOR GIRLS SUPPORTING THEIR FAMILIES UPCOUNTRY AND, BOOM, THEY'RE IN LOVE, HEROES SAVING THEIR MAIDENS IN DISTRESS.

...and the manipulative lies and ingrained, professional guile of the whores, she clings precariously to the appeal of such things in ultra-safe contexts. She calls the boys she lusts after "dolls" and "cuties" but never sees them as quick fucks; she's looking for a relationship each time—a boyfriend she can see regularly even though she knows her stay in Bangkok is temporary. She's operating under the sad misapprehensions of heart and love as if they really exist. She sees the action play out in front of her with a heavy, story-book stigmatism.

Simply, Cleo misses the appeal. The appeal that creates the institutions and locks them forever in the the mud of poverty and stupidity.

Cleo didn't see the wrong things. She probably didn't even talk to the wrong people (though she misses the chance to talk to US soldiers on limited leave and spends most of her time with those male tourists and Thai women whose relationships have become more intimate than simple trade). Cleo merely settled into a routine sold to her from her parents, TV, sixties hippiedom, and general female stupidity: Like most of the pot-bellied foreigners looking for a warm place to spew and mistaking that warmth for something important, she fell into thinking that sex is necessary and somehow ecumenical. And worse, that it could be connected to trust.

That confusion is also evident in the new Artspace production. *DESIRE BY NUMBERS* combines Nan Goldin's photos of Thai teen go-go boys and prostitutes with a fictional essay by Klaus Kertess. Klaus's writing sets up an interesting juxtaposition: While the photos are of just the boys onstage looking sexy and lost or offstage looking used, indifferent, and quick, the writing suggests a rather different situation. Basically a conversation between two voices (though it is probably all in one head—a schizophrenic pull between attraction and need), the conversation touches those elements that bleed meaning into the dancer's real life. Or, more to the point: the customer's real life, as the dancers continue to be warm mannequins devoid of any personality but the situation, AIDS, and the slow death from it, the search for sexual adventure and its endemic failure, and the ugly, violent ennui of using and collecting model bodies and scores.

Sex doesn't exist in the cocks of these boys (and you don't get to see even one in the photos) or their skinny chests, ugly thick lips and bony limbs, Asian eyes or clenched asses. The Thai videos flooding the porn markets prove it. Bored, long-cocked Thai boys fucking each other or jerking off for interminably long times in *RED HOT BEAUX THAIS* and *WILD THAIGERS* only satisfy (barely) when each tryst ends with the boys furiously jerking themselves off onto each other. Fucking each other's mouths and assholes, even the popular one-fist-on-two-cocks, are all meaningless. It's only the climaxes after removing themselves from each other, shutting their eyes and masturbating, that give credence to the reality. In the same way that one's significant other puts up with your banging away or mouth entreaties under the sky-high love and care fantasies, one eventually has to separate the act from the game and get it over with. What's missing from the Thai videos is fat, balding men with ugly smiles and thick fists and cash. What could be missing from *DESIRE BY NUMBERS* is what those photos mean beyond campy dreams and sad, empty bodily functions. Mourning over someone's death overacts as fleeting and humiliating as phone sex, and a nice-looking cock puts some of that perspective back in.

PETER HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH NUMBER 9 AT THE JOY BAR IN BANGKOK, ALTHOUGH HE AND NUMBER 9 HAD BEEN ENTANGLED FOR ONLY AN HOUR OR SO IN THE FLUORESCENT MAGIC OF ONE OF THE MANY CUBICLES BEHIND THE BAR....EVEN AS HE LAY IN THE HOSPITAL WITH HIS SKIN SO TIGHTLY DRAWN AROUND HIS SHRIVELING FRAME THAT HIS RIB CAGE WAS ABOUT TO BREAK THROUGH AND HIS SKIN'S NEAR-TRANSPARENCY WAS FESTOONED WITH KAPOSÍ'S POLKA DOTS,

PETER STILL RAVED ABOUT NUMBER 9. NUMBER 9, HE WAS QUITE CERTAIN, HAD BEEN THE GROOM OF HIS DEMISE....

It is left to the one in control to create the other's personality. The hole you fuck is the hole you chose. The numb nigger head you sat on the end of your cumming cock is what you decided you wanted. What you wanted to enjoy and experience and empty. The terms are negotiable and may or may not be within reason. But the head that sticks a crack pipe in its mouth a few times a day, shits out ghetto rats and clogs the sewers with its bleeding and crying and pissing, is only for sale because of the market that demands it.

But someday, someone is going to kill—and rape and mutilate and destroy—a perfect girl. Someday, someone's going to kill a woman who doesn't deserve it. And decorum won't insist on the sloppy canonization of the victim. The family won't feel the need to argue the dear's plight or stolen guaranteed future. And writers like Jack Olsen and Don Lasseter won't fall all over themselves with euphemisms and mops and buckets of bleach.

And until then, you'll have to settle for what is available. The next-best thing. The things on the market that (remember) you set up and built but maybe were too lazy to finish. Like George Russel and Greg Marlow had to.

Jack Olsen attacks George Russel's life in the same professional way he attacks most of his recent blockbuster true-crime subjects. He lets the particulars tell the story through voluminous interviews and aggressively checked facts. *CHARMER*, like *THE MISBEGOTTEN SON*, *PREDATOR*, *SON*, *et al.*, is as complete an example of true-crime reportage as you're likely to find. However, as the emphasis is on reporting saleable facts (admirable though that is), that's often not where the story—or action—lies.

Because the first problem with *CHARMER* is Olsen's subject—George Russel, a violent though tasteless serial killer whose motives are sadly typical and reactionary. He hardly seems to deserve such in-depth dedication. And second (especially given the banality of Russel): The real story could be seen to sit with the victims and their commonality, but Olsen bows to good taste and panders gloss where talons were required. Maybe the girls are stereotypical victims. Asking for it. Wanting it. Or maybe Russel has more refined tastes. Regardless of expert access and reporting style, the truth and weight of George Russel and his crimes are lost. And Jack Olsen's story of George Russel is as unexciting as the crimes seem to be, save for the brutality.

Olsen is reasonably, dutifully dispassionate when it comes to Russel's life—his drifter-ish personality, his self-hatred (or denial) of his black skin, his lies and desperate manipulation of those younger than him, his criminal mind and burglary fetish, and his ready suburban bar "charm." As is expected and appreciated.

Pity Olsen doesn't apply the same courtesy to the victims. His unflinchingly clinical descriptions of the damage which Russel wreaked on Mary Ann Pohlreich's body could almost be read as sadistic. And Olsen lets you know that Pohlreich had a rep as a "peter-tease" at a local cantina. Olsen tells of victim Carol Beethe's crushed ribs and the fact that her corpse had been gun-fucked. He also mentions that she was a phone-sex junkie and an "adventurous" swinger whose orgasmic yelps could be heard by neighbors across the street.

Regarding victim Randi Levine:

PART OF HER BRAIN SEEPED OUT. HER MOUTH WAS STUFFED WITH A WHITE PLASTIC VIBRATOR. UNDER HER LEFT FOREARM WAS A HARDBOUND COPY OF "MORE JOY OF SEX: A LOVEMAKING COMPANION TO THE JOY OF SEX."

Nevertheless, the story is there. And there is a dedication to the material over the typical formula of quick interviews and court reviews that make up most true-crime books these days.

Case in point: *PROPERTY OF THE FOLSOM WOLF*. Don Lasseter's cheap paperback has all the elements of dog-and-fries drudgery. His account of the mess that is Greg Marlow and Cynthia Coffman and their (as advertised) *CALIFORNIA SPREE OF TORTURE AND MURDER* is the perfect example of sloppy, lazy reporting that, fittingly, mirrors the worth of the crimes. A white-trash couple—stupid, careless, riddled with speed—careen through a few days of frenzied, inept robbery whereby a couple of girls just happen to get raped and murdered. And the classic background cycles: Marlow's family consists of a drug-addicted whore mother and an abusive, drug-peddling father, and Marlow pays it all back to trailer-trash Cynthia who, of course, spouts tales of intense, sadistic beatings and coercion during her trial. In fact, so tired are these excuses and rationalizations that the arresting officers virtually told Cynthia her defense/life just as soon as they met her:

"CYNDI, YOU'RE NOT A SLAVE ANYMORE. YOU DON'T DO WHAT HE TELLS YOU ANYMORE. YOU'RE A HUMAN BEING....YOU NEVER HAVE TO BE INTIMIDATED BY HIM AGAIN. HE'LL NEVER CUT YOUR HAIR AGAIN. HE'LL NEVER PUT HANDCUFFS ON YOU AGAIN, OR BEAT YOU....HE'LL NEVER GAG YOU AGAIN. HE'LL NEVER PUT A BLINDFOLD ON YOU AGAIN, AND HE'LL NEVER URINATE ON

YOU AGAIN."

With such easy answers and easy crimes, the facts that might separate the acts and impulses from the rest of the nigger and dog shows are left forever blank. And as newspapers and TV reports hardly deem robberies and murders (without the benefit of as-it-happens video footage) worthy of reporting, it looks as if Mr. Lasseter's reasons for pulling this case lie mostly in their skin color. The lengthy descriptions of Cynthia's beatings and tortures by Marlow seem convenient and utilitarian. Sadly. Her confessions to the crimes—which form the backbone of the book and court case—are obviously constructed ends, and Lasseter is only too quick to settle for them. Even when the autopsies attest to much more action than the particulars would admit to:

LYNEL MURRAY'S BODY LAY FACE-DOWN, HER RIGHT LEG ON THE TOILET SEAT, HER LEFT LEG ON THE FLOOR....BOTH OF HER EYES HAD BEEN BLACKENED. HER NECK, SCALP, AND NOSE WERE BATTERED AND BRUISED. THE NECKLACE CHAIN SHE TREASURED WAS MISSING AND WOULD NEVER BE FOUND.

It's like pumping your cock into a whore's entire black history and thinking of your wife. Or jerking off while thinking about the length and taste of a Thai dancer's cock. Or feeling the heft of a poor Thai slut's tits and not asking her age.

You know that pig at that table over there? The one with all that makeup all the fuck over her pimply face? The one with the bright-red lips and fat tits? I wonder what she looks like naked. I bet those dugs hang like evil pasty water bags full of cancer and hair. Her cunt huge and thick and wet. Her eyes blank. Her fucking kids in the next room. A hard, fat, wooden chair leg jammed up her bloody hole. Screaming and pleading and crying and not quite getting the fact that she's gonna look even uglier beaten and raped to death.

★★★★★★

You just have to wait until Bobby Thompson and Jon Venables get old enough to write their autobiographies and discuss their crime the way you hope. Because it is important to know exactly what happened to little James's dick and how his foreskin was pulled back.

And you'll have to wait at least until Rose West's trial is over to find out why all but one of the nine bodies found buried at 25 Cromwell Street had their fingers and toes cut off, now that Fred West has hung himself.

Last month Myra Hindley talked to Leslie White of *THE SUNDAY TIMES* (London) just before she found

out that she'll never be allowed to leave prison. Myra's not giving up anything spectacularly new, but the picture does get clearer and brighter all the time. Myra claims that she lured little Pauline Reade up to the moor by asking her to help look for a lost pair of gloves. She pins Lesley Ann Downey's strangulation squarely on Brady. She adds that Brady's letters became MORE AND MORE INSULTING after he learned that Myra had found christ. And she swears she didn't know the tape was rolling while they were torturing poor Lesley.

But rare is the jail-house interview that proves worth the wait or trouble. While the so-called underground press explodes with excitement over their newly discovered access to lonely and bored waste cases, the sad truth that those cheap moralists and thoughtless pedants of the regular and established publishing houses and broadcasting agencies will remain the only ones to impart worthwhile information (no matter how hard you have to dig for it) becomes frustratingly more obvious.

G.J. Schaefer's rants may be shining examples of tense prison art—masturbatory, violent, self-aggrandizing sex fantasies and manias. Which are nice. But a few well-placed hard questions could pin him like a rat in a corner.

In the latest issue of FATAL VISIONS (#14), Schaefer pretends to explain all he knows about Ted Bundy's crimes and the goofy Hand of Death—A CULT BENT ON WORLD DOMINATION THROUGH THE POWER OF SATAN! And his enthusiasm for the subject matter is appreciated:

...IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF A FEW HOURS AFTER TED PULLED HIS SHIT-CAKED PENIS OUT OF THE FLACCID ANUS OF JANICE'S STILL-WARM CORPSE THAT TED KIDNAPPED A PERKY, DARK-MANED YOUNG BEAUTY BY THE NAME OF DENISE NASLUND.

Schaefer also contributes his thoughts on HIS INNOCENCE AND FUCK MAGAZINE in the new issue of Randall Phillip's FUCK (#9).

And, yet again, Henry Lee Lucas is allowed to go back and forth on his murders, pain, confusion, lies, and the power of Satan. This time in the book-length tract THEY CALL ME SISTER CLEMMIE (Clementine Schroeder, Westminster Press, 1993). Clemmie is a missionary who works the prisons, and her very favorite lamb is Henry, who says:

THERE AIN'T NO WORDS TO SAY WHAT SHE PERSONALLY MEANS TO ME, 'CUZ WITHOUT HER AN' JESUS I WOULDN'T BE HERE TODAY.

...and more and more and more.

Similarly, Varg Vikernes of the band BURZUM. Now serving his sentence for the bloody murder of a

close friend, Varg has ballooned full-on as a cheesy Odinist who spouts the fairy-tale Norse gods and war pose whenever he gets the chance to impress a sycophantic and gawking black-metal fan. At points, Varg seems close to discerning what it took for a teenaged boy to knife-rape another, but the chances are lost in a mire of just-read kindergarten stories:

HE WAS A FUCKING FAGGOT! EURONYMOUS DIED IN HIS FUCKING UNDERWEAR TRYING TO RUN AWAY FROM HIS KILLER(S), SCREAMING LIKE A FUCKING HYSTERICAL WOMAN.

Steve O'Malley has the above published in his fanzine DESCENT (#1) and has another interview with Varg in the latest SOUNDS OF DEATH (#5).

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

PARASITE

VOLUME 18 ★ FEBRUARY, 1995

WOMB

KILLER ON THE LOOSE Mike Fielder (Slake)

WHATEVER MOTHER SAYS Wensley Clarkson
(St. Martin's)

I SPEAK FOR THIS CHILD Gay Courter (Crown)

WASTING AMERICA'S FUTURE Arloc Sherman
(Beacon)

FORMED SOLELY FROM THE BLOOD OF OUR FATHERS, WE OWE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO OUR MOTHERS. THEY DID NOTHING BUT SUBMIT TO THE ACT, WHEREAS OUR FATHERS INSTIGATED IT. OUR FATHERS THEREFORE WILLED OUR BIRTHS, WHEREAS OUR MOTHERS MERELY ACQUIESCED.

—PHILOSOPHY IN THE BEDROOM,
D.A.F. de Sade, 1795

IT'S BECAUSE I AM A WOMAN AND IT MAKES ME THE DOUBLE DEVIL. A WOMAN IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE PROTECTOR OF CHILDREN AND WHEN SHE DOES SOMETHING TO HARM THEM IT IS PERCEIVED AS FAR WORSE THAN A MAN'S CRIME AGAINST THEM. IF I WERE A DIFFERENT SEX I WOULD HAVE BEEN OUT OF HERE A LONG TIME AGO.

—Myra Hindley, quoted in the December 18, 1994, issue of THE [London] SUNDAY TIMES

Someday, someone is going to murder a perfect woman.

Maybe someone like an innocent Rachel Nickell or her baby who didn't ask to be born. Maybe a silent member of The Children's Defense Fund.

Someone you care about. Someone you worry about and own and pick up after. Admire and respect. Protect and save. Someone you put up with. Someone who's worth the trouble. With a perfect smile. And a perfect body. Built for fucking, but intended for loving. Built for babies: a slick, greasy hole that'll expand just enough to let the monster you willed to create shit out in perfect time and pain and ascetic wonder. Then slap right back into tight place to allow a few more perfect bangings before you both turn to soap. That glow. That halo. That glint. Little angel. With a pet and a pat, a hug and peck, a rutting wet dig and tug and drool and burrow.

Create a future. Nurture and develop and promise and construct more than your little, pathetic life here and now. Contribute to everyone's future by modeling the perfect tiny, soft, damageable head into a perfect lovely design and idea.

Poor little rat. No one to love him. Out on those dark streets looking for windows to smash or little toys to stuff in his pockets. And the drugs and beggings and stomach cramps and headaches and a seventies soul soundtrack with loud violin swells and high falsettos. The whoring, uncaring or unable, liquor-soaked vacant mother and, more necessarily, an abusive, ham-fisted papa with a beer and a jack and a thick wooden branch in the corner by the TV lamplight.

And this courageous little girl doesn't want your pity. With puberty just around the corner and her dreams of growing tall and straight and fitting in with all the rest. With her brittle bones and the hole in her lungs and the retardation and the wheelchair. It's alright, honey, me and dad will stay at your side every night if we have to.

Loss.

Redemption.

Hope.

And that alabaster image of the perfect darling hung just the way you want it. Maybe like the one you tasted before—back when you were inadequate. And frightened and alone.

Empathy.

Promise and a happy, wet ending.

Little skinny faggot has the nerve to fist his package.

Little fucking thing. Uses both hands and pushes up the bunched works in his pants far too loose like it's something special and not typical.

You'll have to explain it to him.

Faggots. Nigger whores. Breath that stinks of organ rot and hollow, diseased mind. Half-eyes dilated;

a pasty mask of disuse and waste and tired dog beatings. Like every other disgusting, crab-infested pig cunt you've ever plunged your hard-on into. And much more besides. Damaged and dying. Holes and pits. Just like always. Just like on TV and in the magazines. Like you wanted. Like you look really fucking hard for.

And the hand that pulls down on his lower lip while the other hand works up the shaft, shaking the balls back and forth, is the same hand that's supposed to feed them. Or at least try. Or to look that way.

Some fat art collector beast with a couple extra chin loaves and a few less really long hairs up on that shiny huge square dome, his short, stubby, little-dicked fingers fumble and grapple 'round his charge's cheap sac, and his gooey maw lips up and down on the boy's straight-out cock. Youth. Ah, youth and you're really poor, aren't you?

Tell me about your mama.

Tell me...did your dad abuse you? Did he...sexually abuse...did he interfere with you in any way...any way that you didn't like, that you felt uncomfortable with?

What did you want to do?

Did you hate it? Tell me how much you hated it. All the while, pulling his fat, short penis. Obviously. Come here, boy. Come right here, you little fucking degenerate. You want to know what you're playing at? Your parents, wherever the fuck they come from. Your fucking Beastie Boys T-shirt and that stupid hippie ambient shit on that tape. You want to know how to play a part, you little motherfucker, you little pretend motherfucker? 'Cause I don't give a fuck about your blank, pot-smoking waste face; your dirty, fat, gym-short cock and camp urchin smile, you little cocksucker. You want to suck some shit? You want to swallow a fucking broken chair leg, you little alley rat?

I'll tell you something right now. I've been in a basement apartment a long time ago. A couple lived there and invited me down to see their chicken films. Real chicken films, you lame faggot. I don't give a rat's ass about the size of your dick, the weight of your balls, or those dirty dimples. I don't have an image in here about watching your glassy blue eyes turn red or open or trusting and dejected. I got a picture of a little one tied up and begging for its mama. I got a memory of two queers sitting next to me, beating each other off to impress me while I watched someone very unlike yourself get shit on and pissed on and beaten in the face with a boot. And you want to know how it turned out? You think these NAMBLA fags killed that little dog? You think they stretched that pit and plowed into that skinny corpse-to-be with all their might, ripping it from the inside shoulder-to-heel?

You think they just sucked him off?

And paid him and laughed as he left? Thinking about what they just did and fucked and isn't he just like that other one the other day? 'Cause they only wanted a little dick or clean eye or dirty blond hair. Poor street trash. Poor lovely boy. Little cockroach.

They shoved some pills in its bawling mouth and dumped Coca-Cola down its screaming, biting, choking throat. And watched it shake and twitch and, I swear on anything fucking holy, bark. And snot and spit from its nose and blood from its wrists and, oh man, oh dear, the crying baby was bright fucking red. All over its puffy, frightened, shrieking face.

And then a big black boot heel fit perfectly between that spinning eye, rolling head, and those bone-jutting soft, thin, white shoulders and stepped down. All the way down into a wet concrete floor. Grinding into that neck smashed floor, and knees up all the way down back into it.

Darling.

Lick. Don't suck.

What kind of pig are you?

Once again, context is everything. Ask the multifarious sisters of mercy who protect the needful by turning the mute weakness of suffering into tracts and placards designed to educate the careless and twist the conscience of the selfish. Ask, specifically, the wonderful bleeders who know how Lisa Steinberg looked choking on the floor of a filthy dark bathroom and how Hedda's fat, empty womb is healing. Ask especially Marian Wright Edelman of the Children's Defense Fund and Gay Courter, a "Guardian ad Litem" on a volunteer basis. Andrew Vachss? Pier Paolo Pasolini?

And ask all their fans.

HI YOU PIECE OF SHIT,

JUST READ THE FIRST CHAPTER OF YOUR BOOK IN ANSWER ME. I CAN'T WAIT TILL IT COMES OUT. BECAUSE YOU **WILL** GO TO JAIL THIS TIME. YOU **WILL** BE INVESTAGATED [SIC]. YOU **WILL** BE FOUND OUT. YOU **WILL** DO TIME. YOU **WILL** BE FUCKED IN THE ASS. I CAN'T WAIT TILL THOSE NIGGERS IN JAIL GET YOU. IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY YOU HATE WOMEN AND LITTLE GIRLS. YOU ARE A LITTLE GIRL. I BET YOUR [SIC] A BIG FAT SLOB OR SOME NERD WEAKLING TYPE WHO COULDN'T GET LAID EVEN IF YOU COULD GET IT UP. AND I'M SURE YOUR [SIC] WAY TOO MUCH OF A PUSSY TO DO THESE THINGS YOU WRITE ABOUT. YOUR [SIC] JUST A SICK PIECE OF SHIT WHO CAN'T FUNCTION IN THE REAL WORLD. ALL YOU CAN DO IS WATCH YOUR SNUFF FILMS + KIDDIE PORN AND WAACK [SIC] YOUR LIMP DICK. SICK FUCKS LIKE YOU ALWAYS FUCK UP. IT'S

GONNA HAPPEN AND I CAN'T WAIT. THE URGE WILL OVERWHLM [SIC] YOU AND YOU'LL DO SOMETHING STUPID. THE HAMMER WILL COME DOWN AND THAT WILL BE IT FOR YOUR SICK LITTLE WORLD. SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE IS GONNA FUCK YOU UP BOY. SOMEONE IS GONNA BEAT YOU TILL YOU CAN'T WALK. IT'S EASY TO FUCK WITH CHILDREN BUT WHAT ARE YOU GONNA [DO] WHEN A MAN GETS A HOLD ON YOU, PUSSY BOY! MOST WOMEN COULD KICK THE SHIT OUT OF YOU.

WOULDN'T THAT BE A HOOT. SO LONG FOR NOW SCUMBAG SEE YOU ON THE NEWS.

FUCK YOU,

YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE

P.S. BETTER START BREAKING YOUR ASSHOLE IN NOW, I HEAR THOSE NIGGER DICKS ARE PRETTY BIG! DIE PIG.

or...

I'M WRITING A BIG, LONG ARTICLE FOR HUSTLER ON THE HIERARCHY OF PROSTITUTES. A FRIEND SUGGESTED YOU MIGHT BE A GOOD INTERVIEWEE. I USED TO KNOW A TON OF PROSTITUTES & EVEN WAS ONE, BUT NOW THAT I'VE REACHED THE RIPE OLD AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE, I FIND I CAN'T FIND ANY. SO IF YOU HAVE ANY GOOD STORIES, I'D APPRECIATE TALKING TO YOU FOR A SHORT TIME. PLEASE FEEL FREE TO CALL COLLECT ANYTIME.

One of the old raincoat brigade tires of the dick in his face as another decides those loosening flesh clasps just won't be enough tonight. Not without a little information.

SUESAN CONTINUED TO BE HANDCUFFED TO HER BED EACH NIGHT....THERESA KNORR SEEMED TO TAKE A PERVERSE DELIGHT IN WATCHING HER DAUGHTER SLOWLY DISINTEGRATE IN FRONT OF HER VERY EYES.

Simple white trash. Just one more in a long and ugly line. You don't need any more story than you got at that first glance. That is, if there is a story beyond the lowbrow, machine-gun tabloid lives these animals seem to suffocate under.

More details on Suesan's and Terry's and Sheila's prostitution. The ideas that coursed through the fog of their lives; they had to decide whether to endure torture and madness at home or to sell their deformed minds and bodies to anonymous cocks holding money and drugs. More details on the beatings and blood-fucks the boys and girls dealt with daily as their brains twisted and fried. More details on the reality and hope and failed chances and awkward, stuttering, and stultifying confusion and terror. And then there's this pull toward safety and mom and the only fucking thing they know.

But you know how all that works out.

And Wensley Clarkson doesn't feel your Philistine urges deserve the Jack Olsen treatment.

TERRY DISCLOSED INCIDENTS LIKE BEING LOCKED IN A FREEZER, HAVING KNIVES THROWN AT THEM, BEING HANDCUFFED TO THE TABLE AND BEATEN, BEING HUNG FROM THE DOOR, SUFFERING REGULAR KICKINGS FROM HER MOTHER, BEING BURNED BY CIGARETTES. THEN SHE SPOKE ABOUT THE FORCE-FEEDING, THE HOT BOWL BURNING THE INSIDE OF HER SISTER'S LEGS, THE MOLESTATION BY HER FATHER....

Tasteless. Any tangible evidence or confessions outside of court will only get in the way of the gore and armchair safety. Wasted. The back-cover synopsis tells you everything you need to know on how to spend your next bathroom visit.

And it's just as well.

Theresa Knorr was the mother of five little piggies. And all the moves and holes and handcuffs and lies and psychoses matter not a jot outside of the stereotypes that suck your dick quickly or grace your fantasies with tears and inflamed mood swings.

So there must be something more. You need to know what fills that space between its dented head and the hole that chews your cock and cum. And if Wensley Clarkson is just another idiot with specious facts and lazy conclusions (formed before the trial even begins, of course), you'll just have to look elsewhere. Because the images that Clarkson plays with are initially, briefly, seductive:

Suesan bleeding slowly into a dirty bathtub, sweaty and frothy and clouded. Her sisters crying in the streets with their abused hooking friends. Her brother getting his tight asshole expanded.

Gay Courter knows more about these types. She acts as a child's voice in court cases, offering the kids assistance and care in the way their lives are handled in an otherwise uncaring bureaucracy. She's not a lawyer, but rather a volunteer whose only concern is to serve the child's own interests. As a Guardian ad Litem, she is able to ACCESS RECORDS THAT ARE LEGALLY UNAVAILABLE TO POLICE, LAWYERS, SOCIAL-SERVICE AGENCIES, SCHOOLS, AND THE FAMILIES THEMSELVES. Her access is great, her commitment is built on selflessness and trust in the future, and her eyes are eager to see it all.

MY MISSION IS PURE: TO MAKE SOMETHING THAT HAS GONE TERRIBLY WRONG A LITTLE BETTER, PHONE CALL BY PHONE CALL, VISIT BY VISIT, MEETING BY MEETING, COURT APPEARANCE BY COURT APPEARANCE, REPORT BY REPORT.

And naturally, Ms. Courter seeks to impart the problems these lost and damaged and unwanted kids

exist as. And since she has changed their names and all the identifying details of her little darlings, she is sure to let you know: THE LEGAL GROUNDWORK AND PLACEMENT SITUATIONS HAVE NOT BEEN CHANGED, NOR HAVE THE SPECIFIC CRIMES AGAINST THE CHILDREN.

But Courter is also blind. Blinded by that dreadful barricade that is the universal understanding of motherhood. As much as I SPEAK FOR THIS CHILD is about the distress children are forced to live with (and never through), it is primarily about the failures of the foster-care system due to impossible money problems. The lack of appropriate decisions being made on the children's behalf is all predicated on the crippling financial terms and needs of an overcrowded mass of kids tossed out at a moment's notice.

So while Ms. Courter strives to infuse a little personal love and tenderness into the equation by her belief in such things, her efforts, in the end, prove to be worthless if not silly. It's not simple inhuman capitalist atavism that ultimately thwarts her kind gestures, it's the emptiness of her cause. The real damage may be more in the thinking than in the practice.

I SPEAK FOR THIS CHILD revolves around three main cases. The first is about a sixteen-year-old who's been wronged and misunderstood (as Gay would have it) for most of her life. She had an early abortion, hung around with Satanists, was on the fringes of her boyfriend's murder, and was rejected by her parents after some speculated maltreatment of her younger brother and sister. Drugs and petty crime were included.

The second case takes up almost half the book. A father with six ex-wives abuses his kids (two sons and a daughter, and it becomes Gay's job to sort out the mess—multiple foster-home clashes, emotional nightmares stemming from years of neglect and molestation, deep-seated manias from years of deceit and rejection). The oldest son is bitter and markedly mentally damaged. The youngest son is just waiting to explode, and the girl is the perfect picture of abuse shoved deep into a fifteen-year-old, sexually crazed slut.

The third tale is of Gay's struggle to reunite three sisters in varying circumstances under the same roof until they become adults.

That all of Gay's fights ended up in rather unsuccessful situations is perhaps less telling than the manner in which such information is released. The chapters end on promising notes, but the afterword is a bit more somber:

LYDIA RYAN AND ALICIA STEVENSON PREFERRED TO LIVE ON THE STREET RATHER THAN RETURN TO

THE "SYSTEM." NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRIED, I COULD NOT SECURE THE INDIVIDUALIZED MENTAL OR MEDICAL HEALTH OR EDUCATIONAL PROGRAMS THEY REQUIRED....IN THE END, I ALSO FAILED TO PROVIDE EITHER OF THEM WITH A PERMANENT, LOVING FAMILY.

Standing at the front of a long line. Splitting that line in two, a single white-gloved hand simply motions right to left as each blank, filthy, wasted face trips and stumbles to the head.

Mamas falling all over themselves. Feed the Children. I'LL BET THE RUSSIANS LOVE THEIR CHILDREN, TOO. That lovely red coat on that far-too-young thing in Spielberg's B&W fantasy. Her cute walk through the Hollywood camp bleeding innocence and protection and hope and purity and all things warm and natural.

7UP, 14UP, 21UP, 28UP, 35UP. See those English looks puff and droop and lose that wonder and trust.

OPRAH's SILENT SCREAM. FRONTLINE's two-part INNOCENCE LOST. BEFORE YOUR EYE's KRISTEN IS MISSING.

You see that smoke, honey, that's your mother. Or you see that smoke, darling, that's your children.

You see that nigger in the corner? The one with the flabby, punctured ass waving at the truck drivers, who just a second ago was yelling at itself? You wanna know what her shit-black kids smell like?

And that male beast begging for change outside the White Hen. What was his childhood like? What sort of abuse—personal abuse—creates that deep, growly wheeze? Those shattered kneecaps and cuts and welts and thick scars and beatings and nighttime rapes and robberies?

From the back cover of WASTING AMERICA'S FUTURE:

FOR MANY READERS, THOUGH, THE ESSENCE OF THIS BOOK WILL LIE IN THE STORIES OF CHILDREN AND FAMILIES, MANY OF WHOM ENDURE UNFAIR AND DAMAGING LIVES WITH GRACE, AND WHO REMIND US THAT GOOD THINGS—WHOLE AND HEALTHY LIVES—ARE WORTH PAYING FOR.

And inside, the details of that essence will be presented almost entirely by useless facts, figures, and motherly "potential consequences."

The dangers of lead poisoning. Crack. Boring, redundant, endless poverty.

Unlucky.

Imagine the pain of the young Alex, only two years old when his mother was murdered by a still-unknown killer. His grandma, quoted in KILLER ON THE LOOSE, sums it up:

HE TALKS ABOUT RACHEL NOW. HE DIDN'T FOR ABOUT A YEAR. HE HAS PICTURES OF HER

EVERYWHERE AND SAYS, "THIS IS MY MUMMY." IN THE SUMMER HE CAME TO STAY WITH ME AND I TOOK HIM SWIMMING. HE SAID, "HAVE WE BEEN TO THIS POOL BEFORE?" AND I SAID YES, WE WENT THERE WITH MUMMY. HE SAID, "I CAN REMEMBER WHAT MUMMY LOOKS LIKE, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT SHE FEELS LIKE," AND FROM A SMALL BOY THAT IS QUITE A SAD THING TO HEAR HIM SAY.

Alex bears a greater burden in his memory. And all of England should be watching how the toddler grows up. Walking hand-in-hand on Wimbledon Common, baby Alex's mum was cut down right in front of his little baby eyes and soft brain. HER JEANS AND PANTIES WERE 'ROUND HER ANKLES, AND HER BRA HAD BEEN PARTIALLY PULLED DOWN TO EXPOSE HER NIPPLES. She was stabbed all over her chest and back; her throat was almost sliced in two. And ALEX, BARE-CHESTED, WAS HUGGING HER BODY.

KILLER ON THE LOOSE spends most of its paperback time covering the outrageous arrest and trial of Colin Stagg, the main suspect (and not a wholly uninteresting character) who was ultimately judged not guilty. But the astounding aesthetics of the brutal crime are not entirely lost on author Mike Fielder, although he doesn't seem to nail it down exactly. Rachel Nickell is continuously described in glowing terms. Her halo starts off shining all of Wimbledon by the glory of motherhood and ends up a blinding spotlight that shames heaven by her martyrdom. Out for a simple stroll with her child, Ms. Nickell was, apparently, unaware and undeserving of the slaughter she fell into—and Fielder's clumsy euphemisms and thin hedges still can't create a total slut. A mother, a perfect woman.

But, of course, the ferocious appeal of the crime lies with the two-year-old screaming and clutching at his raped and ripped mother's fifteen-minute corpse. And that appeal is couched in the same ugly philosophy that fuels all these rags. These fucking kids. These shiny-faced little angels whose rise to fortune is constantly hampered and cut short by insidious forces far beyond their own gentle capabilities. Wasted and destroyed chances and dreams. And these wombs. These mothers spreading all this wonderment termed love or care or hope or help. And the truth is that each book, save the Rachel Nickell contemplation, makes all the same mistakes for all the same complaints. Hope is for the hopeless.

Unless you enjoy that sort of thing.



THIS IS STUPID, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT INCEST WAS....AND MY HUSBAND SAID NOTHING SERIOUS

HAPPENED, IT REALLY WASN'T ANYTHING, AND I HAD OVERREACTED BECAUSE I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND....HOW INNOCENT I WAS. I JUST NEVER DREAMED A MAN WOULD DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

—MOTHERS OF INCEST SURVIVORS, Janis Tyler Johnson, Indiana University Press, 1992

It's almost not worth the bother.

Susan Smith and her madness became the focus instead of Susan Smith and her pain. Or her husband and the worthless relatives' pain and the incredible struggle they have ahead of them for the rest of their pitiful lives. Now that those two saintly dolls, Michael and Alex, ages three and fourteen months respectively, are gone forever. How could she do it? How could a mother do that?

To her credit, Andrea Peyser seems a bit less sympathetic, but she still can't resist the easy angle and pads her book MOTHER LOVE, DEADLY LOVE (Harper) with all sorts of "research" into the shocking history of child-murdering moms.

Maria Eftimiades's knock-off is SINS OF THE MOTHER and is just the average thicker tabloid review. Following the formula of her previous books on Joel Rifkin and Katie Beers, Maria spends most of her breath on the circus the crime creates rather than worrying too much about the dirty details and whatever implications those might have.

While Susan Smith hardly recalls the squashing brutality that Laurie Dann embodied, there are certain aspects of her rather mundane crime that deserve a little attention. There are the typical and irritating early abortion/suicide attempts and the unanswered cries of stepfather molestation and abuse and her real father's suicide that sound familiar enough to bore even the grocery-line crowd. And the actual crime, the two tots drowning, is depressingly unspectacular as well. Though Peyser does give it her best shot:

HOW LONG DID MICHAEL AND ALEX LIVE IN THAT CAR, TERRIFIED, SCREAMING, GASPING FOR AIR? THE PRECISE NUMBER OF HEARTBEATS MAY BE IMPOSSIBLE TO GAUGE. BUT EXPERTS SPECULATE IT COULD HAVE BEEN AS LITTLE AS FIVE TO TEN MINUTES....NOW, IMAGINE SOMEONE IS HOLDING YOUR FACE IN A TUB OF WATER FOR THE SAME AMOUNT OF TIME. PANIC WOULD ENGULF YOUR ENTIRE BEING WITHIN SECONDS.

The cops and the FBI and the reporters and neighbors all feel so awful when they start to suspect, then realize that the mother they cared for and worried for

and prayed for was actually the evil one. Maria Eftimiades misses the forest for the trees as she records the reactions as best as she can hear them through whatever real reporter is blocking her way.

The great book on Susan Smith is yet to be written. And when it is, it'll focus completely on the days that Marc Klaas (Polly's dad) flew in to be at Susan's side in an attempt to help her through a mother's hardest time imaginable.

The March 3rd edition of DATELINE NBC is scheduled to air an interview with Susan's mother. And, at the very least, one should be able to see those holiday videos of Michael and Alex again.

I WAS CONTINUALLY BASHED AND SEXUALLY ABUSED BY MY MOTHER FOR MOST OF MY CHILDHOOD. SHE USED TO 'TORTURE' MY PENIS BY SQUEEZING IT IN HER FINGERS. SHE ALSO USED TO FORCE HER LITTLE FINGER INTO MY ANUS WHEN SHE CAUGHT ME TOUCHING MY PENIS AT ALL.... THIS WAS HER "ANGER" RESPONSE TO HAVING BEEN RAPED CONTINUOUSLY BY HER FATHER WHEN SHE WAS SIXTEEN THROUGH TWENTY YEARS OLD.

—VOICES OF THE SURVIVORS, Edited by Patricia Easteal, Spinifex, 1994

The rape-obsessed brain of Bikini Kill's Kathleen Hanna has resurfaced with a new cut-and-paste "punk" project that's sure to excite all those who lust after her message. Her new outfit THE FAKES have focused their sloppy girl style (aided by a few select "scene" male alternative misfits) into an even more direct and aggressive blast of what it must be like to struggle with all those feminist theories and all those rape and assault and young fucker stories. Their first CD is titled REAL FICTION, and its most powerful cut is a spoken-word "open letter" read to "Billie's" father. Some of the juicier bits from the pained, Valley Girlish darling's heart follow:

AND YOU MADE LITTLE SLITS ON MY SKIN. SLOWLY. BEAUTIFUL RED LINES. SLOWLY. SOMETIMES EVEN ON THE BOTTOMS OF MY FEET SO I'D HAVE TO CRAWL AROUND THE HOUSE FOR DAYS. THREE YEARS OLD ON MY HANDS AND KNEES AND MY ASS STICKING OUT JUST FOR YOUR SWEET FOOT TO KICK.

I'M TOTALLY MAKING THIS UP. I DON'T KNOW WHY. IS YOUR ASSHOLE STILL BLEEDING?...

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

PARASITE

VOLUME 19 ★ MARCH, 1995

DOGS 1.

MASS RAPE (THE WAR AGAINST WOMEN IN BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA)

Edited by Alexandra Stiglmayer
(University of Nebraska Press)

UNFINISHED MURDER (THE CAPTURE OF A SERIAL RAPIST) James Neff (Pockett)

DUTCH TREAT (Video Team)

SEYMORE & SHANE MEET KATHY WILLETS—THE NAUGHTY NYMPH

Directed by Seymour Butts (Ultimate Video)
KATHY, A CASE OF NYMPHOMANIA Ellis Rubin
(Lifetime)

IN VIRTUALLY ALL VENUES, THE NUDE DANCER IS IN TOTAL CONTROL OF THE STAGE AND AUDIENCE....HARD AS IT MAY BE TO BELIEVE, MEN IN STRIP CLUBS ADMIRE WHAT THEY SEE AND ARE EVEN AWED BY IT. THEY GATHER 'ROUND THE WOMEN TO WARM THEMSELVES, AS IF THE STAGE WERE A BONFIRE ON A MEDIEVAL WINTER'S NIGHT....THE MEN DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHY THEY MUST COME THERE, BUT THEY SENSE THAT THEIR ORDINARY LIVES AND OFFICIAL RELIGION DON'T FULFILL THEIR LONGINGS TO ANSWER ALL THEIR QUESTIONS. TO REDUCE THESE RITUAL VISITATIONS TO A MATTER OF MECHANICAL MASTURBATION IS UNINTELLIGENT AND UNIMAGINATIVE.

—Camille Paglia, VAMPS & TRAMPS, Vintage, 1994

WHENEVER I TURNED OFF THE RADIO IN THE SHOP, I HEARD THE CONSTANT SQUISHING SOUNDS OF MEN MASTURBATING IN THE BOOTHS. SET AGAINST THE BACKGROUND WHINE OF THE FILM PROJECTORS AS THEY LOOPED THE SAME FILM THROUGH AGAIN AND AGAIN WERE THE SOUNDS OF SOLITARY SEX: A MAN BREATHING HARDER AND SIGHING ALMOST PAINFULLY; ANOTHER MAKING A SLAPPING SOUND AS HE JERKED HIS HAND BACK AND FORTH ACROSS HIS PENIS. SOME CUSTOMERS USED COMMERCIAL LUBRICANTS TO INTENSIFY THE FEELING AND REDUCE THE FRICTION OF MASTURBATING. OTHERS USED SALIVA. I QUICKLY

LEARNED TO DIFFERENTIATE AMONG THE SOUNDS.

—Jack McIver Weatherford, PORN ROW,
Arbor House, 1986

Somewhere between your dreary little bedroom life and your dreary little jerkoff fantasies, just like the place between the advertising copy and your red-faced, stuttering excuses, lies what's missing. That staticky grey area where all your reasons and weak, pathetic prayers swim and buzz and tweak. That impulse that allows for your knees on the floor in front of a thick HIV cock. The drive that makes those sloppy few seconds the most important moments right there and then. The same colorless burn that makes you beg a nighttime voice—over and over and over—to allow you to forget what you did, to allow you to stop doing it ever again, to allow you the chance to prove yourself healthy this one last time. Head up, shoulders back, spine straight as you tuck it back in and walk out. He didn't have the right-sized dick for the weight you're packing. And this time you just licked the shaft and the tip of the head. And there were no wet spots. Please, please, please.

All those euphemisms. All those promises. Those chewable scars and uncontrollable twitches. Those embarrassments and ugly degenerate designs. All that quick hard copy:

ACCOUNTS OF TORTURE, MURDER, MUTILATION, ABDUCTION, SEXUAL ENSLAVEMENT, AND SYSTEMATIC ATTEMPTS TO IMPREGNATE—ALL IN THE NAME OF 'ETHNIC CLEANSING'—MAKE FOR THE GRIMMEST OF READING. HOWEVER BRUTAL AND APPALLING THE INFORMATION CONVEYED HERE, THIS BOOK CANNOT AND SHOULD NOT BE IGNORED.

and

SLEAZY DUTCH SLUT TAKES ON 120 GUYS ALONE...AND BEGS FOR MORE! WORLD RECORD BROKEN! IN 9 STRAIGHT HOURS—THAT'S ONE GUY EVERY 4.6 MINUTES!

and

A SPELLBINDING ACCOUNT...VICTIMS, SURVIVORS, DETECTIVES, AND VILLAIN; INVESTIGATION AND TRIAL, EVERY ASPECT OF THIS UNUSUAL PHENOMENON IS REVEALED AND EXPLORED TO ENLIGHTEN ALL READERS ABOUT THIS DARKEST OF CRIMES.

So easy. Lazy, rudimentary. The cheap deconstruction of base pimp language, or of puerile, self-aggrandizing rationalizations, says nothing of the laserlike focus that melts one word into another to explode and expose those delicate paraphilias into fleshy acts of (pick one): righteous personal empowerment; sick debasement; self-hating misery; heady renegade radicalism (tribal, pagan, fat, and lonely); or maybe ugly, mindless, egotistical rape.

"I'm not a whore" says that smeared hole between its cum-stinking nose and pearl necklace.

So turn around.

Bend over and choose a pit. Pick a favorite. Your warmest hairy bucket. Name the price for each one based on use and abuse, resilience, availability, and demand. And on its most unique features. Its taut self-cleansing design and stapled centerfold appeal. Its face-frying, nose-searing, vein-snapping cheapness and immediacy.

It says Thank You. It means it. Right now, it means it perfectly. It wants what it wants until it becomes need. Its desire, its personality, its reality dictates a fat black boot scraped across its plastic tits and cherishes a gooey wad of yellow mucus spat directly into its face. It says Thank You again.

It sucks money. A scratchy, crumbled mash of dirty bills shoved straight into its gaping maw lips and drool. It spat out your cum and charged extra for a dug grope.

You stretch-marked old whore.

You black pig.

You black crack addict beast.

You glory-hole worm.

It burns all sorts of stories and information and select favorite scenes behind that puffy, creviced, and drawn face. Dead eyes, acne scars, loosely hung lips, and arm-length bruises. It's got a baby or two back home with a retard's hole in its lungs or its heart or its diapers, and it can barely breathe at times.

And it'll be: Its mother was a whore. Out on the streets, down in Indiana, or near the Calumet City strip. Trash. Niggers. Mamas. Babies. Business-lunch unwashed cock in rank urinals, and jiggle your tits up a bit, you fucking pig. It's tasted all lines of long meat with crabs and disease and bad intentions long before it got caught up in carrying that rat tumor with itty-bitty legs and innocent eyes and crawling needs and flesh-destroying nipple-sucks. Before it took hold and never let go.

He got me drunk, dad.

I think this may be it.

How do you confuse that idea in your teenage head to that act in your middle-aged crotch? Nice tits, nice conversation, nice kempt bush that smells only slightly less sulfuric than the rotting bowels of your pig mother's or that fat cunt that figures she was used or did you a favor.

Under those lights set up at the foot of the big bed, you can see everything she is. Even underneath those cheap, clichéd, suburban fantasy rags that'll surely appeal to every Freudian retiree ever to open up an issue of TV DOMINA. Underneath those throaty, slurping, gum-smacking burps and lip-pops and those

irritating, face-chewing crow's feet and that full-paste splash of Max Factor cow lard.

Rub it all in.

Scrub it all off.

Shower it all down the watery drain, close your eyes, and try to forget. Or pray it'll work out. Or pray to be uninfected. Or that it doesn't matter. Or escape how you were, how you are, what you need, what you want, when you can get some help. A dog pat, a stern talking to, a Vaseline romance, a few fucking days alone without some huge fucking waste lying on top of your soft bones and fragile soul, humping and spitting and mauling all over you. Don't get caught, please don't let them arrest me.

Work it out. Shake it off. Come on, honey, share your story.

This will really make you sick.

'Cause it sounds so true.

And Serbian soldiers are excited by the knowledge that their rape victims will be beaten and fucked to death.

Am I doing it right?

Is this the way? The right speed? The perfect functional rhythm and image?

You pregnant pig. You fat beast—your fake, glowing radiance, your fecal disease, your gross femaleness. You old shitting cow. Prostitute.

DUTCH TREAT is a particularly offensive video. Simply disgusting. Nauseating. A two-hour documentary shot at a sex club in Amsterdam—CLUB DE ZAAR—covering a "sex marathon." And whatever the reason, the idea was to break a world record for most fucks in a row. One bone-skinny Dutch slag with gelatinous, whorey breasts, shaved cunt, and a red-feathered face mask plops her calcium-poor frame into a medical chair, places her gangly legs in abortion-style stirrups, and spreads all she has to offer to one hundred and twenty losers with Hollywood loaves at the ready. The dogs line up at the side where just before meeting the quim queen they are fluffed by a team of three hookers—also wearing face masks—whose job is to get the dicks up and lubed into condoms. Each male—fat, bald, loose, skinny, tattooed, hairy, desperate, pathetic, brain-dead—takes a turn at the hole. Spending just a few quick pumps and groans before effortlessly pulling out and stumbling away.

One after another, these sterilized, reasonless, half-hard cocks enter this pig's grotesque corpse, stare stupidly at the smiling divot, grind their blotchy nakedness into another for mere seconds, flop out hard and slimy, then teeter out across the hot stage into their trembling hands.

The punctured whore sometimes rubs the men's sides, sometimes pats their asses, but always smiles and talks and giggles while the portly, beery faces eke in closer and closer, their minds set to the same setting as a mangy mutt in heat dry-humping an old man's pants in the middle of a crowded party. The cunt also constantly licks her fingers and slathers her itchy bald meat slash. One after another after another in far too rapid a succession, barely hard jutting cocks enter, slide, and slip into that greasy mother's hole. Without comprehension. Without design. Without violence. In ugly pantomime of every sad, primal excuse ever dreamed up or hoped for by every lovely, loveless, fat cunt with an ax to grind or a story to sell. Behavioral, biological, instinctual, spiritual—a line of one hundred and twenty gawking zombies slowly lumbering up for a fast taste of some rotting, fleshy womb. Politely waiting their turn; their chance at mother nature and all its sick, smelly, menstruating warmth. This time free of diseases, thanks to latex. This time free of want and need and manipulation, thanks to the assembly-line manners. This time free of age and entropy and disgust, thanks to phony smiles born of stupidity rather than denial. And this time free of danger and pain, thanks to no one.

Kathy Willets warned of her only logical worth in the twenty-first issue of DRACULINA:

YES, I HAVE CONSIDERED DOING ADULT MOVIES. I'M PRESENTLY WORKING ON A CONTRACT. I WANT TO TRY AND DO MY LIFE STORY BASED ON MY SEXUAL EXPERIENCES AGAIN.

Through the eyes of her lawyer, Ellis Rubin, Kathy Willets seemed to have a problem with labels:

"ELLIS, DON'T LET THEM PUT ME IN JAIL," SHE BEGGED BETWEEN SOBS. "I WILL DIE IF I HAVE TO GO TO JAIL," AND, FINALLY, "PLEASE DON'T LET THEM CALL ME A WHORE, I CAN'T STAND IT!"

And again:

"I'M NOT A WHORE. I'VE NEVER BEEN A WHORE. I'M NOT A PROSTITUTE. I'M A VERY SWEET, NICE, LOVING PERSON, AND I REFUSE TO LET THEM CALL ME A WHORE."

KATHY, A CASE OF NYMPHOMANIA, written by Rubin, is on the whole a forgettable and fairly worthless book. Being as it is a lawyer's blatant attempt to rebuild a reputation left in legal tatters as a result of his involvement with Jim and Kathy Willets. Jim and Kathy, talk-show and tabloid-TV fans will remember, were a couple of "swingers" who were arrested in Florida in 1991 over their exploits involving pimping and prostitution, surreptitious video and wiretapping, and possible blackmail. Ellis Rubin, a famous and flamboyant lawyer from the area, delivered the excuse that the prostitute in question, Kathy Willets,

actually suffered from nymphomania and that the \$150-\$200 she charged for a pop in her tacky suburban home/cunt were gifts from grateful admirers. And the detailed records and videotapes her husband kept (recorded from behind the slats of their bedroom closet) could have been anything from fetishy memories to guards against blackmail. Mr. Rubin later joined the legal fray himself when his (and his lawyer sons') antics regarding the sale of the Willets's videos to INSIDE EDITION were called into question. Which is why KATHY, A CASE OF NYMPHOMANIA is a ridiculous puff piece that shines lovely on Rubin and his excuses while taking the obvious jabs at Kathy and her husband.

Jim: demonically cold and abusive and, in every way, a manipulative, self-interested, lazy pimp....

and

...Kathy: a drunk, loud, suburban, aging mother, less a slut than a complicitous pawn driven by cheap TV and supermarket make-over tastes.

SHE LOOKED MORE LIKE A WOMAN LOOKING FOR LOVE—CONFUSED BY SEX, LOVE, AND THE ACTIONS OF HER HUSBAND.

All the peccadilloes, all the little smarmy details about big bruises on hard-squeezed fake silicone tits, nipple rings, cock sizes, anal penetrations, and back-seat blow jobs, are nothing more than tiny, boring excursions into otherwise empty brains and all the worse for the moral posturing and petty apologizing that TV cameras and Jewish lawyers force as an absolute requirement.

Nevertheless, the background, pulled out in tiny specks and pellets from a huge mound of cold shit, is necessary to complete the picture that only slightly begins to form in SEYMORE & SHANE MEET KATHY WILLETS—THE NAUGHTY NYMPH, our Kathy's debut porn-for-the-public release.

Seymore Butts is another of the handcam documentors who, sired by John Stagliano (Buttman), offers a phony but largely edit-free series of near-public (or, at least, as-they-happen) assignations. And while Seymore has the dubious bonus of carting his wife Shane around—offering her up like any other Italian pimp would—the material action is still ages away from the immediate, cutting brutality of Ugly George or Jamie Gillis. It's all pose and fantasy-made-pose and slightly sweaty, and any cracks in the mirror would only frustrate the gloss and friendly design. Like maybe Shane and Seymore, given their athletic good looks and spry young enthusiasm, might just find Kathy Willets physically repulsive. Her sun-dried leathery flesh and pancake-sucking wrinkles. Her sad Floridian hospitality and next-door-neighbor gin-and-tonic smile and flutter.

Her unctuous slurps and bestial givingness, her heart-squeezing, lung-sucking, red-faced moans and withered-old-dog fuck-and-spludge rolls.

Sucking cock in a bathroom. Getting her spindly old thirty-seven-year-old slash banged behind a garbage dump. Taking a dildo and cum and balls and cunt and offering her scars and blossoming skin cancer and platinum dye and cheap, sparkling jewelry up for sale, cheap, for a 2HR 8MIN RUNNING TIME, and just what will she do next week? More GERALDO. More INSIDE EDITION. More porno-box covers and convention autographs. A few B-movies intended for cable and the breast-obsessed nerds who saw the pig shots in DRACULINA and PREVUE should be good for a couple days' worth of pork scratchings, shrimp, and hotel-room vodka.

Degenerate whores.

Hardly worth the trouble; the fault must certainly lie with the drunken beast spewing Shakespearean epithets rather than the protector of the pit. She deserves a damn good dressing down. She deserves a hard slap across her laughing, barking, safe face. She deserves a sharpened screwdriver dragged upward from the inside of that fat, fleshy cunt straight up through that stringy neck and back down into her spinal column. Who controls the scene, who defines the dynamics? Who names the price, creates the demand, and worries about the worth?

And the sweating, panting line of dogs sitting still and as polite as they can just about force, as the yeasty paste and bloody, crumbling mistake is paraded before them, focus and weigh their chances:

When is a woman not a whore? When does she not sell herself? How can one help the Earth Mother act naturally?

"THE GUY STOLE AWAY MY SEX LIFE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. I WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO HAVE IT SPONTANEOUS LIKE IT USED TO BE WHEN WE FIRST GOT MARRIED. THAT SON OF A BITCH STOLE THAT, AND I WILL NEVER LET HIM FORGET THAT. I DON'T CARE WHAT THE JUDICIAL SYSTEM SAYS, IF HE GETS OUT HE AIN'T GOING NOWHERE ELSE."

Ronnie Shelton raped at least thirty women in a five-year period.

UNFINISHED MURDER is Ronnie's story. How the young man lived his life in tune with his sexual mania. How he refused to get a real job because of his intense voyeuristic prowling schedule. How he never suffered for a lack of friends. How he stripped for bachelorette parties. How he had the warts on his dick removed. And through very impressive documentation, how he came to enjoy taking what he wanted and making what he wanted into very specific acts:

THEN HE PUSHED HER TO HER KNEES AND RAPED

HER EVERY WAY HE KNEW HOW WHILE SHE CRIED HYSTERICALLY. DURING THE ORDEAL HE COMMANDED HER, "SAY, 'I LOVE YOU.'" SHE COULD NOT. SHE WAS CRYING TOO HARD.

UNFINISHED MURDER touches on all the bases: Ronnie's background (albeit rendered somewhat Freudian); his drives and lusty actions; his victims and their pain (the title will tell you the spin); and Ronnie's own thoughts and opinions. James Neff, the author of UNFINISHED MURDER, wisely reports from the victims' side. He records the victims' expectations and desires as expressed through their initial meeting with Ronnie Shelton's prosecutors. The victims, whining that Shelton's deeds left them SCARRED FOR LIFE, recommend the death penalty. And some torture. And maybe even castration. And the prosecution is careful to remind the girls that they can always try to sue Ronnie Shelton in civil court.

Makes sense. Kathy Willets, haggard and worn, says:

I'M TELLIN' YOU THAT EVERY WOMAN SELLS HER BODY SOMEWAY, SOMEHOW.

Jeff Willets would concur. Seymore and his Shane certainly would as well.

That stretched-flesh rag mother to a hundred and twenty cocks in one night would also have to squeal in the affirmative.

Bet Ronnie wouldn't think he was only arguing over price. Nor would the many contributors to MASS RAPE, or its editor, Alexandra Stiglmayer.

Do you know what I mean when I use the words 'offensive,' 'disgusting,' and 'nauseating?' Do you know the difference between a pig and a dog? Do you, papa? Do you, comrade? Do you know the incredible importance of getting exactly what you pay for?



In the second issue of COMPULSION, Manson collector John Aes-Nihil tries to explain why Charles Manson isn't a hippie:

BECAUSE THE U.S. GOVERNMENT WANTED A WAY TO GET RID OF THE HIPPIES, AND MANSON WAS A GOOD WAY TO DISCREDIT THE WHOLE THING BY CLAIMING THEY WERE A BUNCH OF PSYCHOTIC MURDERERS.

Among other inanities, Aes-Nihil shows a particular talent for turning excuses into icons and misunderstanding both at once:

CHARLES MANSON IS PRETTY MUCH THE NIETZSCHE OF TODAY. I'D SAY HIS CONCERN FOR THE ENVIRONMENT IS ONE OF THE MAIN THINGS (THAT MAKE MANSON 'NOBLE'). IF SOMETHING IS NOT DONE ABOUT THAT, THEN THERE WON'T BE MUCH OF ANYTHING LEFT.

There may well be reasons to concern one's self with Manson's jail-house rants and his pack of drug-riddled, blank slaughterers, but the chances for those reasons having anything to do with limp hippie causes like water and mud and happy, fluffy bunnies are close to nil. The chances for students of media or legal hypocrisy to fetishize Charlie, like Jones and Koresh, are much greater but no less insipid. The misanthropic reactionaries who're looking to skewer Manson, like Altamont and The Stooges, onto the end of their sixties trip simply didn't know where to look during their winsome acid-and-pollen daze.

Nevertheless, the Manson minions continue to loudly miss the point and mire the very-clear waters with all sorts of Christmas-wrapped answers designed to provoke and placate their mothers and teachers all in one bug-eyed, reversed-swastika carved shot.

DEATH TRIP, "WRITTEN, EDITED, AND COMPILED BY JOHNNY SATAN (CHURCH OF PUSSYCAT)," and the COMMEMORATION CD offer, at least, more aggressive and less polite views of Manson and the circus that may or may not exist beyond simple, sloppy confusion and tepid rationalizations. Both releases seem to suggest a greater concern with safe values and moral equanimity. Though, at least in the case of COMMEMORATION, that morality is specific and far from all-inclusive.

Johnny Satan plays both sides, apologizing and explaining and feeding on all the apocalyptic media mantras one has come to expect and avoid for some time now:

"I AM JUST A MIRROR," MANSON SAYS OVER AND OVER. "ANYTHING YOU SEE IN ME IS IN YOU." HE SAYS IT SO OFTEN IT BECOMES AN EVASIVE ACTION. I'M RUBBER AND YOU'RE GLUE. BUT THERE'S A TRUTH THERE NONETHELESS.

THE SOCIETY MAY BE DISGUSTED AND HORRIFIED BY CHARLES MANSON, BUT IT IS THE SOCIETY'S PERVERTED SYSTEM OF PENAL "REHABILITATION," ITS LUST FOR VENGEANCE AND CRUELTY, THAT CREATED HIM.

DEATH TRIP (Death Valley Books) collects Mr. Satan's opinions and conclusions alongside photos and interviews with Manson and The Family.

COMMEMORATION (White Devil Records) is a much more pure release. COMMEMORATING SIXTY YEARS OF STRUGGLE AGAINST COWARDICE, STUPIDITY AND LIES, this CD is nothing but Manson singing from the Vacaville Medical Facility in California. The compilers of this release are joined with Manson in outlook and philosophy so, ridiculous as it all is, at least one is spared the airy pontifications and cheesy metaphors of art-school misfits and ReSearch faggots.

James Mason, author of SIEGE (Storm Books) writes, THERE IS LIFE AND HOPE in the liner notes, and Michael M. Jenkins adds, SINGING AND STRUMMING, MANSON IS FREE.

Some may find the pleasures to be found in listening to Manson singing in jail, or for that matter, rambling in any of the interviews contained in DEATH TRIP, to be rooted in exactly the opposite impulse.

Which is rather more Nietzschean than John Aes-Nihil would understand.

PARASITE

VOLUME 20 ★ APRIL, 1995

DOGS 2.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST GANG BANG Directed by John T. Bone (Fantastic Pictures)

THE COMFORT WOMEN George Hicks (Souvenir Press)

THE BUCHENWALD REPORT David A. Hackett (Westview Press)

CHILDREN IN THE HOLOCAUST AND WORLD WAR II: THEIR SECRET DIARIES

Laurel Holliday (Pocket Books)

HIDDEN HOLOCAUST? Gunter Grau (Cassell)

From jail, Dennis Nilsen recently talked with Jeff Edwards of London's DAILY MIRROR. Nilsen told Edwards about the penile plethysmography tests he's been submitting to:

THEY'VE GOT THIS DEVICE WHEREBY YOU ARE WIRED UP BY A RING ON YOUR PENIS WHICH IS WIRED TO A MONITOR WHICH ALSO RECORDS YOUR PULSE RATE, BRAIN ACTIVITY, HOW MUCH YOU SWEAT, ETC.

YOU SIT IN A CHAIR FOR ABOUT ONE AND A HALF HOURS AND YOU VIEW PICTURES AND ACTIVE SCENARIOS ON VIDEO, WHEREBY YOU ARE AROUSED.

Nilsen has viewed a wide range of porno tapes and stills that included child pornography. But Nilsen says he only "shocked" doctors by responding more to pictures of females than to pictures of males. He also confessed to a greater desire for verisimilitude:

THE LAST HALF WAS VERY AMATEUR VIDEO, A MALE AND FEMALE SCENARIO....BUT IT'S DONE IN

SUCH A CLUMSY FASHION YOU CAN SEE IT'S FAKED. YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN THE CREDIBILITY OF WHAT YOU'RE WATCHING....HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE BEATING HER UP AND HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE STRANGLING HER, BUT YOU COULD SEE IT WAS ALL FAKE.

HIDDEN HOLOCAUST? consists mainly of actual documents relating to the Nazi persecution of homosexuals during the years 1933-45. Its reliance on cold, hard facts helps to define the Third Reich concern with *Volk* and the elimination of dissent, rather than the more typically misunderstood psych-definitions of closeted homophobia born of repression, denial, and inadequacy. Its specificity translates to claustrophobia, its singular focus into fetishism.

THE BUCHENWALD REPORT throws a wider net but spends a greater amount of attention to each little particular catch. Luminaries like the kapo Herzog and the lusty Ilse Koch, only mentioned briefly in HIDDEN HOLOCAUST?, are here poked and prodded into fantastic, fleshy beasts. THE BUCHENWALD REPORT, comprised primarily of the full and unexpurgated report that formed Eugen Kogon's classic THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF HELL, is an excited pig in the mud. The old guy that, after cumming once on the face of his whore, goes back again for another crack. Immediately. Another hole. Another review of the same information for more divination and satisfaction. In the same old filthy pit.

CHILDREN IN THE HOLOCAUST AND WORLD WAR II: THEIR SECRET DIARIES is even more specific than HIDDEN HOLOCAUST? Its purview is obvious but channeled directly into precise frames, tastes, and conclusions. The supposed emotions that soft-focus those dark and tattered photos of lost innocence and strangled hope. The last chances, the raped and defiled purity and all the marks of failure forever negated into safe and meaningless memories. And, of course, those little personalities that spirit far above the physical checklists of partners and possible adversaries into dreams: attainable yet crushable, crying dreams that are forced into confessing their ugly vulnerability and half-formed worth.

And THE COMFORT WOMEN. Add the feminist concern that would be obvious. And the safe political maneuvering that justifies the complaint, purpose, outrage, and finally, the details: the corporality of THE BUCHENWALD REPORT. The frenetic dedication to fact in HIDDEN HOLOCAUST? And the delight in fevered selection that is CHILDREN IN THE HOLOCAUST AND WORLD WAR II: THEIR SECRET DIARIES. This story of the SEX SLAVES OF THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL FORCES changes nothing but the combination that becomes greater than all the parts.

The personality gets thinner and thinner. The scope is narrowed and, hopefully, continuously defined. Not reworked but guided and pounded and crushed into smaller and smaller bits.

There is no such thing as soul.

There is no such thing as a future that doesn't exist right now before these eyes.

And that Floridian hog with her face and brain caked in lard and liquor slaps another fat, wet cock into her sick existence. And the cock tries to concentrate and enjoy the slurping, jiggling, and dirty little words and thoughts of the pig beneath it.

When did you learn not to?

Where? From whom? When you line up. And wait.

When did you learn your manners? Where did you learn to wait your turn and what to do? How to towel her off and care for her? How to keep your cool and relax and line up?

When did you learn not to turn that open gash into a dry, scraped, red, worn wound? When did you learn to spit on your fingers and to rub grease into that fucking sewer so you won't tear the thin skin off your cock when you slam in and out of that seething mother's organ?

That technique that you so naturally apply to your wrist and fingers as you move effortlessly about your burning hard-on, positioning yourself to ejaculate onto her sweaty, moaning whore's head.

How do you quell your disgust?

How do you know when you've hit the right position? When you've got your clotted load into her eyes, nose, and lovely, lovely, straight down her skinny throat down into her sick gullet? Her womb. Her hole.

How do you function?

How do you work it all out?

How do you know when to spin her around and apply a little more mucus into that fecal abscess and plunge into her whole boned body? Did you cum yet? You squirting freak pig? You fucking pig. Did you feel that tiny twitch that makes your joints ache, nipples harden, and face flush? You fat beast, you hole waiting to happen.

You slag.

When did you learn not to turn this train into something real? Something violent and satisfying?

When did you learn not to slam one after another into that great fat pit as she's being kept flat down by her ankles and wrists? With another choking her, maybe, and smashing her teeth into jagged bits ripping down into her bloody, sputtering, gagging, wet throat if she fucking dares to nip your hot dick as you stuff it all full into that bawling, pleading, spitted mouth.

When did you learn to care for your sisters?

And keep your distance?

How do you fight that impulse? How do you feed that nature?

Careful not to step in that shit.

How do you know when to stop? How do you know when she's just about dead? When have you really had enough? Your fill? What you deserve?

Cheap street slut, just asking for it. Wailing to be filled and completed and paid. That "yes." That offer. That sly acquiescence. That honest mutuality, that cheap cunt.

And when do you learn to look back and make sense of it all?

WE ARE LED INTO A LARGE COURTYARD, NOT FAR FROM THE TRAIN STATION, NO DOUBT, BECAUSE THERE ARE RAILROAD TRACKS AND FREIGHT CARS. WE ARE ORDERED TO CLIMB IN. AND THE SOLDIERS PUSH, HIT, DEMAND THAT WE CLIMB IN FASTER....WHAT HAVE MAMA AND THE OTHERS DONE? WHERE DOES THIS BARBAROUS HATRED COME FROM, THE RAGE TO EXTERMINATE US BECAUSE WE ARE JEWS?

—Macha Rolnikas, Lithuania, fourteen years old,
CHILDREN IN THE HOLOCAUST AND
WORLD WAR II: THEIR SECRET DIARIES

THE SHAMELESSNESS OF MEN WITH UNNATURAL TENDENCIES IS SHOWN BY A CASE IN WHICH TWO MEN RELIEVED EACH OTHER IN A WINE BAR IN THE PRESENCE OF OTHER CUSTOMERS. IN ANOTHER CASE A HOMOSEXUAL IN A PUBLIC HOUSE FOLLOWED A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER WHO WAS A COMPLETE STRANGER TO HIM INTO THE TOILETS. THERE HE TOOK THE OTHER'S HAND AND GUIDED IT TO HIS SEX ORGAN....HE MUST BE DECLARED A THOROUGHLY DANGEROUS "FRIEND" OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

—Gera Chief Prosecutor,
Gera, 16 March 1938, HIDDEN HOLOCAUST?

ONE NIGHT ABOUT 7 P.M. A SOLDIER CAME TO MY ROOM. I WAS FORCED TO ENTERTAIN HIM. I RESISTED AT FIRST, AND HE BARKED AT ME. I THEN SQUATTED DOWN ON MY HAUNCHES TO DEFEND MYSELF. HE HIT ME AND STRIPPED ME NAKED. SOON I WAS TO BE STRIPPED OF EVERY SHRED OF PRIDE AND DIGNITY AS WELL.

—Johana, THE COMFORT WOMEN

When did you learn not to?

Just before starting the second hundred guys, John T. Bone, director of THE WORLD'S BIGGEST GANG BANG, announces through a bullhorn that his star,

Annabel Chong, is very worried about getting scratched. With all the sperm flying around on her shoulder, face, back, ass, cunt, belly, legs, and arms, should Ms. Chong get cut, something dreadful could infect her beauty quite permanently. Mr. Bone asks that the men be especially careful not to scratch her with their long, jagged fingernails and, starting now, to stop putting their fingers inside her cunt.

NO FINGERS, NO FINGERS, the director, camera-men, security, assembled dogs, and the bucket herself, are quick to repeat over and over again as soon as someone gets a bit overanxious. LET ME PUT IT IN, Annabel snorts.

During the same break, Mr. Bone and master of ceremonies Ron Jeremy discover that the record for biggest gang bang is held by someone in Finland at one hundred and twenty-one guys. John T. Bone becomes very excited and parades through the studio (set up like a Roman garage) repeating that the record-breaking fuck is just minutes away. Which has suddenly become the point, apparently.

The workmanlike atmosphere is echoed by Annabel running through the numbers by tackling five guys at a time, all holes available, and the large documentary crew featuring numerous film men, still photographers, security, towel boy, and director all buzzing and stumbling around her uncomfortable, puddle-stained table/altar.

After two hundred and forty men and another break for Annabel, T. Bone is agitated and scolds through his bullhorn that his great fear has in fact happened: The lovely, only slightly worn Annabel has been scratched. But T. Bone doesn't mention AIDS or disease, just the pain that the girl he has purchased to squat on, suck at, and squeeze off hundreds of separate cocks now suffers.

Annabel can only take ten more guys en masse, with Ron Jeremy being the two hundred and fifty-first. The record, after all, has already been broken.

There are some pushy niggers and a lot of fat businessmen, one of whom presents Annabel with a touching street-corner rose. There are lots of condoms and money shots—erm, facials—and Annabel's groans and squeals, tap-and-wiggle blow-job technique and careful face-positioning.

There are also a handful of ragged fluff girls. And although the actual count of men is hardly unimpressive, the final tally is sadly reached by many of the cocks being counted more than once.

Ron Jeremy conducts interviews in his affable-though-tiresome-though-pathetic manner throughout. He jabbers with the johns and regularly inquires after Annabel's health and countenance.

Annabel sips from an ice-filled cup, takes countless timeouts (the cameras even record her having her makeup reapplied), and is towed off frequently.

The veneer of THE WORLD'S BIGGEST GANG BANG is only slightly different to that of DUTCH TREAT. The size and American work ethic changes things only just. The California porno clichés that the men and their cunts mimic so aggressively and easily also separate the two tapes. And while the heads-down, boogie-through-any-hole-at-all aesthetic remains the same in theory, the American lust to cum seems much more formidable. Even given that they are allowed some more time and holes, these dogs seem more concerned and concentrated than their professionalism alone could account for.

Her tongue and always-open eyes. Her protection. The old man beating himself off over the back of her head, staring at the four other fuckers but focused, obviously, necessarily, somewhere else entirely. All that cum and hand-twisting, body-molding, fantasy-induced action. All those chances and promises. All that stroking and hoping and bathroom release.

And the scratch and its fear is the final smack of the video. The thought that the prostitute who collects sperm over her clearly scarred fake tits and Oriental painted whore's face—whose patent pro-porno droolings still display nothing more than blank hausfrau stupidity—is filling that fragile mind with slow, cold death. Just begging for it. On sale: cheap and primitive and degenerate, and the requirement for the purchase is that it must be made immediately without concern for any other moment. As if there was any other time. The number, the smiles and buddy pats, line generosity, the stretches and fast, absent-minded tugs, the slop and depressingly small amount of sweat. The worn, red, scratched cunt that's never quite as clear as it should be: puffed-out and swollen and blistered and infected. And black hell-hole hung and drawn open. Collapsed. Raw. Fevered and discharging and seeping and bleeding and scraped all inside and out. Pap-smear pig. A fucking black tomb, not a lazy temple. A sewer, a urinal, a wet rag, not a safe, polite gift. A tawdry protocol. The care for the queen, the porno industry back-talk and self-aggrandizement, the sick hookers and simple trade impulses are all next to nothing given the difference between value and price.

And that value that doesn't matter in the slightest to the horny dogs lined up panting. Boystown. Dead ahead lies cunt.

When do you learn not to?

These Gypsy mothers look to send their little children around. In a dirty train station in Paris—immaculate by American standards—Gare du Nord or

Gare de Lyon or wherever—these filthy little sheet-wrapped demons ply their trade. A very young boy, maybe eight, and a couple of older but barely twelve-year-old girls walk next to you as you check out the departure times on one of the overhanging boards. They tug on your sleeve and motion to their mouths, point to their skinny bellies completely covered by their fucking pastel bed sheets. They're very persistent. Again, not at all like what Americans are used to. They're muttering in French over and over, pointing at their open mouths with hang-dog eyes and begging for money and food.

Dirty little rats. Darling little urchins. Special little devils. Flat, dark complexions with a little Gallic, a little soot, and a little professional cartoon sympathy.

A perfect package of abuse, think the christians among the pack. A perfect package of annoying gall, think the fat. A perfect picture of little fuckable screaming flesh for the right price, dreams the degenerate.

Chubby cheeks. How much would your cow mother sell that face to me for? If I could trust the ridiculous situation or the wretched circumstance. Or the mind-freezing fear and spine-shortening lust. In one of the dank bathrooms maybe?

That's not what you want, is it, you greasy little package of manicured wolf? Your new teeth and do you get a chance to play at night or in the very early morning? Where? Inside some fucking tent or something? Some ghetto? With some hairy freak and fat mama vodka fucks in the bed by your soft, tiny, black-haired head. Your dreamy, round, frightened face. How much to unwrap that carpet? That mile-long towel that hides and advertises those harsh bones and mosquito bites.

I like the finger pointing to that deep black mouth, sweetheart.

And the childish digit to the tummy as well. The large eyes, imitating entreaty, and careful pout. Those cheeks are simply perfect. I see that impulse, I see that move, you know—my fat, dirty, knuckle-eczematous, long finger jutting into that lipped, open, wet hole. Those soft, pinkish lips. Everything so small and hung dead in an open loll. Those stubby teeth that I scratch and push further—gently, slowly—staring at that fucking Martian face and money gape sucking in every long second. Knowing and feasting on every blank, empty feature in that little-girl-destroyed face. All the way in and down into that black throat, pushing down on that fat, thick baby tongue. And making a hook with my fingers. Inside that mouth. My thumb on your little chin. My fucking filthy hand that smells like a gross fucking sandwich, fat meat, cheese and lard, greasy potato chips, or just

piss-soaked balls all inside your face. Covering the bottom of your head, the mouth you use to beg with. The mouth and chin you might try and laugh with when—what—when mama lets you off the leash just before bedtime, you little flesh-trader?

Would you like some money in that cup?

Would you like something to eat—something to crumble and place through those little puffed chub cheeks and gentle mouth, soft lips, and pushy, colorless eyes? Make a kiss. Wipe the spit off a little, honey. Close those burning eyes. Close your eyes. Try to smile. There, there. Would you like something to fill that tight, pulling, forming, little-girl's belly? That thin, flat stomach just there with a firm-but-loving, stinging loud slap. A pat and rub. And fingers that can't wait to crawl a little lower. Retract. And inside. And a bit higher across the front to that bony chest and slowly compress all that taut flesh that'll just split and pull and scrape across those bones and pumping fist-sized heart and girly baby dirty thin skin.

I like the fingers back in your mouth, little dear. I like my thumb maybe forcing hard down into your wet, nestled tongue and seeing those tears start in the lower edges of your muddy glass eyes. Stare right back at me and think of the money or your mama or aunt or hunchbacked papa or whatever goes with that incorrect existence. Think of handing over that money. Of those huge, ugly, seething, smoking jailers spending that money. Think of them wiping out the cold insides of your mouth and cunt. Looking for bruises on your chest and throat. Flat on your back, up at the ceiling, now toward the sides, now down, looking at the blood that burst behind your worthless, big-baby eyes. Cleaning you up. Washing me off. Spitting and swallowing it out. Toweling you off.

I don't need to know. I don't need to understand any facts, details, or ridiculous attempts at truth.

And I don't want you to be subhuman, sweetheart. I'm not interested in touching anything I didn't touch long before entering. Entering the whole deal. You're special, yes, indeed. But not because of anything you, or the people who sell you, do.

That cute pointing gesture and hung-lazy, begging mouth, cheap glint and board navel that points to a gaping...um, bloody, Coke-bottle-ripped scar and bite marks and a slippery-wet set of mucus-drenched fingers and spit and piss and mama's umbilical bleed and shit and crybaby screams and deep howls and confusion and hate and bright-white black punches, kicks, and cum has absolutely nothing to do with what you offer either way.

I held that personality in my hand—your personality—in my hand before I walked in here and saw that small motion walking behind me. Tugging at my sleeve.

Being so impolite and forceful and demanding and bad and needy. So professional.

ONE MORNING I DECIDED TO CUT OFF ALL MY HAIR AND MAKE MYSELF LOOK AS UNATTRACTIVE AS POSSIBLE. I CUT MY HAIR UNTIL I WAS QUITE BALD. 'NO ONE WOULD LIKE ME LIKE THIS,' I THOUGHT. BUT OF COURSE, IT DID NOT HELP ME ONE BIT. THE RUMOUR SPREAD THAT ONE OF THE GIRLS HAD CUT OFF ALL HER HAIR, AND IT TURNED ME INTO A CURIOSITY OBJECT.

—Jan Ruff, THE COMFORT WOMEN



Dennis Nilsen has a possible explanation for his curious heterosexual response during the penile plethysmography tests:

IT WAS MOST ODD. BUT EVEN IN MY GAY LIFE I TENDED TO BE ATTRACTED EXCLUSIVELY TO EFFEMINATE MALES.

WHAT ATTRACTED ME TO THEM WAS THE FEMININE SIGNALS THEY GAVE OFF.

I WAS NEVER ATTRACTED TO BIG BUTCH GAY MEN.

Nilsen says the doctors have a different explanation:

THEY ACCUSED ME OF BEING A CLOSET HETEROSEXUAL, OF PUTTING ON A GAY MANTLE FOR PSYCHOLOGICAL REASONS GOING BACK TO MY CHILDHOOD, I.E., FEAR OF MY MOTHER OR WHATEVER....

Sylvère Lotringer, in his book *OVEREXPOSED* (Pantheon, 1988), wrote about the penile plethysmography tests, as well as the other (then) newer *CLOCKWORK ORANGE*-style tests that sought to define "perverse" sexual data into minute specifics for purposes of aversion therapy and treatment. Lotringer interviewed one doctor who explained the minefield that is the connection between pornography and fantasy:

WE FIND THAT (AUDIO) TAPES ARE MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE IN DISCRIMINATING BETWEEN DEVIANT AND NONDEVIANT AROUSAL. IF YOU GET AROUSED TO SLIDES, YOU MAY GET AROUSED TO ALL THE SLIDES. BUT IF YOU LISTEN TO THE TAPES, YOU TEND TO BE AROUSED ONLY TO THOSE TAPES THAT ARE RELATED TO YOUR FANTASY.

Context, then, is not everything. Not for the desperate. Not for the paraphiliac. Not for a size queen. Not for a sneaky little pedophile who knows the full worth of a day at the beach.

It depends on how you're looking at what you're looking for. And there's a lot to look at. And through.

The titles that run through THE BUCHENWALD REPORT read like smutty little Boyd McDonald-isms from the pages of STH:

STARVED TO DEATH IN A CRATE
ANIMALS LIVED BETTER THAN HUMANS
MASSEUR TO THE SS
HUMAN REMAINS IN THE SEWERS
SS SADISTS
BURIED ALIVE
STORIES ABOUT THE WHIPPING BLOCK

Billy Miller has taken over as editor of STH now that Boyd McDonald is dead. Issue #61 celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of STH ('69-'94) and among the usual tea-room tallies and cock-and-screw obsessiveness, is a brief eulogy for Boyd:

HE LOVED: TEENAGE BOYS OF ALL COLORS AND PERSUASIONS, CENTRAL PARK, CIGARETTES, COFFEE, HIS NIECE, CLASSICAL LITERATURE (ALTHOUGH HIS IDEA OF 'CLASSICAL' WAS SOMETIMES A BIT ODD), MAE WEST, GARY COOPER, BOB MIZER'S PHOTOGRAPHS, BLACK HUMOR, BODILY SECRETIONS, COOKIES, UNDERWEAR, THE NEWS, CROTCH-WATCHING, THE UNDERCLASS, AND FOUL LANGUAGE.

Someone at Award Films International may know something about specifics. And targets. And more than simple demographics. Or it might be coincidence. Or really good fucking luck for those silent members of the "sexual underground" who are dedicated enough to only see art in the most prurient sense.

The coming-attraction trailers that precede the newest Award Films International video release SMUKKE DRENG are of STREET KID (from Germany) and CLAY FARMERS (from the US). Both clips feature quick edits of nude young boys. Skinny ribs, small nipples on flat, smooth chests, long, dirty hair, and small, picture-perfect bums.

SMUKKE DRENG (Pretty Boy) from Denmark, features the young Christian Tai Drup as a fourteen-year-old runaway. Directed by Carsten Sonder, SMUKKE DRENG (in Danish with English subtitles) runs straight down the list of favorite fetish elements on the page marked SERIOUS ROUGH TRADE: THE SEXY FORMATIVE TEEN YEARS.

The prostitution, the tough, rejected street gang, the lost and loose mother, the absent father, the sugar daddies, the dreams and boyish wishes. And he's straight to boot.

To see SMUKKE DRENG in any other way would be ridiculous. Its romantic allegories, its trite, gritty reality, its social dysfunction, murderous rage as loveless frustration, and every other lust cartoon, must be parody if not attempts at fleshing out those hazy stereotypes with real boy-meat. The frequent and

numerous scenes of Christian in his skimpy bikini bathing trunks and tight, full-package underwear, and his nude scenes—like the one where he's thrown out of the shower and down the stairs, his jutting, uncut cock and lightly hairy balls bunched-up and caught in full view between his skinny stomach lines and shiny, thin legs, as he struggles with the terrible brutality of youth, sex, and his own pure, darling innocence, are better understood that way.

What's just about good enough, then?

A bad lip-synch. A trashy, flashy dress that still doesn't fit just right. And the two different-sized tits with uneven lumps and nipple scars. The electrolysis pits. The fact that the wooden stage they own with their blue songs and stand-up routines are in ghettos and peopled by only those waiting their turn. That the film crews and street whistles and moneyed daddies are always slightly less than Hollywood or Paris.

A twelve-year-old transvestite hustles its way out of a mental home, whores her body in the streets, injects twenty-five-dollar shots of hormones, parades through Stonewall, the dressing rooms of Trash and Vaudeville, and The Blue Angel. Ends up a friend of Dali, a Studio 54 fashion freak, and a Wigstock icon. And its film biography is a sixty-minute video release titled SPLIT: WILLIAM TO CHRYSIS, PORTRAIT OF A DRAG QUEEN.

SPLIT is directed by Andrew Weeks and Ellen Fisher Turk, written by Dan Chayefsky, and released by Waterbearer Films. SPLIT collects an impressive wealth of film, fashion photography, interviews, and barroom home movies shot by friends and fans of Chrysis, as well as videotaped interviews with its close pals. Sadly, all concerned miss the point.

Justin Davis recalls:

SHE DID THE OLD MEN FOR MONEY. I MEAN, SHE NEEDED A LOT OF MONEY. SEQUINS, GLITTER, WIGS, EYELASHES, CARS SHE NEEDED TO GET AROUND. AND SHE DIDN'T GET AROUND LIKE A TRAMP ON THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY. 'CAUSE SHE WASN'T.

And (please) David Glamamore:

THE PEOPLE THAT LIKE DRAG QUEENS ARE, MOST OF THE TIME, THE SICKEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD.

Maybe the fact that that's all you hear about that specific reality, and that all the rest is about the glory and bravery of such a special and unique "personality," says more than you can know by simple anecdotes. Maybe the clean wash of eulogies and polite company that looks the other way is exactly the context shit-stained needles and peeling, fleshy wax and fucked-out holes and blank minds beg for and deserve.

And represent. ■

WARNING: This book contains extremely unpleasant material described with unremittingly graphic precision. It would be a darkly humorous understatement to say that this collection is not intended for the squeamish.

Peter Sotos is the world's foremost practitioner of verbal brutality. His words achieve a nearly inconceivable level of intensity while offering the most cohesive, insightful commentary on pornography currently available. And he serves it up without detached, hypocritical hand-wringing or the sticky postmodern safety net of camp humor. Devotees of blandly moralistic "true crime" writing and pockmarked collectors of "horror" fiction won't find much to suit their tastes here.

TOTAL ABUSE features nearly all of Sotos's written output since 1984...

PURE

The world's first self-published true-crime fanzine, *PURE* was so convincingly written that it led to police surveillance of the author and his subsequent arrest. The first two issues of *PURE* have been endlessly photocopied on the bootleg circuit; their complete text is reprinted herein. The text to both volumes of *PURE III*, written in 1985, is being published here for the first time anywhere. Included are the author's essays on child pornography; anal rape; Nazi fetishes; prostitutes' crushed skulls; homosexual slaughter; and a close-up lens on the bawling faces of victims' family members.

TOOL.

A brief collection of fictionalized psychosexual narratives, the first chapter of which caused seismic levels of uneasiness when printed in *ANSWER Me!* #4. Sotos regales the reader with thoughts on his arrest; child abuse; gay-bashing; race-baiting; project-dwelling crack whores; peep-show dancers; murdered male hookers; and the inexorable pain of surviving friends 'n' family.

PARASITE

Pornography examined, prodded, deconstructed, and understood as never before. Originally published as twenty issues of a monthly newsletter, *PARASITE* is literary criticism seamlessly woven with personal psychodrama. Sotos scrutinizes gay glory-hole porn; true-crime untruths; gang-bang videos; and his favorite philosophical ghetto, radical feminism. He delivers surprisingly witty one-liners regarding the current glut of empowerment-theory, sexual-healing, self-help gibberish. He ruminates about the "money shot" and its degrading potential. More abused kids. More crying mothers. More bad feelings on all sides.

TOTAL ABUSE contains a brief introduction by Jim Goad and an extensive interview with Peter Sotos.

"There is no one else on earth less hypocritical about his tastes and preferences than Peter Sotos, nor is there anyone who can express them with such singular flair and genius. His interview in *Apocalypse Culture* was a litmus test: It drove away the poseurs while attracting all those genuinely interested in reconnoitering the societal abyss."

—Adam Parfrey

"My friend Peter Sotos is polite, jovial (I might say 'jolly,' but it would leave me with Santa Claus imagery that would be hard to get out of my mind), and perceptive in the most demanding way: He can quickly compile and analyze experiences into a worldview which has proven itself analytically sound and unerring in describing human thought and behavior. Tell him what you had for lunch, and he can describe your mood. He notices a facial expression and declines to say hello. That gesture, or this suit of clothes—by themselves nothing—in context, they foreshadow a beating. A Pop-Tart? A fine snack.

"His writing is an efficient reduction of this worldview. Though he would be worth reading if he only wrote about fishing or beer, his specialty is exploring trains of thought which, though common to us all, are fraught with guilt, shame, and suspicion in less-perceptive minds. He has created a body of writing which, in its repulsive indulgence, seems instantly personal, familiar, and real.

"There is a logic and frankness to Peter's writing which few people can muster, even given less inflammatory subject matter. The mind, left to its own devices, wanders. In its wandering, it sometimes inhabits ugly, uncharitable, and obsessive places. Writing about them is as natural, if you think about it, as writing about art, love, billiards, or the organic chemistry of bee-keeping. Writing about them in a way that brings the reader across the threshold of revulsion or titillation and into the originating frame of mind—that's genius.

"When Peter had legal trouble, in a case bound to earn him a chapter in legal texts on the perversion of obscenity laws—a chapter where he will be in good company—I offered him my assistance, including a place to stay. I had my suspicions that his family and other friends might be uncomfortable having a television-publicized 'pervert' in their homes. Me, I figured him to be a pretty good house guest."

—Steve Albini